Collier's

MAY 1, 1948

TEN CENTS

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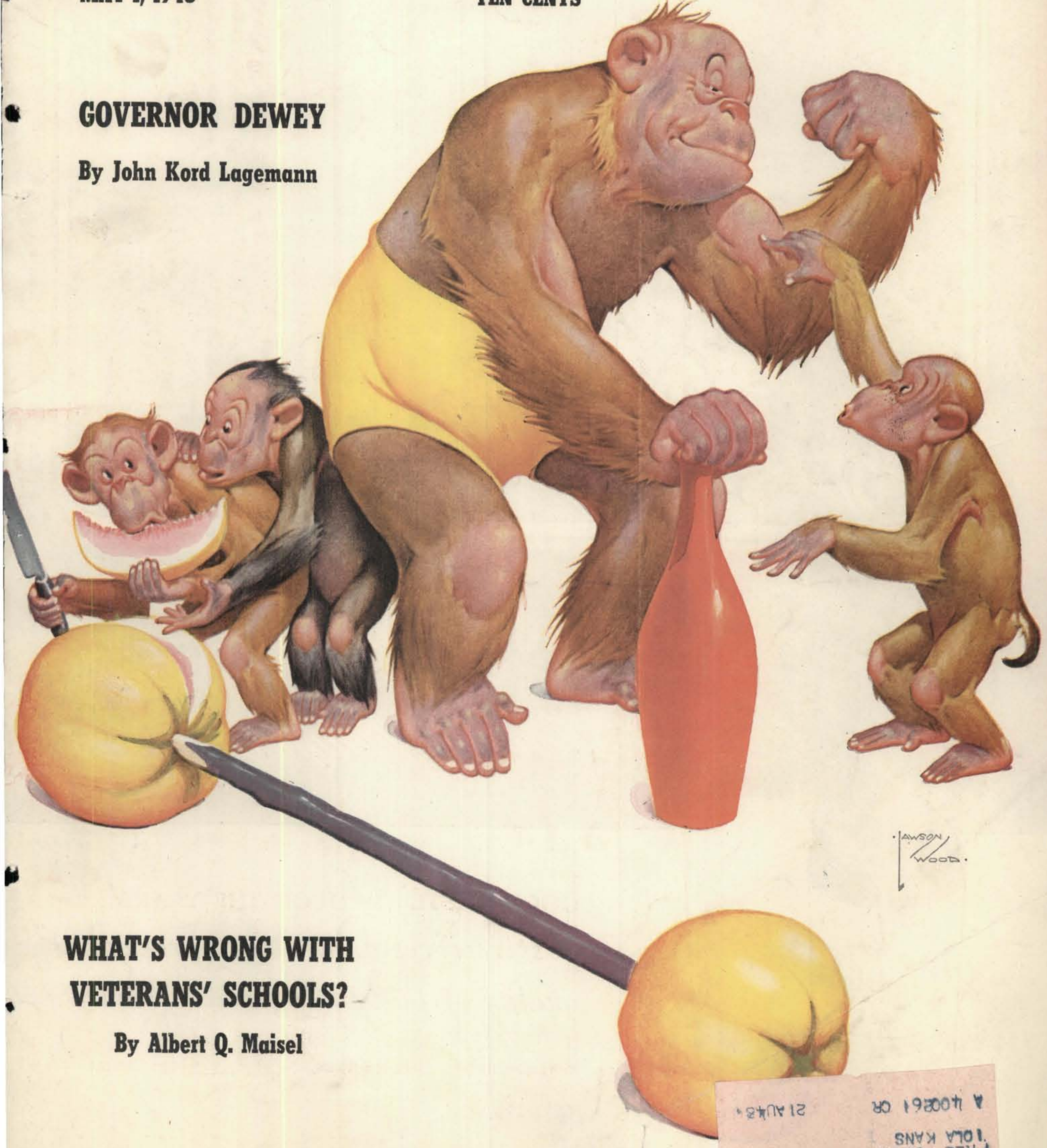
GOVERNOR DEWEY

By John Kord Lagemann



WHAT'S WRONG WITH VETERANS' SCHOOLS?

By Albert Q. Maisel

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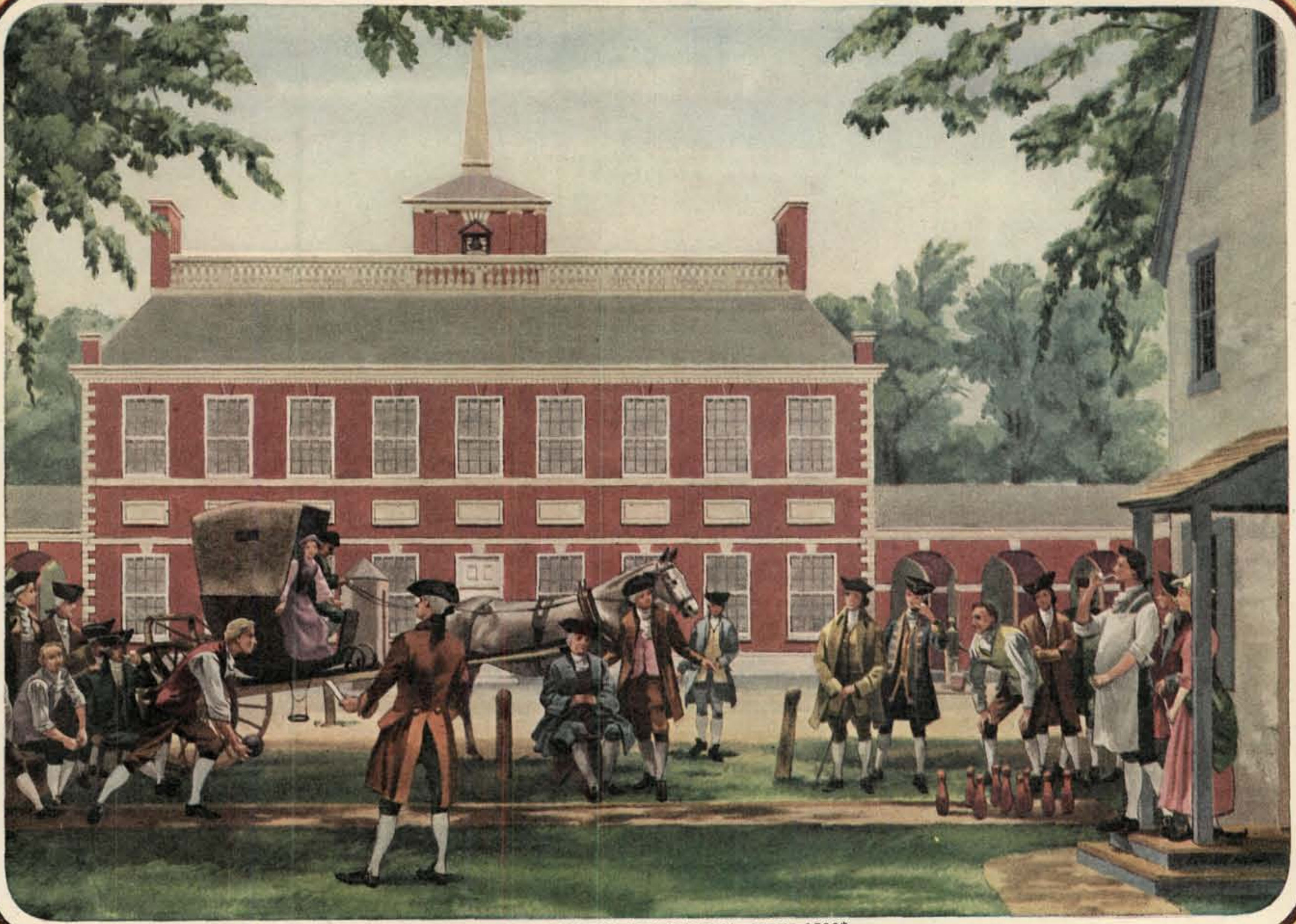

PLAYING AT NINEPINS, PHILADELPHIA, ABOUT 1792*

Philadelphia

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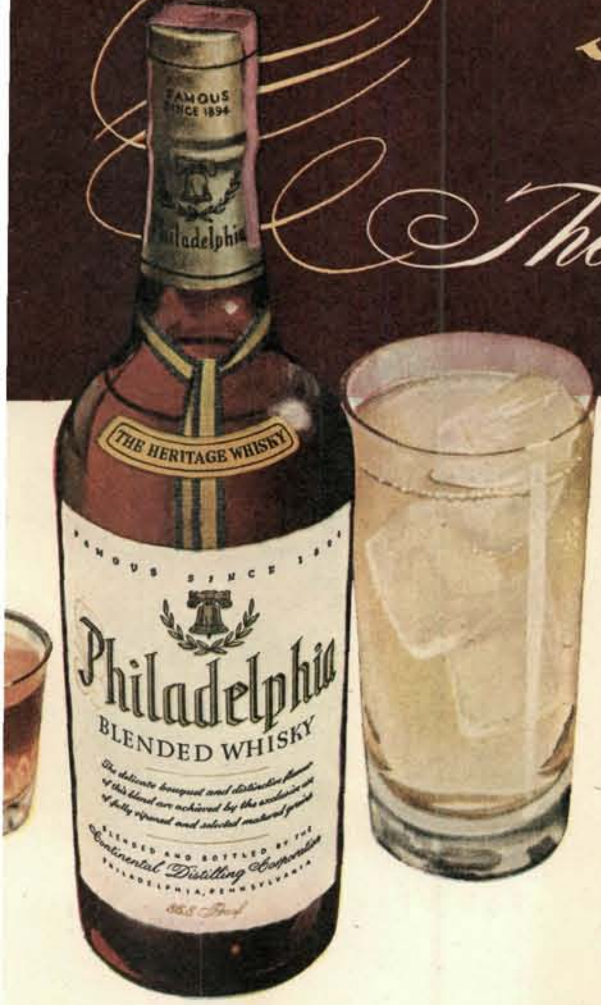
The Heritage Whisky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Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE Continental Distilling Corporation PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
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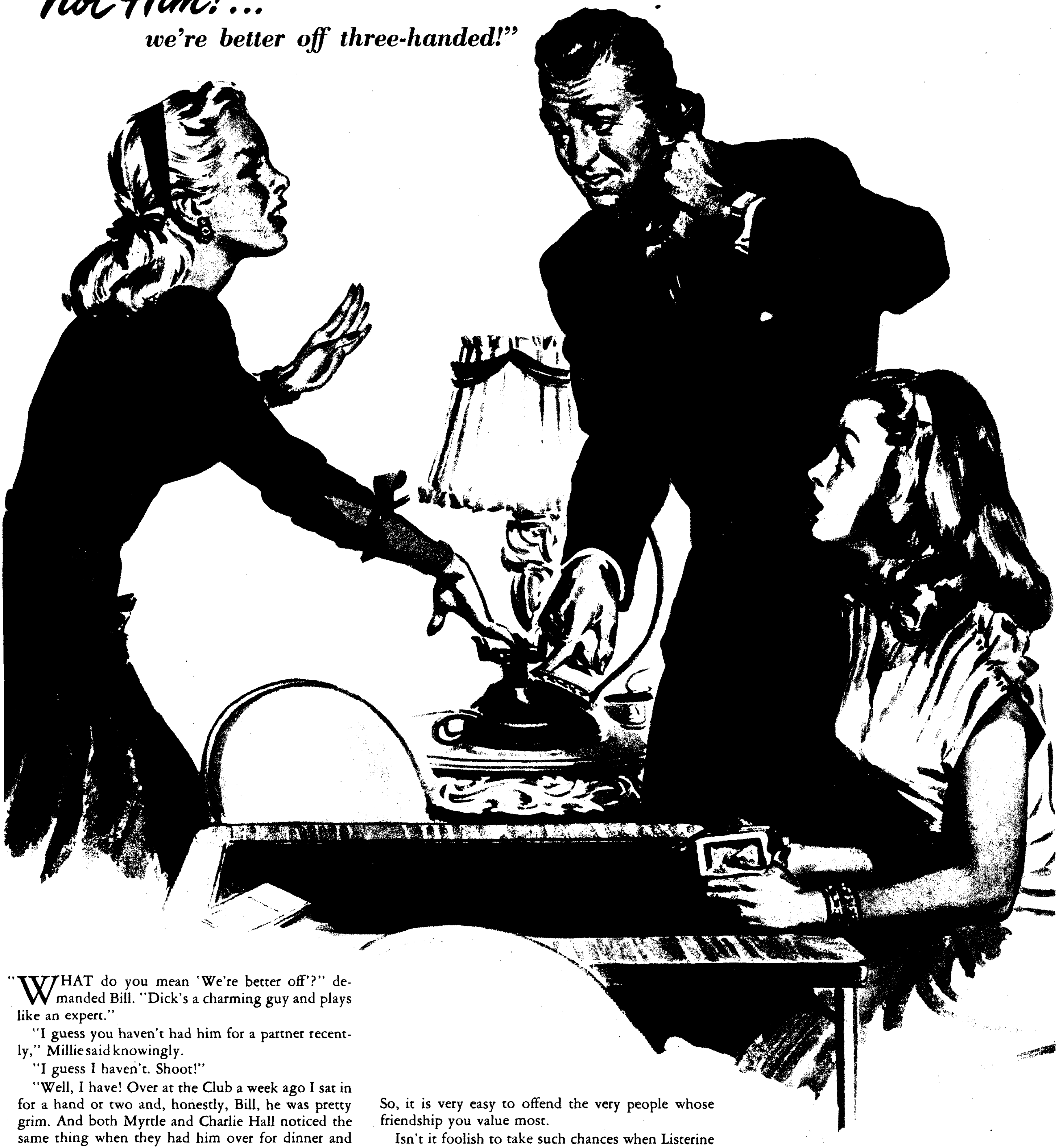

"WHAT do you mean 'We're better off'?" demanded Bill. "Dick's a charming guy and plays like an expert."

"I guess you haven't had him for a partner recently," Millie said knowingly.

"I guess I haven't. Shoot!"

"Well, I have! Over at the Club a week ago I sat in for a hand or two and, honestly, Bill, he was pretty grim. And both Myrtle and Charlie Hall noticed the same thing when they had him over for dinner and bridge Monday night. His breath, his breath . . ."

"Oh, oh!" said Bill, "Now I catch on. Too bad somebody can't slip him a hint . . . and a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic."

"It really is," said Millie, "because he is such a peach and I hate to see him riding himself right out of the picture."

How about You?

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you, yourself, may not realize that you're guilty. So, it is very easy to offend the very people whose friendship you value most.

Isn't it foolish to take such chances when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, wholly delightful precaution? You simply rinse the mouth with it and, presto! . . . your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

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COLLIER'S

May 1, 1948

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THIS WEEK

FICTION

	PAGE
MY FRIEND JOSEPH By NEIL PATERSON *The Serial Story. The first of two parts.*	13
THE DAY'S WORK By OWEN CAMERON *Love is a grand thing, but the peanut machine had no heart.*	16
IT USED TO BE AN OLD BARN By COREY FORD *A man can bait a trap for a sucker and fall into it himself.*	22
THE PRICE By HARRY SYLVESTER *When he thought of the girl, it was with a strange sort of panic.*	26
RENAISSANCE By LUCY SALAMANCA *The Short Short Story.*	28
THE PEARL-HANDLED HUMBUG By ROARK BRADFORD *The Widow Duck knew it all along: All is not gold that glitters.*	38

ARTICLES

GOVERNOR DEWEY By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN *The Republican candidate of 1944 surveys some of the fundamental problems facing the American people.*	15
FOOD'S PARADISE By EDWARD P. MORGAN *Advance notices on a new, electronic method of keeping food fresh.*	18
THE WALKER BRAT By TED SHANE *She's currently featured on Broadway in Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!*	20
WHAT'S WRONG WITH VETERANS' SCHOOLS? By ALBERT Q. MAISEL *Too much tax money is being spent on unnecessary classes.*	24
THE VANISHING BEE By ROBERT B. WILLSON and D. E. WHEELER *Her importance in our national economy must not be underrated.*	65
MEN, MIKES AND MONEY By MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH as told to BEN GROSS *Part III. NBC had many dark hours before profits began to dawn.*	68

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS	4
COLLIER'S SPORTS: CITATION'S BIG CHANCE By BILL FAY	6
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER	8
THE WEEK'S WORK By TED SHANE	10
WASHINGTON PARTY LINE By ROBERT S. ALLEN	81
EDITORIALS *COLLIER'S BELIEVES: That Igleheart Said a Mouthful • Press Pipe Lines Should Be Protected • We'd Better Drop "Uncle Joe" • That Heart Fear Is Foolish*	82
COVER By *LAWSON WOOD*	

THE WEEK'S MAIL

THE VOTER SPEAKS OUT!

DEAR SIR: I have just finished reading The Presidential Aspirants Speak Out (Mar. 20th). I still have faith that someday, somewhere an honest man will lead us. Yes, I have faith—but not in the present crop of parasitic politicians who demonstrate their unfitness by every word and deed.
R. O. ROBINSON, Fort Wayne, Ind.

. . . The article does not inspire the student readers with great confidence in the caliber of any of the aspirants. They have all pussyfooted inflation and the primary cause of cheap money and high prices. Let us restore our gold standard. Nature will restore a balance if we let it alone.
F. CRANSTON THOMAS, Quincy, Fla.

. . . I feel it necessary to discuss Henry Wallace's scathing denunciation of too much money made by business. Henry is like most left-wingers: He insists on talking dollar profit and not percentage profit. I wager that the Hi-Bred Corn Company owned by him made a higher percentage to sales profit than General Motors.
J. R. LOWE, Evanston, Ill.

. . . Without low-rating any of the aspirants, I have had my approving eye on Henry Wallace for many years, and nothing has changed it. He is the only one with courage to speak up for peace when so much of the world is jittery and war-minded.
PETHAM BARRETT, Rusk, Texas

. . . If it is not the magazine article of the year, I will confess that I am unfit to express a political opinion.

My Collier's will be where I can reach it on short notice as politicians start popping off come convention time.
A. E. KULL, Oklahoma City, Okla.

. . . Is there a candidate for whom I can vote who has sense enough not to grin like a happy idiot for the voters' support? Anyone who reads newspaper headlines knows there is nothing to grin about. It is an insult to a literate moron to present to him a choice of candidates for President of the United States who haven't brains enough to hire a manager with brains enough to tell them to stop grinning.
ROSE WILDER LANE, Danbury, Conn.

Collier's picked photographs of the candidates' campaign smiles, on the principle that he who laughs, lasts.

(Continued on page 44)

Vol. 121, No. 18. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $4.00; two years $6.00; three years $8.00 in the United States and Possessions, also Canada, Labrador, Newfoundland and Philippine Islands. In Argentina, Bolivia, Brasil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela, one year $5.00; two years $8.00; three years $11.00. Other countries: one year $8.00; two years $14.00; three years $20.00. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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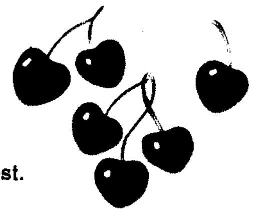

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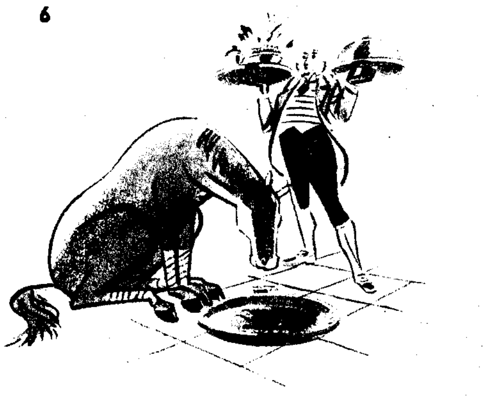


CITATION'S BIG CHANCE

BY BILL FAY

PLAIN Ben Jones and his son, Jimmy, were fixin' breakfast down behind the Calumet barn at Hialeah. Ben was cutting chunks off a smoked ham for sandwiches. Jimmy was filling big white mugs with thermos coffee.

"We got a farm at Parnell, Missouri," Ben said, "and each week they send us up a ham. We tote it around in the back of the car—saves time when you don't want to waste an hour going somewhere to eat. Nothing like good Missouri smoked—"

Ben paused to locate a thump-thump-thump from the stalls. "That's Citation—guess he wants some work."

"Horses"—Jimmy punched a can of condensed milk—"are like quail that've been shot over. Nervous and flighty. But Citation's usually a pretty steady horse."

"We've come a long way with Citation," Ben mused. "Lot of people figure he'll win the Kentucky Derby. Maybe so, but we still got a long way to go. You know, lots of things can happen to a horse—from the minute it's foaled right down to the finish line."

Jimmy reached for a sandwich. "We got Armed in great shape last spring—then an old sucker named Concordia, who runs sort of spraddled out behind, kicked him. Might as well have hit Armed with a hatchet—that's how deep the cut was. We had to shoot a million units of penicillin into Armed to stop infection."

Ben nodded. "It sort of scares you—all the things that happen to horses—croup, distemper, swamp fever, travel sickness. Sometimes it's a freak accident. Assault almost ruined itself by stepping on a surveyor's spike. And sometimes a horse just loses form for no reason at all. It could happen to Citation before the Derby."

"The odds are against him," Jimmy drawled. "There must be 10,000 thoroughbreds foaled every year. About 4,000 of them come of good stock and good breeding. The others are scrub—don't have much chance. But out of that 4,000 with good breeding a few get to the Derby three years later—the usual Derby field is fifteen or sixteen. I'd say the odds range from a thousand to one to a million to one against any single horse getting to the Derby."

Ben shook his head. "That's a little high, Jimmy. I'd take 500 to 1 on some of them. I don't mean winning the Derby, mind you. And I'm talking about the better foals. As for winning, I'd say the odds are 10,000 to one against any horse. But I'll say this—Citation wasn't and isn't that long a shot. He was my choice as a yearling. Don't forget his daddy was Bull Lea. He's the greatest sire in the country."

Jimmy finished his coffee. "Citation is as good right this minute as any Calumet horse ever was at three years—and that goes for Whirlaway, too."

To get that tribute, Citation must be good. Ben and Jimmy never compared any horse with Whirlaway before—not even Armed. Ben and Jimmy know horses. Trainers are as touchy as thoroughbreds, jealous of their abilities, but a top-flight competitor recently paid the Joneses this anonymous compliment:

"Figure it this way. Ben's in his sixties and Jimmy's in the forties. They grew up on a horse. That means when you race Calumet you buck more than 100 years of training experience and common horse sense. Course, they've got Warren Wright's millions behind them, too, and they get the best possible horses to work with. No wonder we have a hard time keeping up with the Joneses."

Calumet horses, Jones-trained and Wright-owned, have led the nation in purse winnings five of the last seven years. Calumet collected $1,402,436 in 1947—more than three times the amount ever won by any other racing establishment in one year. But Calumet hasn't won the Derby since Pensive scored in 1944 and Ben Jones is especially eager for Citation to win this one. It would make Ben the most successful of all Derby trainers. Right now he's tied with Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons with three winners: Pensive, Whirlaway (1941) and Lawrin (1938).

While Jimmy put the ham away in the luggage compartment, Ben remarked: "If Citation tails off in training, we have other Derby possibilities—Free America and Coaltown—but they don't have Citation's disposition. I like a horse that's a good eater. Free America is a nibbler—wants to be coaxed. Citation isn't fussy—eats right off the floor."

"We're mighty hopeful for Citation," Jimmy cuts in, "but you never know. There's Coaltown now. He's another son of Bull Lea but he didn't get to the races as a two-year-old—had throat trouble. Now he looks great and might beat Citation if they both get to the Derby. Funny about horses. You know when they ought to win, but you never know when they're going to win. That's why my wife does all the betting in our family—just plays hunches and never asks what I think."

"Let's go, son," Ben urged, "it's getting late."

Jimmy brushed the crumbs off his shirt and went up the hill toward Citation's stall. The time on the stable clock was twelve minutes past five.

COLLIER'S SPORTS

● The grand old sport of wrestling is making another comeback via television. Last time we watched the Friday-night bouts from a barside seat, the announcer kept talking about a hairy gentleman from Australia named Strangler McGurk who was throwing Pretty Boy Wilson all over the screen . . . "and don't forget, fans, right after this bout the Strangler will come down to our camera for an interview . . ."

Just then Pretty Boy raised Strangler in an airplane spin, squinted at the fifth row, and let go.

"Well, well," our announcer adlibbed, "here comes Strangler for the interview and we're not even ready for him."

Such deviations from script are rare, indeed, because wrestlers are the answer to a television sponsor's prayer. They are more considerate than baseball players and never run up wire charges by going into extra innings. They work silently and never address coarse remarks to the referee (some of the suggestions Brooklyn's Eddie Stanky made to the umpires in the '47 World Series rather startled video lip readers). Best of all, wrestlers pace the show properly. They wouldn't dream of staging a spectacular fall during a time out for station identification.

"We know how to work with signals," a lumpy-headed veteran reveals. "When the announcer picks up a piece of paper we know it's time for the commercial and we go into a slow stall on the mat—the sponsor's gotta live, too.

"After the commercial, we go back to work—spins, flying tackles, bear hugs—all the stuff the promoter makes us rehearse the afternoon before the match.

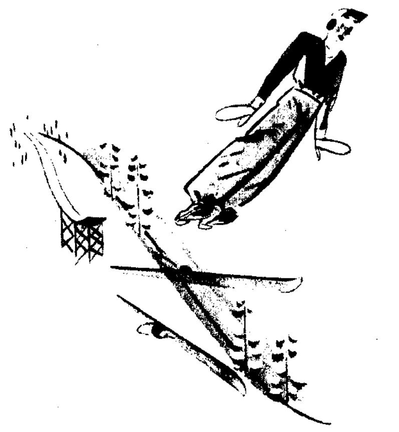
"If you're sharp, you can catch our signals. Usually, we do it by ring position. Suppose I back against the ropes—that's my signal the flying tackle's coming next. When we're on the mat, we signal by squeezing the other guy's wrist. You can't whisper 'cause your voice carries around the ring. Another reason: We've been warned that our faces usually are in sharp focus on the television camera and you can't make it too phony for the television fans."

San Francisco recently received a sample of the wrestling industry's adaptability—a zany grappler billed as The New Look, who wears long trunks hemmed two inches below the knees. The New Look earned approximately $1,000 a week for many weeks wrestling such colorful characters as Gorgeous George, the former mackerel fisherman who dyes his hair yellow or orange, depending on the color of his tights.

Pro wrestlers are colorful and adaptable, all right, but they have one weakness—they can't wrestle. Box-office champions—Gorgeous George, Man Mountain Dean and Maurice (the Angel) Tillet—wouldn't last five minutes against a moderately good college heavyweight.

If you want to see real wrestling, go out to Oklahoma or Iowa—and don't overlook Mt. Vernon, Iowa, the home of tiny Cornell College (enrollment 825) which swept the National Intercollegiate and National A.A.U. tournaments last year. Iowa has more wrestlers than horseshoe pitchers or champion cornhuskers these days. Three other Iowa colleges placed high in the 1947 intercollegiates. Iowa State Teachers College was second; University of Iowa, seventh; and Iowa State College, eighth.

Cornell's champions are homegrown. Wrestling is a major sport in Iowa high schools. A promising 175-pounder with a good arm lock receives as many college offers as a prize halfback—and for the same reason. When Cornell defeated Illinois at Champaign last year, a crowd of 5,000 jammed Hugg Gymnasium. Wrestling more than pays its way in Iowa.



● George Meagher of Notre Dame broad-jumped 24 feet 9¾ inches to set a Drake Relays record at Des Moines in 1935. While Meagher was accepting congratulations, Ohio State's versatile Jesse Owens stopped by the pit between heats of the 100-yard dash. Owens jumped once—sailed 26 feet 1¾ inches.

Speaking of records, the world's broadest broad jump—a prodigious 63-footer which never will be entered in the record book—was made by a ski jumper, Bob Hector of Oregon State, at the University of Nevada's Ninth Annual Winter Carnival on Mt. Rose last February. Hector zipped down the incline, gave a great thrust and soared forth sans skis. He made a two-point landing—staggered two steps—did a double somersault—then bounced up again, stunned but unhurt.

The leap puzzled the judges. After considerable deliberation, they gave Hector points for his take-off (which was perfect) and listed him in the standings as: Bob Hector—63′ (without skis).

Hector's unpremeditated broad jump was only five feet short of the winning ski leap made by Nevada's Jerry Wetzel. ★★★

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It's in the wonderful tube that serves as a screen...just as it's in the tubes that broadcast the game. In the very heart of them, "hatching" the invisible electrons that enable men to scramble a picture into a jig-saw puzzle miles away, and put it back together again before your eyes.

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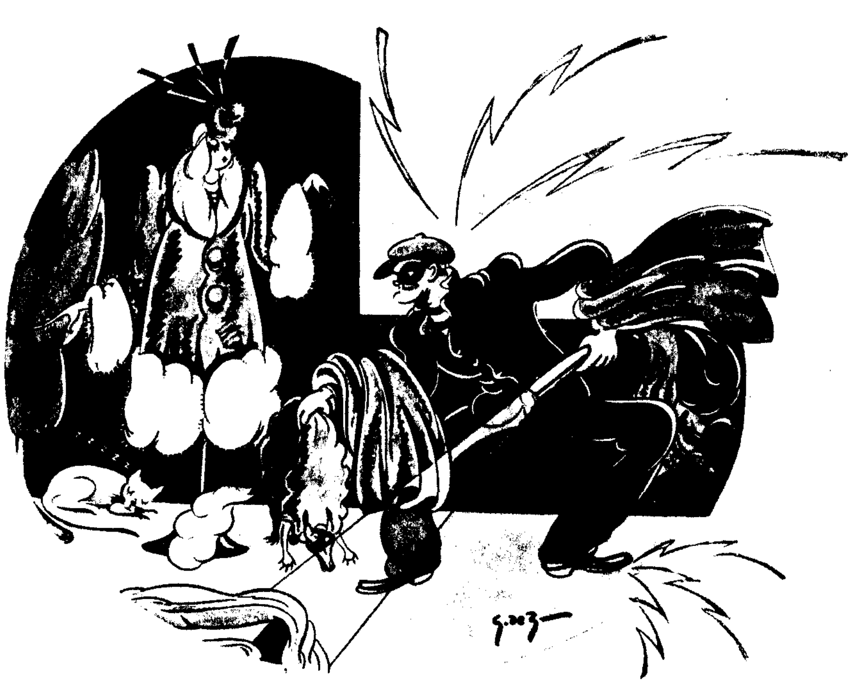


GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Of the banks, jewelry and fur stores and other establishments in the United States that need the utmost protection against burglary, less than five per cent are guarded by a protective company through equipment installed on their premises. This consists of one or more kinds of alarms that the intruder himself unknowingly sets in action, causing a signal to be sent silently to the nearest office of the company, from which a carload of its armed men rushes to the scene.

Of the some 400 carnivals that will tour this country in 1948, the largest is Carl J. Sedlmayr's Royal American Shows which has a personnel of 1,100 and travels in 60 double-length railroad cars. Besides 25 games of skill or chance, its attractions comprise more than 40 shows, rides and exhibits which, to patronize them all successively, would cost nearly $13 and require 32 hours.—*By Don Carle Gillette, New York City.*

A recent study reveals that, in a body drowning in fresh water, the blood becomes greatly diluted at once, producing a rapid and fatal effect on the heart. But in a sea-water drowning, this reaction does not occur and the heart may continue to function for a comparatively longer period. Thus, a sea-water victim, it is believed, has a much better chance of being resuscitated than a fresh-water victim.

The famous Bunraku Puppet Theater in Osaka, Japan, uses marionettes that are nearly life-size and cannot be controlled by wires. Each doll, therefore, is manipulated by three operators who stand behind it but are almost invisible as they are dressed completely in black and work against a black curtain. While one man supports the doll and works its eyes and mouth, the other two handle the arms and legs. Such skill is required that no operator is considered proficient until he has specialized in his work for ten years.—*By Tokuo Doi, Tokyo, Japan.*

While on a visit to London in 1931, Gandhi was persuaded to make a recording called Mahatma Gandhi: His Spiritual Message, on condition that the royalties would be paid to his All India Spinners' Association. Through the years, this record received little publicity and is still virtually unknown, although it is the only recording of his voice in English.—*By Gerald Allan, Binghamton, N. Y.*

An astonishing legal decision, handed down recently by an Alabama court, freed a forger because the check he had written and passed, with intent to defraud, happened to carry a Sunday date. Alabama law voids any contract made on Sunday so the court decided that the check was invalidated by its date and, therefore, it could not be the subject of forgery.

For many years, American oil companies, in their search for new fields, have tested innumerable sections in this country under leases made with landowners, particularly farmers. These temporary leases, combined with the long-term leases, have covered annually an average of 190,000,000 acres, which is ten per cent of the nation's entire area.

At least one major-league baseball team, the New York Giants, whose 1948 home games will be telecast by a sponsor, has agreed to paint out its park's billboard advertisements so they will not, as in the past, be picked up by the cameras and given free publicity.

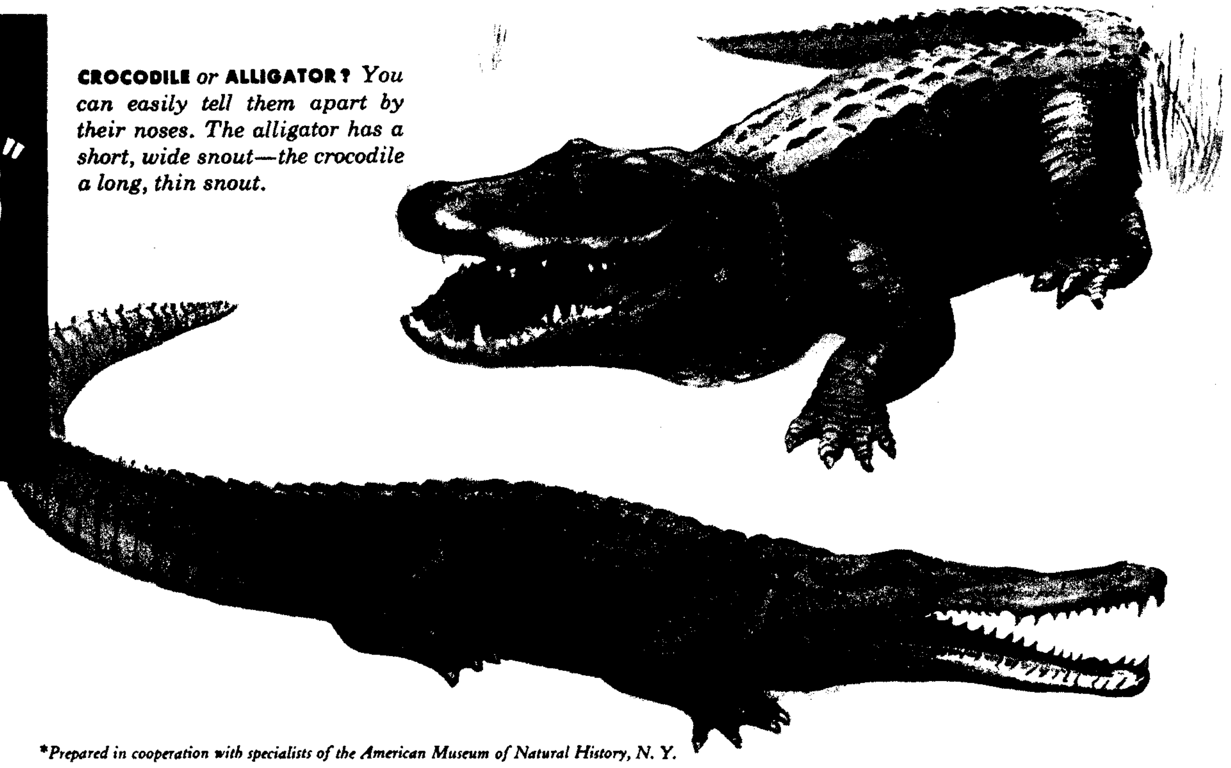
Besides a President and a Vice-President, American voters will elect this year 32 senators, 435 representatives, 33 governors and about 100,000 other state, county and municipal officials. *By Denzil Bergman, Kansas City, Mo.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

When you see these "look-alikes"

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

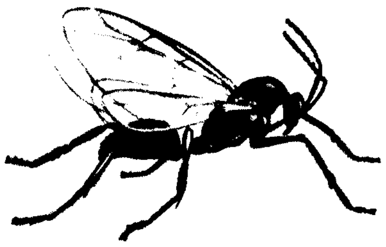
identify which is which

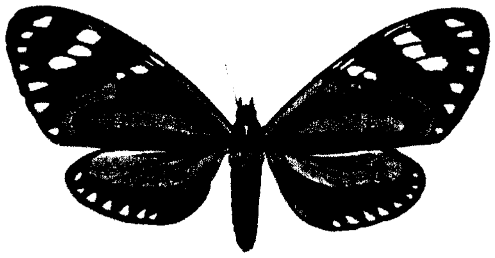


CROCODILE *or* **ALLIGATOR?** *You can easily tell them apart by their noses. The alligator has a short, wide snout—the crocodile a long, thin snout.*

Prepared in cooperation with specialists of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

ANT *or* **TERMITE?** *When the termite reaches the flying stage, it has four equal-sized wings and a long straight body. The flying ant has two sets of wings of different size and a very thin waist-line.*

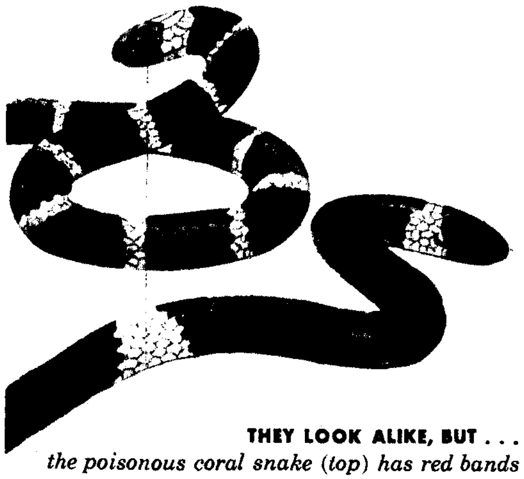




BUTTERFLY *or* **MOTH?** *The distinguishing characteristic of the butterfly (left) is the little knobs on the ends of its antennae, or feelers. The moth doesn't have these little knobs.*

THE BLACK WIDOW, *whose bite may be fatal, is identified by the red hour-glass marking on its stomach. The other spider is a harmless species.*

WHICH IS THE OSTRICH? *The plume-like feathers and long neck mark the ostrich (right). The other bird is an emu.*



THEY LOOK ALIKE, BUT . . . *the poisonous coral snake (top) has red bands bordered by yellow rings. The harmless scarlet king snake has red bands bordered by black rings.*

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THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

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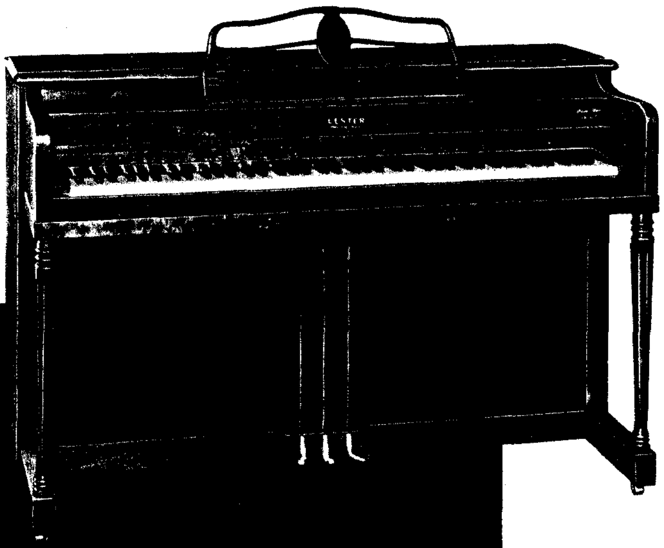

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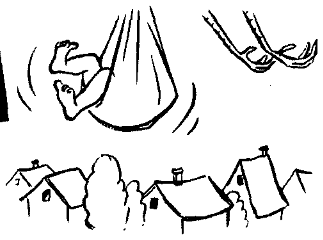
THE WEEK'S WORK

WE LOOKED up John Art Sibley, out of whose footie cartoons (Feet First, p. 50) we trust you have been getting a kick. As befits a specialist in podiatrics, Mr. Sibley entered the world feet first at Danville, Illinois, 36 years ago. Art was his destiny, so he took the stuff at the Institute in Chicago, and in Washington, D. C.—painting signs and ushering for eating money.

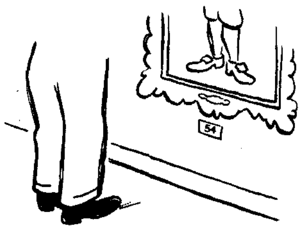
Collier's having rejected his first cartoons, Mr. Sibley boarded a bicycle in 1936 and with $600 pedaled around all the European art galleries, returning home burning to be a great easel painter. "So now I'm drawing Mickey Mouse and cartoon feet," he says, "and liking it."

Rejected again in 1941, Mr. Sibley tried Collier's in 1945. "Darned if they didn't take a drawing," he says. "And then when I concentrated on beginning at the bottom and staying there in my cartoons—whoosh!—the deluge!"

In Burbank, California, where he's worked for Walt Disney for 11 years, he states, "I love the nicest girl in the world—married her 10 years ago. Now we have the nicest little girl in the world."

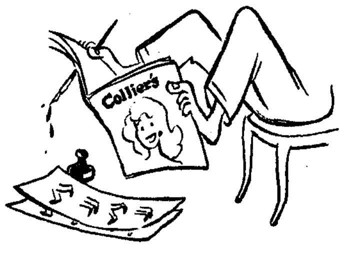


DANVILLE, 1912



THE LOUVRE

HOME LIFE



LOVE LIFE

THIS week we welcome back an old (but only in years) Collier's editor, D. E. (Uncle Dan) Wheeler (The Vanishing Bee, p. 65). Born in New York when there were gas lamps, and a brownstone front indicated wealth, Uncle Dan began editing as a mere boy, hobnobbing with such folks as Israel Zangwill, Edith Wharton and Jack London before he went to work for the son of Collier's founder, Robert J. Collier. "Why he gave me a job, I'll never know," says Mr. Wheeler. "I had an amateur rating as an editor—although I took money for it. Amateur money, of course."

Since then Mr. Wheeler has been on the staffs of many leading magazines, has written articles, biography and fiction—usually commuting to work in New York from the suburbs. "I must have covered the distance to the moon and back several times—if that matters," he sums up. "I've been of the rolling-stone family and am slightly flecked with bits of Irish moss."

Mr. Wheeler's collaborator, R. B. Willson, has been writing and lecturing on bees for years. After acting as bee fieldman for the Cornell School of Agriculture, he gave up his academic interest to go into the honey business. He has been called Honeybee Willson, and is consulted as an authority on bees—healthy and sick, rich or poor—in both North and South America.

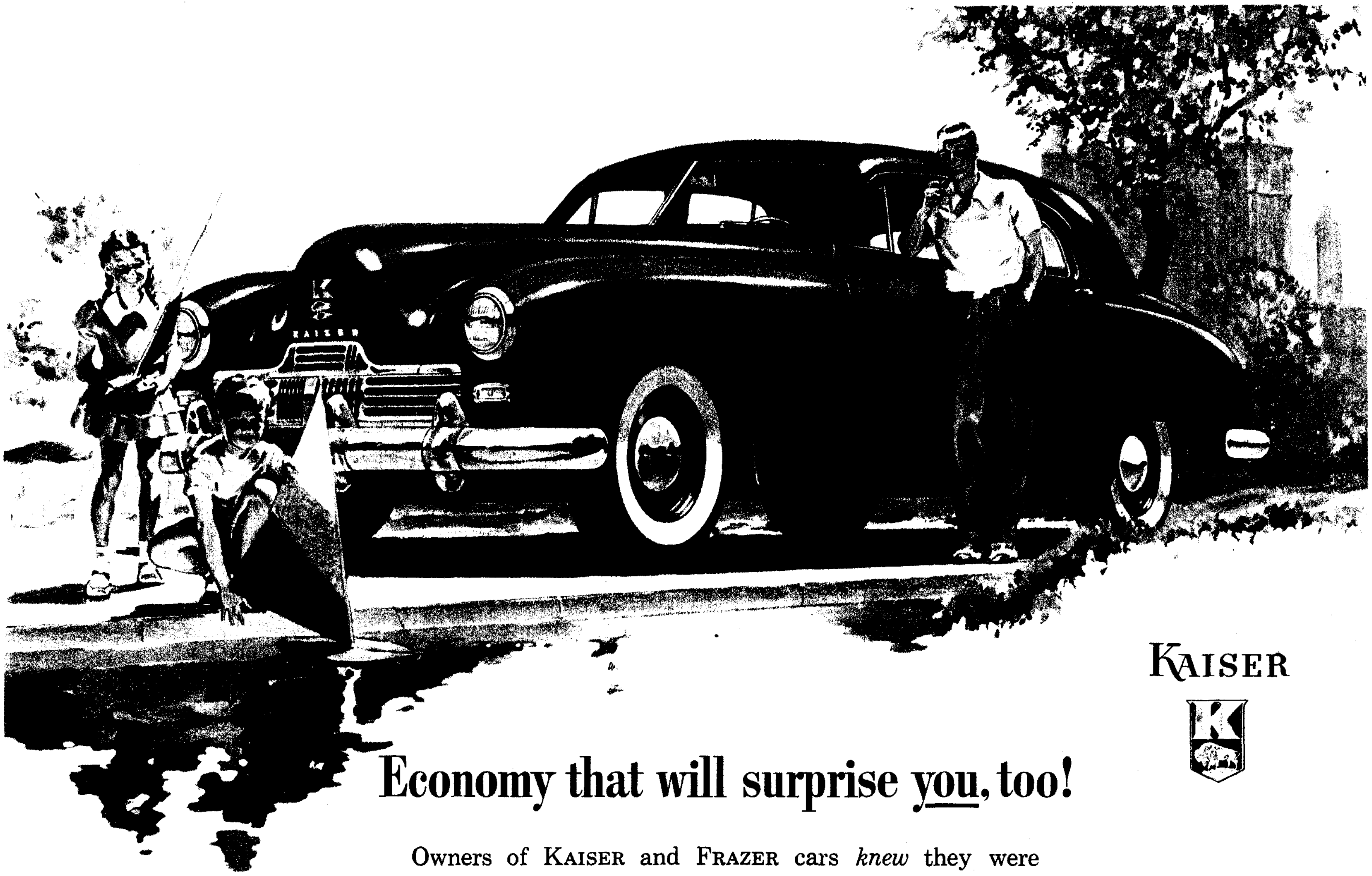
THE Pearl-Handled Humbug is Roark Bradford's 107th story for Collier's (p. 38). Or as he himself puts it: "If I hadn't spent all of the money you-all paid for these yarns, I'd probably be so rich I could afford to be doing what I'm doing now: sitting at my typewriter working on a new yarn."

From Lauderdale County, Tennessee, just above Memphis, Mr. Bradford has been in two wars—with the Army first, Navy second. "Nobody took a shot at me, nor I at him," he admits. "I've also lived through two panics, a depression, five Republican administrations, and a voters' insurrection when the Populists carried the Hoop Pole Ridge settlement about 1900. At present I'm getting rid of some *amoebae Histolyticae* (Latin, 1st declension, plural, for amoebic dysentery) picked up three years ago while in the Navy. I don't mind their eating what I ate, but I hate like Harry having to chew for them."

Mr. Bradford traces The Pearl-Handled Humbug to the fact that every sharpshooter in the country is stirring about with a phony deal these days to mulct a fast dollar from the Negro farm hands.

"For once, they are well heeled," reveals Brad. "Last fall, B'r Charlie, who is exactly as described in the story, approached me for a gift of $200 to purchase a pearl-handled pulpit Bible for his church, Old Ship of Zion. I looked into the deal, found it a promotion cutback scheme, about as I tell it. I didn't buy the Bible but did contribute a Daisy Burner stove, which seemed to please everyone as well. Just now we are living in N'Orleans, a delightful city simply lousy with charm. Soon we expect to move over to Santa Fe for a piece."

This week's cover: Jungle Jim, or Athlete's Brain. While Jim succumbs to flattery and lets Mortimer the Monk admire his muscle, Blackie and Red, the little rascals, cut themselves a hunk of melon. Only Artist Lawson Wood knows how Mortimer hopes to collect his share.... TED SHANE



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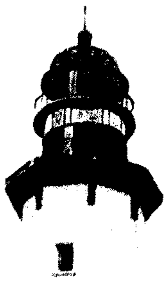

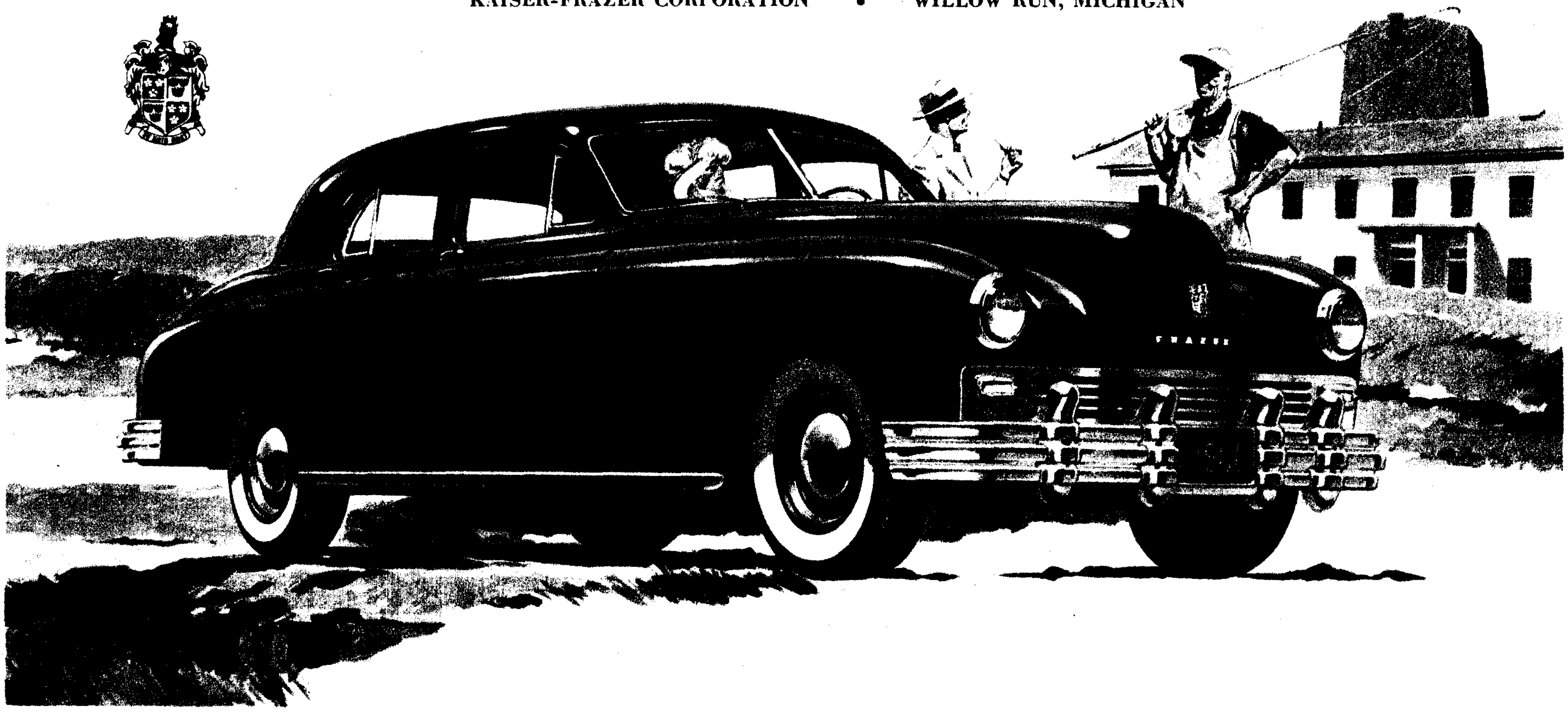

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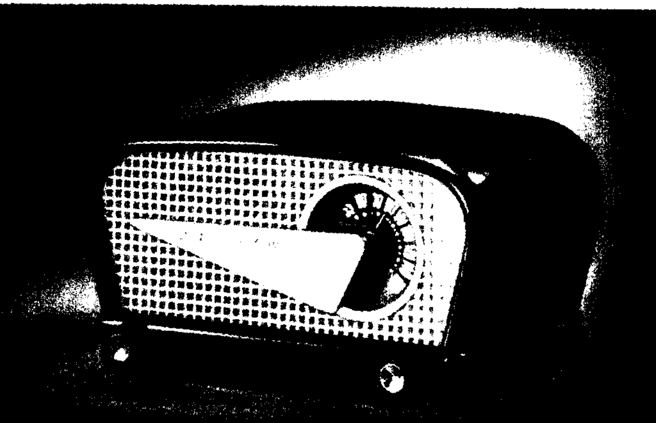
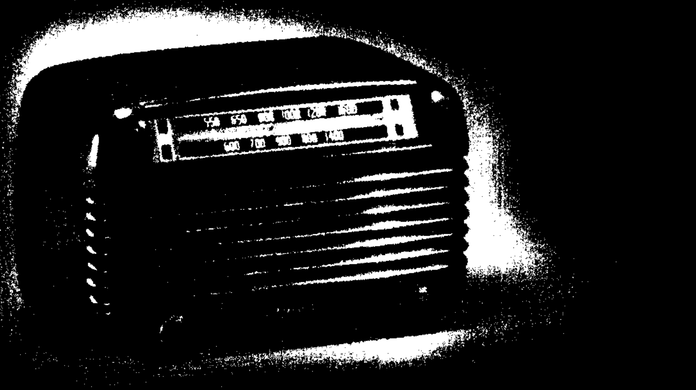


PHILCO 230. The "New Look" in radios! In its jewel-like, brown plastic cabinet with latticed ivory grille, you can see Philco quality. Plays on AC-DC. $\$29^{95}$*



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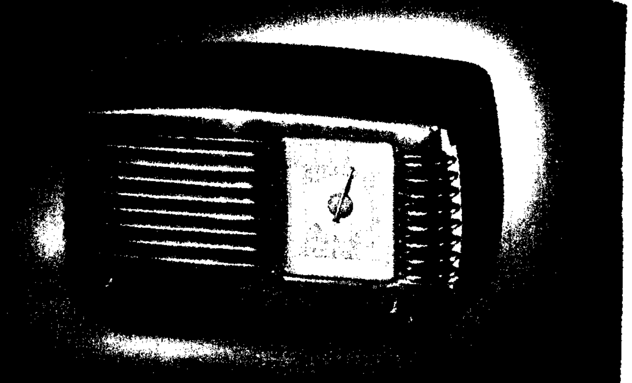

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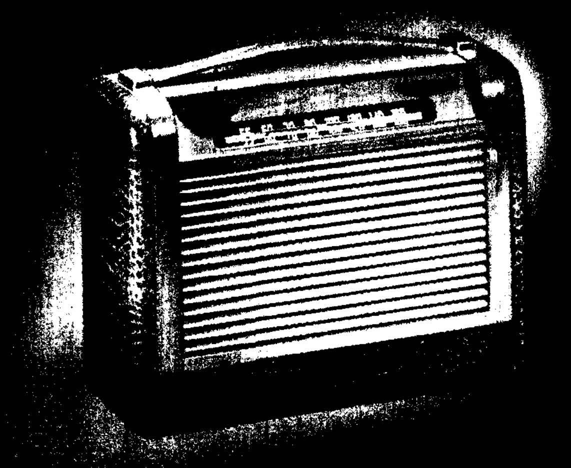

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MY FRIEND JOSEPH

BY NEIL PATERSON

The tender and compelling story of a huge and gentle fighting man whose brief star rose in a world he never learned to understand

I

FIRST, how I met him: I had gone to Manchester to see my father; to ask my father for money. I wanted the money so that I could marry Molly and save her from a fate worse than death. Yes, that was how I thought of it. I was twenty-one.

"Tell me about her then," my father said, sitting stiff-backed behind his desk. "How old is she, and what about her family?"

He had me there of course.

"She's nearly eighteen," I said.

"And her family?"

"She can't help her family. And anyway, they're mostly dead."

"What does she do?"

"Well," I said, "she's a sort of a kind of a maid. To Jacobus. Jacobus, the boxing manager, and Mrs. Stevens. Mrs. Stevens is his housekeeper." I know how it sounded. It sounded terrible. "But you don't understand," I said. "She's different. Really she is, Dad. She's a wonderful girl."

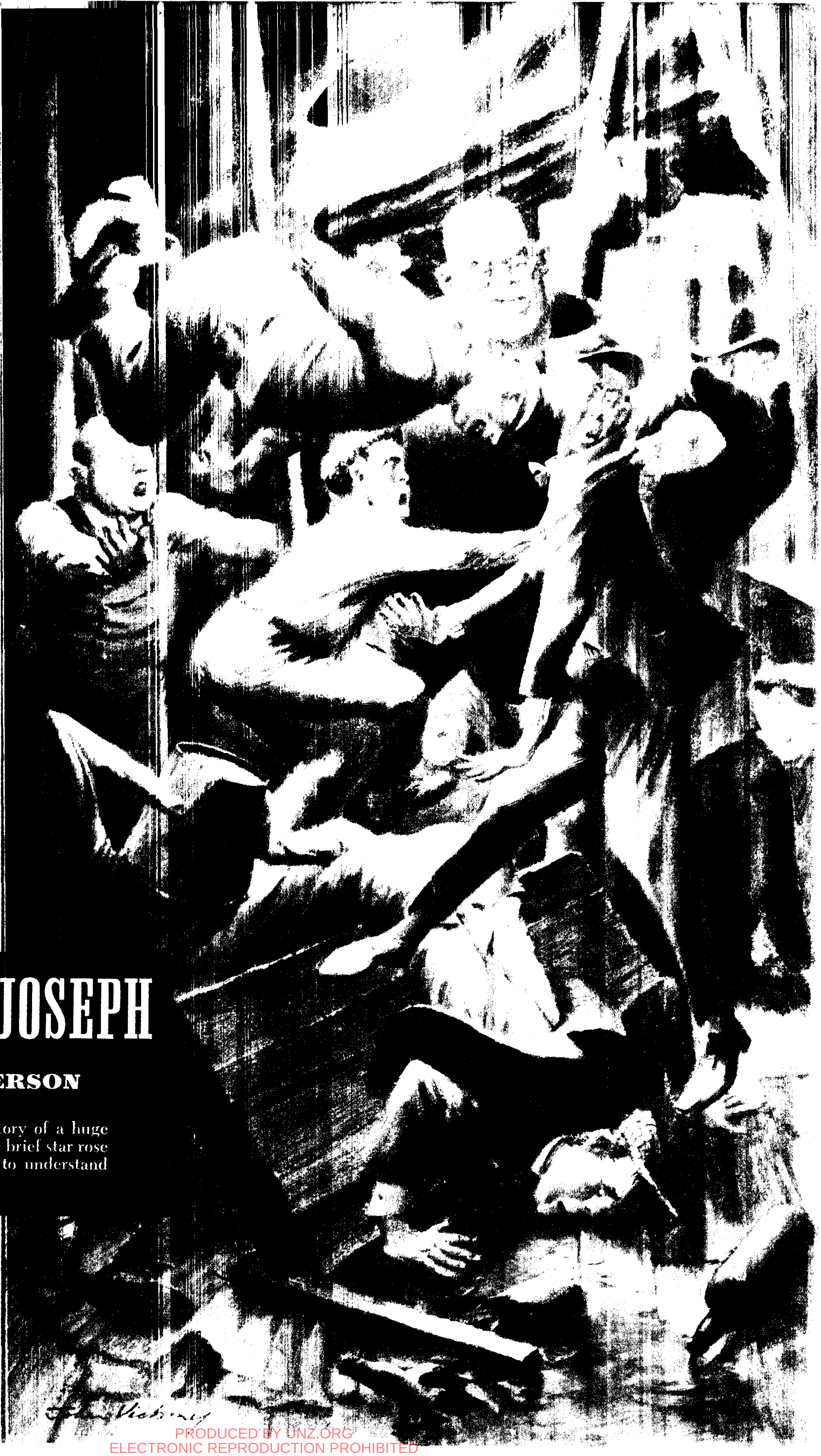
"Son," my father said, "the world is full of wonderful girls, especially the first one." As he spoke he placed his hand on a sheaf of papers, raised his first two fingers and drummed *con spirito,* as we said at home. I knew what this meant. It meant that the subject was closed.

"Then you won't help me?"

"No, son," my father said.

I went out and walked the streets. I walked for a long time, along streets that I did not know and would not know again, and finally I walked into a fairgrounds. I saw the notice that said MURPHY'S FAMOUS BOXING BOOTH, and I paid my sixpence and walked under the notice into the tent. I stood on my toes and, looking down an avenue of cloth caps, saw a large, ugly white man hit a large, ugly black man on the chin. It was a notable punch. It traveled only a few inches, but it wrenched the Negro's chin up from his chest, spun him half around, and sent him crashing like timber.

Gus, my boss in the sports department, once told me always look at their heels, so I looked there at the Negro's heels and saw that they were flat on the boards and that his toes were up. "If their heels are flat," Gus



The Pole was surrounded by a jostling mill of small men, the kind found around a boxing booth, and he was busy lifting these men two at a time and banging their heads together

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

had said, "that's that." And so it was.

"The Pole the winner!" the referee said. "The killer-diller!"

The crowd did not like it. They had paid for ten rounds and got only one. They thought they had been cheated and they said so, with emphasis. They were still booing when the Negro was carried from the ring and they saved a special raspberry for the winner as he ducked through the ropes and, grinning, nodding and shaking hands with himself, made for the canvas flap marked DRESSING ROOM. He appeared to be pleased with his reception. He actually seemed to think that he was popular. I watched him until he disappeared from sight and then, smelling a story, I elbowed across the tent to the partitioned-off section, raised the canvas flap and peered into the dressing room.

The Negro lay almost at my feet. Two men in sweaters were working on him, slapping his face and hands, while a third sluiced him with water from a bucket. The Pole was over in the corner farthest from me. He was surrounded by a jostling mill of small men of the kind you always find around a boxing booth, and he was busy lifting these gentlemen two at a time and banging their heads together.

It was hard to know just what was going on. Everybody, except the Negro, was shouting at the pitch of his voice and everybody, especially the Pole, was in a very bad temper. The little rat-faced referee had a restraining hand on the elastic waistband of the Pole's pants, but that wasn't stopping the Pole. When he saw me he dropped his victims and came at me and there was no time for me to go. He came the direct way, stepping on the Negro's torso, and he came fast.

"You see William?" he demanded.

"I don't understand."

"William is his bird," Ratface said. "His magpie."

"You see her?" the Pole said, grabbing my coat lapels.

"No," I said.

"For the love of God!" Ratface said to the roof. "Will somebody please find William!"

Well, that was the first time I met the Pole.

When I got back to London there was a dearth of news and I slapped out a bit about Murphy's Famous Boxing Booth. Gus let the stuff through and I had a couple of paragraphs in each of the evening editions and one in the morning paper.

Next day I had a phone call from Jacobus, the boxing manager.

"Hello," I said. "Hello, Mr. Jacobus." I cleared my throat to catch hold of my voice. I was thoroughly scared. I thought of course that he had found out about Molly and me. I thought he knew it was I who had kept her out late the night before.

"Listen," Jacobus said. "Somebody in your paper wrote about a Pole. What I want to know is this: Is he good, this Pole? I mean *good?"*

"He's wonderful," I said. "He's sensational, Mr. Jacobus." Now I did not think that the Pole was as good as all that. When I spoke I did not think of the Pole at all. I thought only of keeping Jacobus sweet, and I just opened my mouth and said what I knew he would like best to hear.

"You think he's worth looking at?"

"I certainly do, Mr. Jacobus."

And that was how Jacobus came to sign up the Pole. That was the start of it all.

I WENT along to the building which housed the gym (Jacobus' Boxing Academy—the upper floors of which served as Jacobus' living quarters) the day after the Pole arrived. I went in the hope of catching a glimpse of Molly, but I let it be known that I had come to see the Pole. I stood and watched him at the heavy bag for a few minutes, then I stepped across to the plywood office to pay my respects to Jacobus.

"Well, how do you like him, Mr. Jacobus?" I asked.

"All right," Jacobus said. "But he don't talk. I paid good money for him and what I say is I got the right to have him talk to me. You tell him that, boysie. Tell him he's got to behave hisself when he's here and talk when he's talked at. So far he don't talk to nobody at all, not even the boys, but you tell him that, like I said, boysie. Maybe he'll listen to you."

So I talked to the Pole.

"Hello," I said. "How are you getting on?"

The Pole scowled and hit the bag with a left hook.

"You like it here?" I asked.

The Pole hit the bag again, one-one-two, and he hit to hurt.

"How's William?" I said.

The Pole stepped back and looked at me. He had stopped scowling and was wearing what I took to be an eager and friendly look, but it hadn't done his face any good at all. I don't know if there are words to fit the Pole's face. It was very big and very, very ugly. When you first looked at it, you got the impression that it had more bones in it than necessary, that these bones were bigger than human bones, and that they were not in the places where they ought to be. But after a bit you got accustomed to the idea of the Pole's face, and when you looked at it you didn't see it. You saw only his eyes. His eyes were okay. They were no different from anybody else's eyes.

"You know William?" he said.

"Not exactly," I said. "But I know about him. Did you ever find him?"

"No," the Pole said.

That was the sum total of words spoken. I did not think that I had done very well, but Jacobus was impressed. "You made a hit," he said. And later, when he had thought it over, he called me into the office. "Listen, boysie," he said, "do me a favor. You come and talk to him as often as you can, and some night you take him out. Will you do that for old Jacobus? There's no one else can start him talking, and it gets you down; that frozen puss; just take a look at it. I seen ugly pans but I never seen the like of that; you're his friend, you come along and take him out some night, make him laugh. Will you do that, boysie? I'll pay expenses."

"I'll be glad to oblige you, Mr. Jacobus," I said. I always said yes to Jacobus. I knew that he was harmless. I knew that he was cheap and crooked and contemptible and I used often to lie in bed at night and work out the way I would treat him the next time we met. The way I would treat him would be like dirt. I decided on it definitely, yet when I got face to face with him I always remembered that he was Molly's guardian and that he had Rags Gorman, the bookmaker, behind him (that especially) and I always got a tight feeling in my stomach and I always went out of my way to be very polite and agreeable; I nodded my head and said yes, Mr. Jacobus, no matter what Jacobus said. "Certainly I'll take him out, Mr. Jacobus," I said. "What's his name?"

"God knows," Jacobus said. "I ain't thought one up yet. Now you take him to a cinema, see. Nothing flashy. And, boysie, no eats. He gets that at his place. Board and lodgings. Good solid food. I got all that fixed. Just some little cinema place." . . .

I called for the Pole at the gym at six the following evening.

Molly knew that I was due and came down the stairs with something for the garbage tin, but Jacobus was there and she would not look at me, although she waggled her skirt, meaning affection. I was ashamed to walk with the Pole because of the way everyone stared, and I was angry with Molly for not having looked me once in the eyes. I didn't say a word and I thumbed the Pole into the first cinema I saw. The main film was a marriage comedy with Melvyn Douglas and a blonde; I don't remember her name. It was a very funny film in parts and I had to laugh, and when I laughed the Pole laughed too. He had a terrible laugh, like something in an opera.

When it was all over I walked the Pole home. I tried to make conversation in basic English and the Pole listened gravely, saying, "Please?" and "Yes, thank you"—these at the wrong times—and precious little else. We finished the last half mile in silence, and I was mighty relieved when we came to his lodgings. I thumbed out the door to him in case he hadn't the sense to know where he lived.

"Well, so long," I said.

The Pole took my hand, shook it hard, and bowed.

"Thank you, pet," he said.

I didn't have to think that out. It was straight from the film. Melvyn to his wife. *Thank you, pet.* It certainly rocked me back on my heels. I could not think of an appropriate reply and I was determined not to laugh. I merely said, "So long, then," and turned down the street.

Thank you, pet!

That big gorilla.

Oh, it amused me. It gave me a fine laugh, but it also made me realize that the Pole was a human being, and now, when I look back at it, it does not seem at all funny. It seems sad.

THE Pole, registered as Joseph Hamilton (Hamilton was Mrs. Stevens' middle name: Mrs. Stevens was Jacobus' housekeeper), knocked out his first two opponents in the third and first rounds respectively, and Jacobus, who believed a pound in the hand was worth ten in the offing, rushed him into a match with Al Kid Williams of Cardiff, who was good. I didn't like it all. I had grown fond of Joseph. I had started him off at night school, where he was supposed to learn to speak English, taken him twice to the Bertram Mills circus, and had walked him interminably around the zoo. I had got used to the big cuss, and I didn't want to see him cut to ribbons. I knew that this so-called fight could only be a massacre and I would have stopped it if I could. But I couldn't. The contract was signed and the bills were up before I even learned of it. AL KID WILLIAMS V. BIG JOE HAMILTON. It was to be a ten-round supporting bout at Blackfriars, and the Pole was given what Jacobus described as "an extensive preparation." This included beef tea twice daily and a punch-drunk sparring partner. Joseph, smelling of sweat, showed me his muscles and his secret left jab. He seemed perfectly content with his new existence, and I was fool enough to think that he was settling down.

Then, six days before the fight, he disappeared.

I met Molly on the evening of that day in the Public Library, where we had a standing date every Wednesday, and she told me about it out of the corner of her mouth. Joseph had not turned up at the gym that morning, his bed had not been slept in, his landlady had not seen him since the previous day. The boys were all out searching. They were combing the parks and the riverbanks. They had divided the city into sectors, and in their various sectors they were taking in all the pubs, the police offices and the hospitals. Jacobus was purple, and when last seen was sitting at the telephone, working through the directory.

Molly wanted me to think where Joseph could be, but I did not want to waste our precious time together. I jockeyed her around to the Archaeology stall.

Nine days out of ten, we could count on getting the Archaeology stall to ourselves, but this had to be one of the tenth days. An old man sat on the ladder stool taking notes. Molly

(Continued on page 30)

Beginning Next Week, Collier's Presents the Inimitable

SAX ROHMER'S NEW NOVEL . . .

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

Locked in a bitter struggle for the secret of the world's most terrifying weapon, Nayland Smith confronts the world's most ingenious fanatic—Fu Manchu. But in Smith's intricate calculations there was an unknown quantity—beautiful, auburn-haired Camille Navarre, agent for an unknown power. Don't miss this swift-moving novel of international intrigue and dangerous love.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

GOVERNOR DEWEY

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Here the Republican candidate of 1944 surveys some of the fundamental problems facing the American people

MARRIAGE and politics," said the man in drawing room A, "nowhere else do the American people demand such purity and perfection. And nowhere else do they place a more paradoxical and unreasoning premium on amateur standing. They think of politics as a dirty business. Yet they want their candidates to go around in shining armor, championing defenseless causes."

The man in drawing room A wasn't indulging in generalities. As one of Governor Thomas E. Dewey's closest and brainiest advisers he was referring specifically to the dilemma of the man who has as good a chance as any Republican in the last 20 years of becoming President.

In practical politics, a suit of shining armor sets up an alarming clanking and weighs a man down in the pinches, where he has to be light on his feet. Dewey took his off 10 years ago when he first ran for governor. His political career since then has built up an excellent case for him as administrator and vote getter, although it has not provided him with a popular cause in a nation with a weakness for "champions."

Most men who attain great prominence in public life are the products of their conflicts and their distractions. Dewey, on the other hand, seems to be the product of relentless, single-minded application to the job immediately ahead of him. Nowhere in the 45-year record of his busy life will you find any indication of revolt or dissent, nor in his youth any involvement in the great social or political issues of the time.

Till his last year at Columbia Law School, Dewey considered singing his best bet for a career and worked hard at it. His teacher, however, told him he handled his voice "too intelligently" to make a great singer. About the same time a slight throat ailment forced him to cancel one of the church engagements which helped pay for his lessons. Coolly weighing his chances of getting ahead in the world, Dewey decided that a vocal career was too risky. He dropped what had been up till then his greatest interest in life and concentrated on the law to the exclusion of practically everything else.

It's possible that you might never have heard of Thomas E. Dewey if a lady stockholder hadn't sued the Empire Trust Company for $20,000. The trust company's law firm, MacNamara & Seymour, assigned one of their staff lawyers to prepare the defense. His name was Dewey, and he was twenty-eight years old. To handle the case in court, the firm retained the well-known trial lawyer, George Z. Medalie, and the older man liked the way Dewey dug into the files and organized the facts.

On the last day of the trial, which he lost, Medalie accepted the appointment as U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York. He invited Dewey to join him as chief assistant. This was only 17 years ago. Lightning had struck, but Dewey wasn't blinded by the glare.

"I dropped him into the cold water and let him swim out," said Medalie.

Among Those Convicted . . .

Soon Dewey splashed into the front pages with his part in convicting such newsworthy malefactors as Jack "Legs" Diamond and Waxey Gordon, gangsters; and a City Hall grafter named James J. McCormick, who banked over $200,000 from his job as clerk in the marriage license bureau.

Three years later, Governor Lehman appointed Dewey Special Prosecutor of Organized Crime in New York.

Dewey went after some of the nation's biggest crooks with a relentlessness that thrilled the nation.

The fact that his personality caused some reporters and others who worked closely with him to criticize him as ambitious and overaggressive didn't detract from the public admiration. Dewey got results.

When, in 1938, Dewey ran for governor, many of his friends were doubtful as to the wisdom of the move, because it meant certain defeat. But Dewey as usual knew what he was doing.

His aggressive campaigning cut down Herbert Lehman's victory to a mere 65,000 and Dewey emerged as a comer in national Republican politics. He has been moving along with great persistency ever since, despite his loss to Wendell L. Willkie at the Republican convention in 1940—partly through the efforts of Kenneth Simpson, the New York County Republican leader. Temperamentally, Dewey and Willkie were, as one observer put it, "One world apart." But Dewey campaigned for him, and this attitude of working for the party served as a build-up for the governorship in 1942.

In 1944, there was little question about Dewey's Presidential nomination. His defeat by only 2,000,000 votes at the hands of a great campaigner was the kind to improve rather than lessen his chances for 1948. In 10 years Dewey has made himself the greatest vote getter in his party.

But Americans have a way of making it very tough for their candidates. Despite Dewey's undeniable youth, vigor and administrative talents, a large segment of the American public still asks as they have always asked of anybody who ever makes a pass at the Presidency, "What's the big idea?" What are the ideas, the outlook and methods Dewey will carry with him into the campaign and very possibly into the White House?

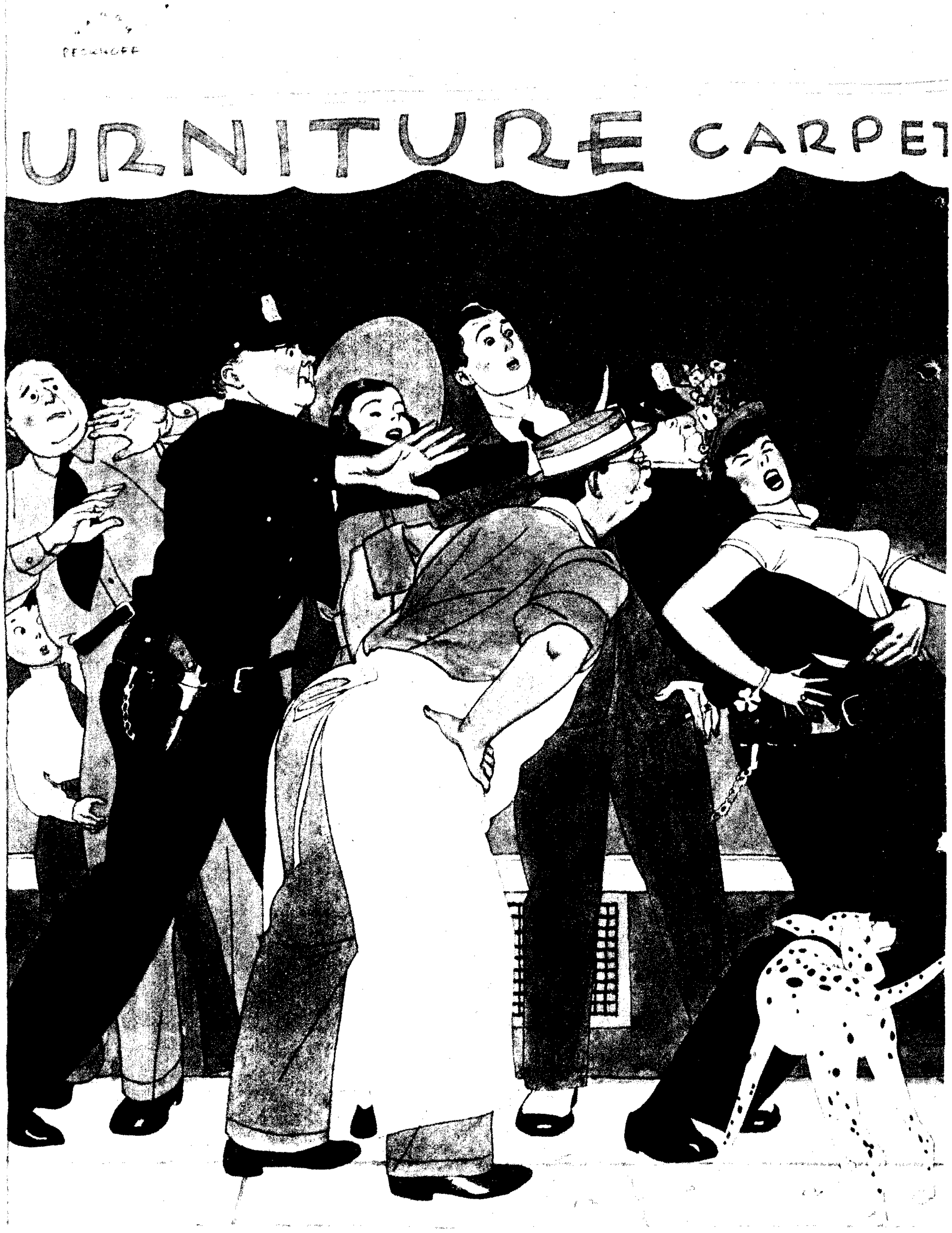
If Americans could sit down with

(Continued on page 75)

THE DAY'S WORK

George loved Ruth, the kids loved money, but the peanut machine didn't love anybody

BY OWEN CAMERON



SATURDAY morning while we were dressing, Mitch said I should ask Father, because I was the oldest. I thought Mitch should, because he was the stubbornest; and he was, so I had to ask. Neither of us wanted to, because Father had been mad ever since Cousin Ruth's picture was in the paper for sleeping in a store window.

When we went to breakfast, Father was hollering to know why Ruth couldn't have married that what's-his-name architect and settled down. Mother said because she didn't love him, and besides she had her career. Then she said there were times when she envied Ruth. Father hollered that was a woman for you, not able to tell the difference between a career and a holy show, and at least Ruth could have stayed in Chicago where nobody knew us.

After breakfast when I had a chance I asked if we could have fifty cents to go to the show, and Father said certainly not. Mother told him it would keep us out of mischief for a while, and Mitch said we didn't have anything else to do, and Father hollered that we could find something, because when he was our age he had a job and knew money didn't grow on trees.

Mitch and I went outside where it was quieter, to think about getting a job, or anyhow fifty cents. I said if Rex was a lady dog, we could have puppies and sell one. But Mitch said he would never, never sell a puppy, not even if we were starving, so we had to think of something else. Mitch wanted to go downtown to Knapp's store and see Cousin Ruth in the window, because once she gave us a dime. A dime wasn't enough, but then we heard Father yell at least we could cut the lawn or something, couldn't we? So we left.

We had to walk downtown, and we left Rex home, because some policeman always wanted to arrest him for disturbing the peace or biting him. Rex never liked cops and they felt the same way.

Cousin Ruth was asleep in the big window of Knapp's store. The window was fixed to look like a room in a castle, with two knights in shiny armor and a small imitation dragon and a stuffed cat and a king who laughed. A prince leaned over the bed, and in bed was Cousin Ruth in her nightgown. She was the only one alive. A sign in the window said: *She Would Not Be A Sleeping Beauty Unless She Napped On A BeautyKnapp Mattress—Knapp's Modern Dream Boat.*

Every so often the prince bent down with a jerk and then Cousin Ruth sat up and smiled and stretched and music and drums played and the king laughed *ho-ho-ho.* The cat chased his tail and the knights moved their tin arms, and people on the street stopped to look and said everything was so cute and Cousin Ruth was so lovely. Then an old witch came out from behind a curtain, but she was stuffed, too, and the dragon rolled his eyes and puffed out steam, and the music and everything else stopped and Cousin Ruth yawned and fell asleep, and all the people watching went away except me and Mitch and a man.

"The king used to be Santa Claus," Mitch said. "I'm glad we didn't bring Rex. Remember how mad the cop got at him for barking at Santa Claus?"

The man who had stayed came over and said, "I see you two are gentlemen of taste. Or were you looking at the mattress?"

"We're looking for a job to earn fifty cents," I told him.

"If you were in Chicago you could have mine," the man said. "I'm busy here, studying the art of window dressing. And undressing. Learn while you earn."

"We need to earn fifty cents," Mitch said. "Once she gave us a dime for going away."

"Hah!" the man said. "Let's get this straight now. By 'she' you don't mean the witch?"

"It's a stuffed witch," I said.

"You never know," the man said. "Once I had a girl whose mother—but that's water under the bridge. Are you friends of the princess? You wouldn't be members of the royal family?"

"The Fearson family," I said. "I'm Edgar and he's my brother Mitch. Cousin Ruth is on Father's side. He says he could understand it and make allowances if she was on Mother's side."

"Well, well," the man said, and turned to look at Cousin Ruth. Mitch went over to the peanut machine on the wall between windows to see if anybody had put in a penny and forgotten to take the peanuts. Nobody had.

The man asked me, "Can you get her to look this way and say hello?"

I hollered at Cousin Ruth, and Mitch came back to help and the man tapped on the glass with a penny. Cousin Ruth would not look, but she waved with her hand for us to go away.

"I'm progressing," the man said. "Isn't she beautiful?"

I looked at Cousin Ruth, but she was the same as always, only asleep in her nightgown. Mitch asked the man, "Is that a regular penny?"

"I suppose so," the man said. "Ah, what a princess!"

I told him Cousin Ruth was only making believe to be a princess. She was really a model, like the ladies in the mail-order catalogue.

Mitch pulled the man's sleeve and asked, "Well, is it your penny? Could you give it away if you wanted to?"

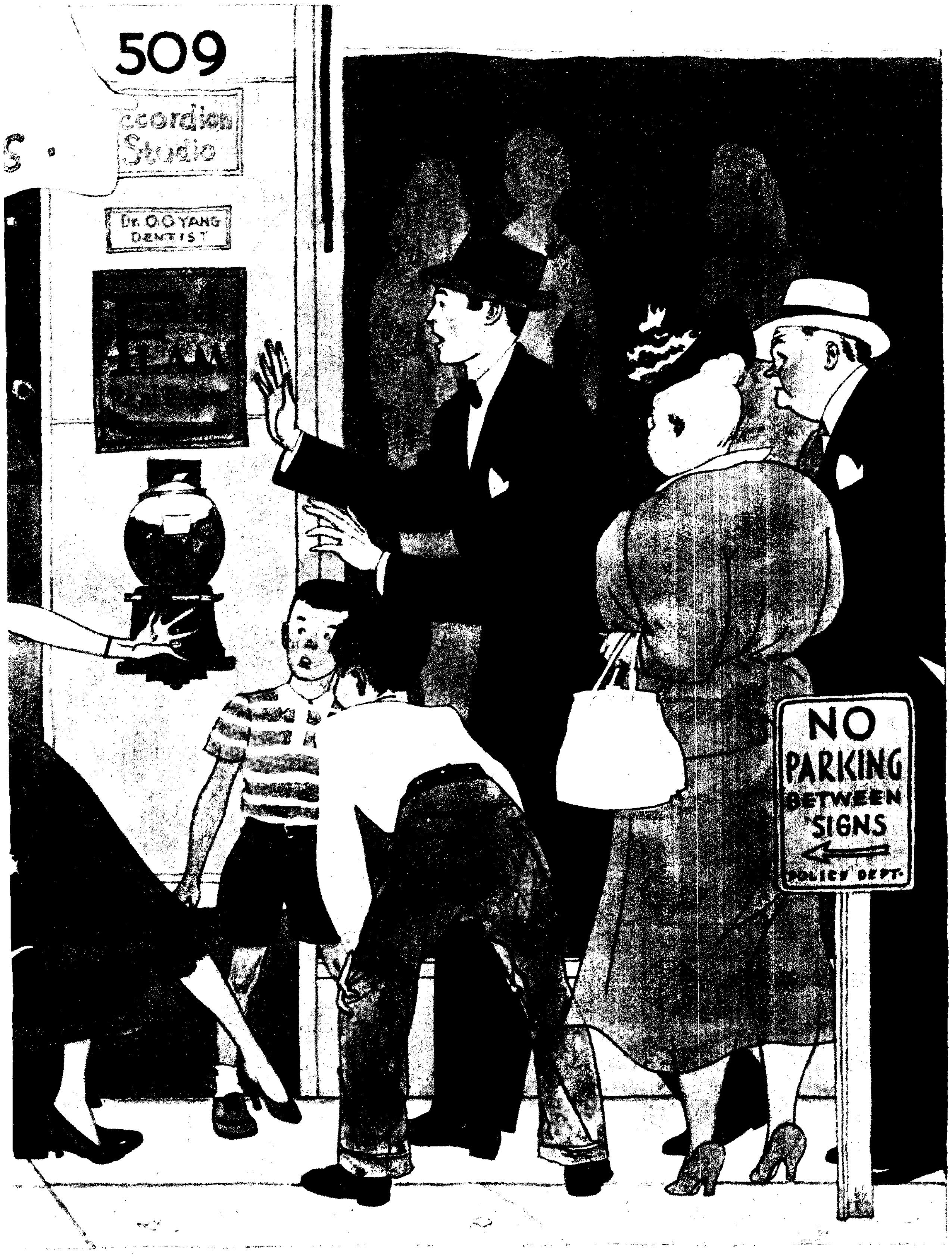
"Sure," the man said. "Does she live there in the castle?"

"No," I said. "It's a fairy tale. The prince kisses the Sleeping Beauty and she wakes up."

"She didn't quite, for me," the man said. "Though I worked under more formal conditions. I've a notion to go in there and make that prince abdicate. And I thought about charging the dragon, but I haven't an account here."

"Do you think your penny would fit that peanut machine?" Mitch asked. "I just wonder if it works all right."

The man said, "I followed her from Chicago three



Even the cop couldn't get Cousin Ruth loose. When he told her she should have gone into the store and asked for her penny back, she got mad at him

days ago. I thought I had a rival, but I didn't dream he was a prince. It's enough to make any man a revolutionist. Still, all he does is pretend to kiss her. What's the matter with him, anyhow?"

"He's a dummy," I said.

"You're not kidding," the man said. He shook his fist at the prince. "She's dazzled by his title. Probably he doesn't mean to marry her at all. Listen, Edgar, are you sure she doesn't live in there? I hang around here all day, and afterward I watch the employees' entrance. For three days I've been eating my heart out."

"Well, if you're hungry we could get some peanuts," Mitch said.

"I'm above such coarseness as food," the man said. "And anyhow, after the first day I brought sandwiches."

"We didn't bring anything, not even a penny for peanuts," Mitch said. "We were in a hurry to look for a job."

The prince bent over again, and Cousin Ruth sat up and the music and cat and everything else started going, but just before she smiled up at the prince Cousin Ruth glared at us and moved her lips.

The man waved at her and said, "That's the first time she's seen me."

"She said to go away," Mitch said. "Listen, don't you like peanuts?"

"No," the man said.

The king laughed and the people on the street stopped to watch, and then the witch came out and cast her spell and everything was peace and calm again. Mitch said that now would be a good chance to see if the peanut machine worked, but I told him that even if the man gave him a penny, Mother didn't want us to take money from strangers.

"She didn't say anything about taking peanuts," Mitch said.

"And anyhow, I'm not a stranger," the man said. "My name is George Beyers and I'm on my way to becoming one of the family, though for a couple of weeks the going has been rugged. But in all the bright lexicon of Beyers, there is no such word as can't."

"Cannot," Mitch said. "There is such a word as peanuts."

Mr. Beyers gave Mitch two pennies, and said, "I recall some mention of two small cousins who own a huge dog. That's you?"

"That's Rex," I said. "Are you the one in Chicago Father said she ought to grab while she could and stop this nonsense?"

"I hope so," Mr. Beyers said.

Mitch came back with some peanuts and the prince bent over and the music started again and Cousin Ruth gave us another look. Mr. Beyers said it was very encouraging, because for the last couple of days he had suspected he was invisible.

When Cousin Ruth fell asleep and the people watching went away, Mr. Beyers said, "Last night I waited at the employees' entrance until eight o'clock. She didn't come out, unless she used another door, which seems unfair. You're certain she doesn't live in there?"

I said she lived on Echo Avenue with Aunt Elsie, who was our aunt but her mother. Then Mr. Beyers asked me if Cousin Ruth knew any other man except the prince. We told him about a fellow she had before she went to Chicago, who was a Pirate in Pittsburgh, which is a baseball team, because real pirates are not allowed any more, and Father said this one shouldn't be, either. Mr. Beyers said he had heard about the Pirate and agreed with Father.

Mitch said Father didn't like peanuts, either, and Mr. Beyers gave him the last penny he had. The prince bent down again and everything started, and this time after Cousin Ruth fell asleep they pulled a curtain across the window.

MITCH came back and said he'd been cheated. He couldn't get all the peanuts he had coming. They were stuck in the machine, and he could almost reach them, but not quite.

Mr. Beyers said, "If you can figure out some way to give me a chance to talk to Ruth, even for two minutes, I'll buy you a ton of peanuts."

"Okay, here she is," Mitch said. He ducked, but Cousin Ruth grabbed me by the ear. She was dressed in regular clothes, and she was mad. She gave me a shake and asked what we thought we were doing.

Mr. Beyers took off his hat, and bowed and said, "We were talking about your breath-taking performance in there. That and peanuts."

Cousin Ruth shook me again. I thought my ear would come off, but it didn't. I guess she thought she was shaking Mr. Beyers, by the way she looked at him. She asked him what he thought *he* was doing.

"Admiring you, like the other people who stop," Mr. Beyers said. "Did you think we were music lovers?"

Cousin Ruth said, "I thought I'd made it clear that I didn't want to see you or speak to you or listen to your cheap sarcasm again."

"Sarcasm? I mean every word!" Mr. Beyers cried. "And I'm here also as a friend of the family."

"I'll take care of the family," Cousin Ruth said. "You leave me alone."

"Sometimes I wish I could," Mr. Beyers said. "I try to reason with myself. I say to myself, 'George, don't be the slave of this mad passion. Think!' I tell myself. But all I can think of is you."

"So amusing!" Cousin Ruth said. She gave me a shake. She said, "You and Mitch go home this instant!"

Mitch was at the peanut machine, and he said he couldn't go right away. Cousin Ruth dragged me over there, but Mitch held on to the machine. She couldn't pull him loose with one hand, and she wouldn't let go of my ear. Mitch said there were more peanuts in the machine, because he could feel them, and they belonged to him.

"I'll crawl," Mr. Beyers said. "I'll be solemn as an owl. I'll go in broadcloth and ashes. Just spare me five minutes from your career."

"Humiliating me," cried Cousin Ruth. "Move aside, Mitch, and I'll get your peanuts. And when your Father hears of this—!"

"Two minutes, then," begged Mr. Beyers.

"I can feel them with my finger," Mitch said. "If Rex was here, I think his tongue would be long enough."

Cousin Ruth put her finger in the machine and moved it around. "I don't think that's peanuts. It feels like part of—oh-oh." She tried to pull her finger out, and she swore, because I heard her. She looked at Mr. Beyers. "I think my finger is stuck."

"You could have lunch with me, at least," he said. "That would give you a chance to refuse to have supper with me."

"Stop talking nonsense," Cousin Ruth said. "My finger won't come loose."

(Continued on page 79)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

FOOL'S PARADISE

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

Crops may be saved from pests, wine "aged" quickly, meat, vegetables and even flowers preserved for months, perishable drugs may be given new life—all this and more too if a revolutionary device called the capacitron lives up to advance notices from Brooklyn

SUPPOSE a friend of yours invites you over for a steak dinner. It turns out to be a sumptuous feed—fish course, corn on the cob, a tender slab of sirloin, fresh raspberries and all the accouterments. In a dreamy torpor over your demitasse you muse vaguely that springtime is not normally the season for berries and roasting ears but you figure the host has just installed a deep-freeze unit and wants to show it off.

"So you liked the flounder, eh?" he says, with an odd smile. "Well, I'll tell you a secret. I picked up those fillets six months ago and they've been lying around the house ever since. I got the steak and the corn and the berries nine months ago. No. No deep freeze. And by the way, did you notice that bouquet of roses on the table? Smell awfully nice, don't they? They were cut May 16, 1947."

Forget the stomach pump; you've been well and scientifically fed. It wasn't so long ago that such household words as pasteurized milk and homogenized bread sounded strange and forbidding, remember? What you've just had was an electronized meal not on the market yet but a projection of what a little group of scientists, economists and businessmen have been tasting experimentally for the past several months in a laboratory built into an old brick icehouse in the far reaches of Brooklyn, New York.

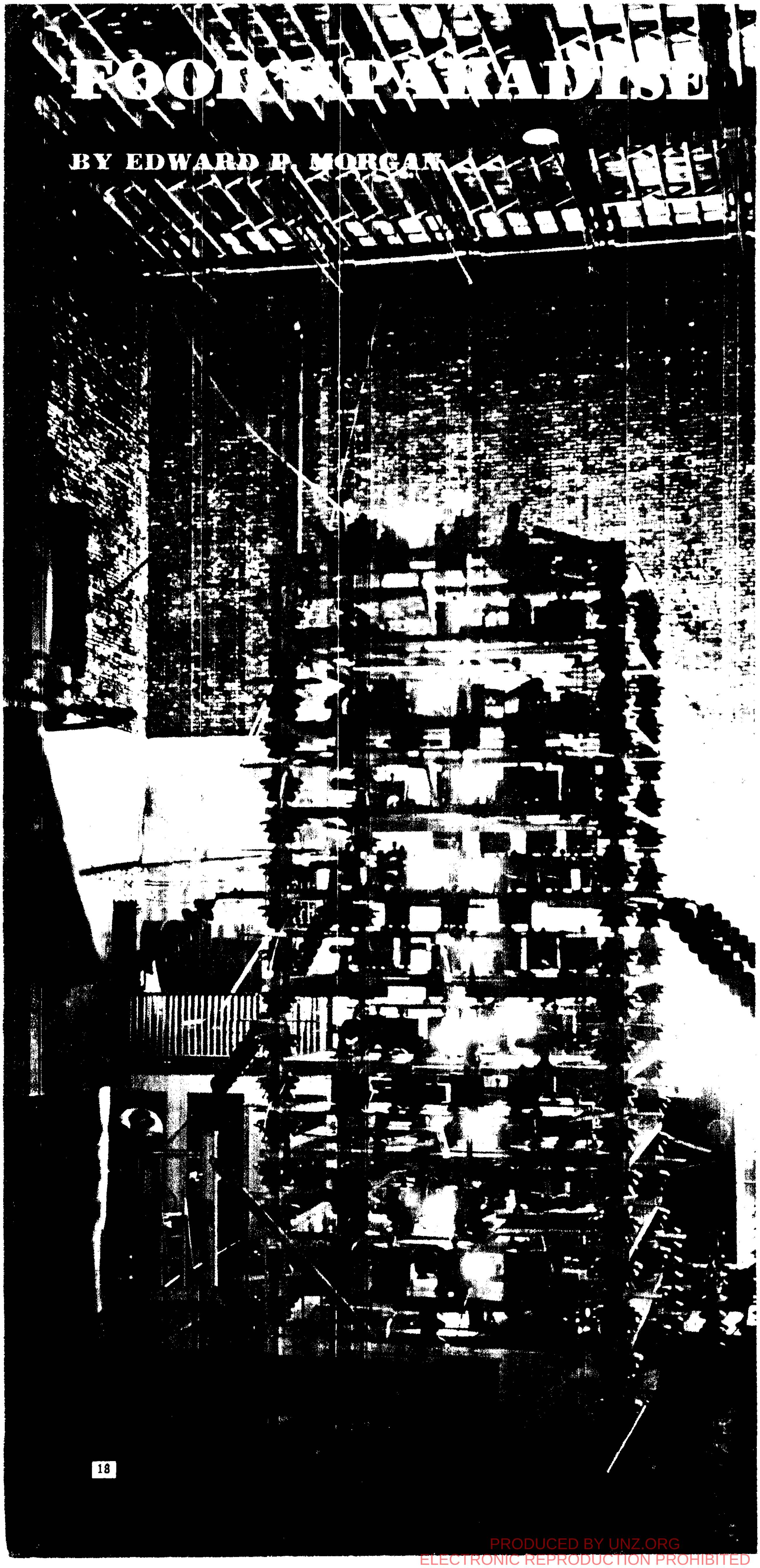
These men—among them Donald M. Nelson, ex-head of the War Production Board, Leon Henderson, former chief of the OPA, and Beardsley Ruml of Macy's department store and "pay-as-you-go" tax fame—have been chewing in the interests of science, medicine, industry and, they hope, a profitable future for their young firm, the Electronized Chemicals Corporation. They have already staked $500,000 on a new process for preserving and sterilizing food, drugs and other materials by a machine impressively called the capacitron.

The capacitron is a cousin of the cyclotron, the betatron and other nuclear accelerators. Its star performer is that invisible atomic bullet which has shot itself into such prominence in the perfection of numerous devices from radar to card indexing—the electron. Unlike most preserving processes, the capacitron neither cooks nor freezes its target substances. In an "explosion" lasting 1/1,000,000 of a second it bombards them with intensive bursts of electrons which sterilize the bacteria and arrest any further chemical or biological change in them.

Under the supervision of two Berlin-born scientists who escaped Germany before the war and are naturalized American citizens now, experiments have been made for the past two years with a wide variety of materials ranging from fresh meats, cheese, eggs, fruits, vegetables and spices to sulfa drugs and novocain. Dr. Arno Brasch, co-inventor of the capacitron, and Dr. Wolfgang Huber, his chief associate, have found many of the items it treated can be preserved indefinitely without causing any apparent change to their form.

In the tests the products are sealed in containers—usually plastic envelopes or glass ampules—to prevent other bacteria from getting at them after they have been processed. Then they are kept at *room temperature* and left exposed to the air remaining within the container and to light, mostly fluorescent light whose strong ultraviolet rays are notoriously destructive of perishables.

At the icehouse samplings (these were taste tests, not real meals), Electronized Chemicals executives have smacked their lips over pork, chicken and veal which had been kept from six months to nearly a year in this way. Grapes electronized on August



With shooting-gallery sound effects, the capacitron puts a 3,000,000-volt "lightning bolt" to work in adding to the life expectancy of beefsteak, beans and blood plasma. Here's the spectacular flash

10, 1947, were as fresh in February as when they were picked. Cauliflower showed no signs of deterioration after eight months. Cream cheese was fragrant and free of mold six months after being bombarded by the capacitron. Rendered lard bore no trace of rancidity 182 days after being shot.

Red carnations and red and yellow roses were still firm and bright nine months later and, curiously enough, their fragrance was stronger than it had originally been. The capacitron has aged green wine and whisky so well that within three weeks after the processing, professional tasters testified the samples had the flavor of liquor from three to five years old.

Whereas other sterilization methods weaken them, electronizing preserves surgical sutures without affecting their tensile strength. It has added months, in the laboratory, to the life of whole blood, plasma, penicillin and a variety of vitamins. The process can destroy termites and sterilize water. It kills the weevil and other insect larvae that infest beans, corn, rice, wheat and other grains, and which ruin millions of dollars' worth of crops annually. And without the use of either heat or cold, it can solidify liquid plastics in the twinkling of an eye.

Markets Won't Stock Them for Some Time

It may be many months yet before your grocer, butcher, or your druggist has any electronized products on the shelves but the commercial phase of the venture is rapidly approaching. According to present plans the first industrial pilot model of the capacitron will be completed by midsummer. Five leading companies in the meat-packing, dairy products, grain-processing, food and drug fields have applied for licenses for capacitrons. Half a dozen more are negotiating with Electronized Chemicals regarding jointly sponsored research programs.

Syndicates have been formed in England and Scandinavia to handle capacitron rights in western Europe. The corporation intends to confine itself primarily to experimental processing, retaining the patents on the capacitron and leasing them out for commercial application. Research results on the treatment of disease will be turned over to the medical profession for public use. (Cancers in rabbits and tumors in mice—two types of animals in the low echelons of cancer research—were successfully treated in experiments. Researchers have long known of the possible advantages of electron radiation over X-ray treatment of cancer, but years of exhaustive animal study will be necessary before electron therapy can be tried on humans.)

Partly because they themselves honestly don't know what all the potentialities of the capacitron may be, partly because they don't want the public to jump to the conclusion that here is some new magical process that will fix everything except maybe the U.S.-Russian deadlock, the persons involved in the project conscientiously censor their conversations.

Donald Nelson, himself a chemical engineer, who was made chairman of the board of the corporation last January, is now quietly organizing a company of his own to handle the process in Mexico and Central America.

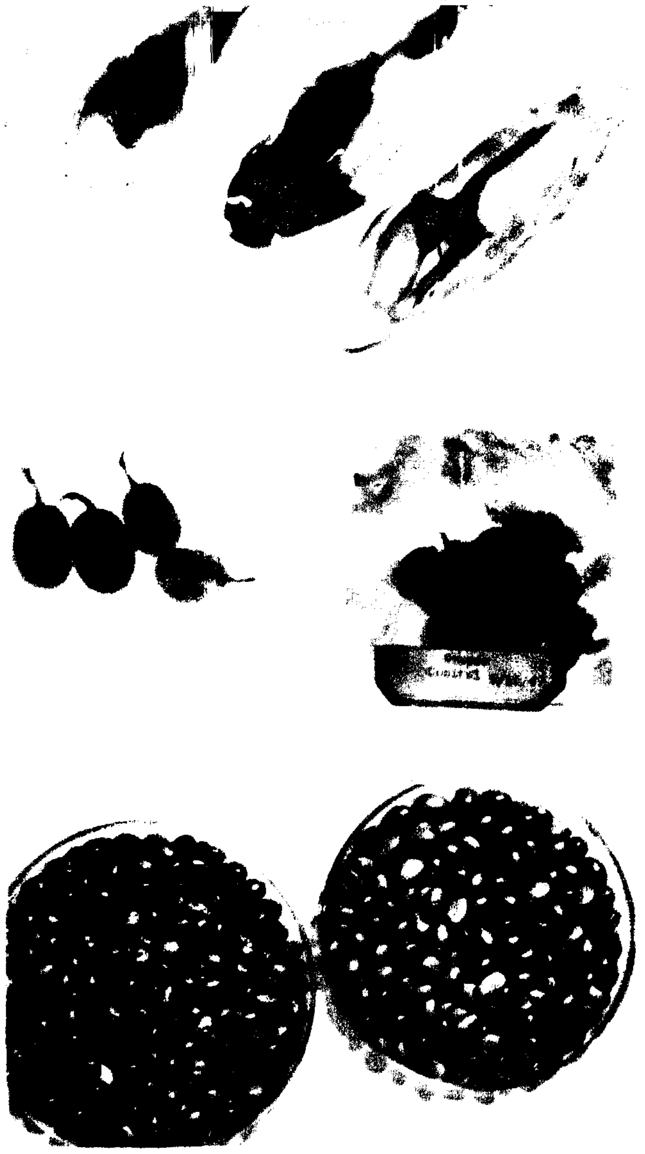
In this region tropical temperatures and frequently rudimentary transport systems have made food preservation largely a matter of transferring eatables quickly fom the tree or stream to the stomach or leaving it to spoil.

As you might expect, the more striking the possibilities, the more doubting the Thomases. Loyal Electronized Chemicals executives on occasion have gone to some lengths to demonstrate that they're not peddling alchemy.

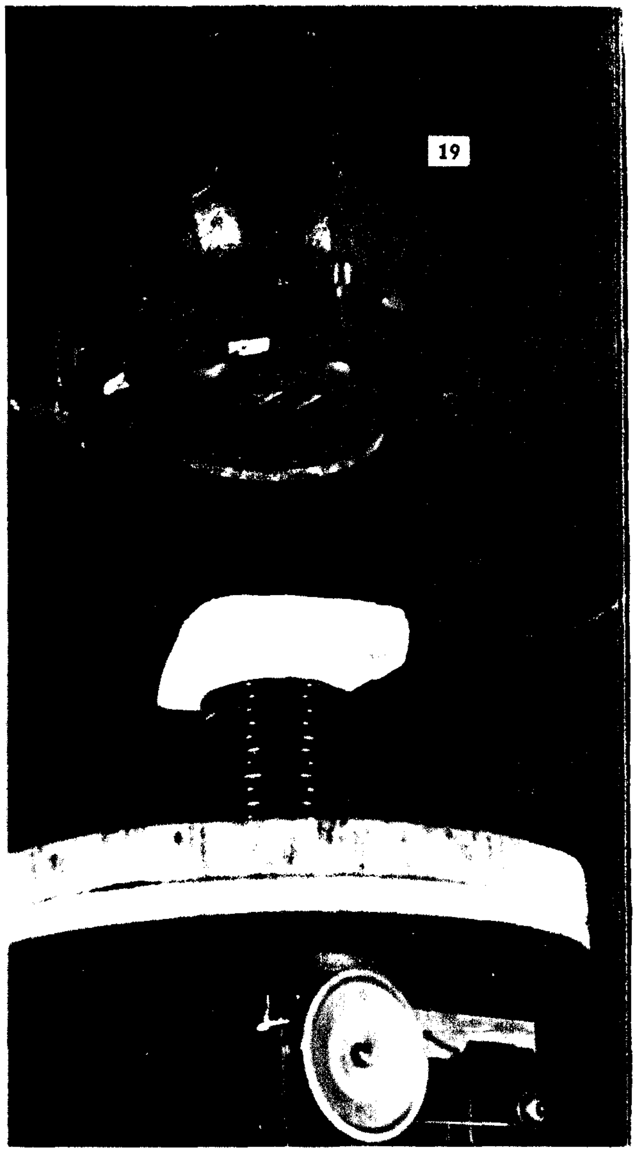
Last summer, William Stix Wasserman, a Philadelphia financier who was one of the first Americans to become interested in the capacitron, conveyed samples of an uncooked meal for six people, including steaks, fish, corn on the cob and blueberries, in unrefrigerated wooden boxes by steamer to Brussels. A couple of the container covers worked loose and a few helpings were spoiled but everything in the other containers survived splendidly. A Belgian chemicals manufacturer who tasted the samples—two months after they had been treated—was so impressed that he became a European representative of the corporation.

Wasserman has also carried around red roses and dead mice for months at a stretch to impress his friends with the powers of *(Continued on page 40)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACOB LOFMAN



Top: Treated by the capacitron May 16, 1947, the rose and carnation are fresh today. The untreated mess they flank was once a yellow rose. Middle: Treated and untreated grapes. Bottom: The beans on the right were processed a month after harvest. Those on the left, handled normally, are riddled with weevil holes



Streaming through the capacitron's aluminum "window," billions of electrons bombard a lump of calcite with cold energy to produce this lively glow

Below, attendant at control panel regulates the flow of electricity through rectifier tubes to the tower

Our heroine takes Position Six while Patricia Hammerlee (top), Gloria Patrice (kneeling), June Graham (lying on floor) and Nina Frenkin posture

THE WALKER BRAT

BY TED SHANE

Dewey Barto is an acrobat; his daughter Nancy Walker is the crab apple of his eye. Here is the riotous story of their devotion, culminating in the stardom of Nancy as a comic ballerina in Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!

THERE is an ancient curse around Broadway which goes: "May all your children be acrobats!" How you'd put the whammy on an acrobat is not known, unless you'd say: "May they be Nancy Walkers!"

Nancy Walker, belligerent-jawed, Elizabethan-tongued, half-pint-sized star of the Broadway hit Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!, is the daughter of an acrobat: Dewey Barto, of the tumbling team of Barto & Mann. Barto's dad was Roxy Swoyer, who did flip flaps with a wagon show till age grounded him as a Ringling circus clown. Five of Nancy's aunts have been aerialists, high-school riders and circus athletes. Nancy's mama was Myrtle Lawler, vaudeville hoofer.

Since Nancy's blood is Swiss, German, English and Irish, something Mendelian was bound to turn up in her. While she got her dad's body, she fortunately inherited her ma's voice and feet—with Grampaw's clowning thrown in. "A hammered-down Bea Lillie," someone has called her. "The little bum is goulash!" her adoring father Dewey Barto (something of a clown himself) calls her, adding with justice, "but what's wrong with goulash?"

And he'll go on to compare her with Marie Dressler, Fanny Brice and other ladies of the prat fall.

Just one inch shorter than her accomplished dad, who towers to the dizzy heights of four feet eleven inches, every inch of Miss Walker's four feet ten inches is dainty squat pudge. There is a delightful jut to the jaw suggesting Durocher facing life. Her bearing varies between that of a swaggering tough advancing on a beer, and a punchy heavy shuffling toward the center of the ring. Her speaking voice is that of a truck driver calling his mate—in basic Brooklynese. In the ballet tutu and frilleries she affects in her leading role in Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—that of Lily Malloy, Milwaukee beer heiress who yearns to be Pavlova—she tries, and doesn't find it difficult, to look like hell.

Much to the customers' delight. When she hammers out the tender ballade I'm Tired of Texas, they can hear her in Dallas. When she really kills the Dying Swan in her irreverent rendition of that aesthetic bird's death throes, she tears down the house. In fact, without Miss Walker's rowdyism, most New York critics agreed Look, Ma, would have been a turkey.

Oddly, despite her rugged exterior, Miss Walker is a mouse within. She is a star at twenty-seven, but if backed into a corner, Miss Walker admits she's in awe of herself, her success, and what she calls the "legit." She's still scared stiff before every performance (she was raised in the theater); insists she can't sing or dance with the top liners (Look, Ma, was written with her in mind). As for her acting, when a movie questionnaire (she's served time in Hollywood) inquired: "Are you skilled in any phase of the theater other than acting?" she wrote: "I can't even act."

Nevertheless the brass shines through the inferiority, and even if nobody else appreciated Miss Walker, her father does.

As for Nancy, a fond, maternal look comes into her eyes when she speaks of her pop, who raised her in his vest pocket backstage. No sentimental words fall from her lips when she speaks of him, however. She knows that he's been struggling to help her battle shyness for years; and that she is the crab apple of his eye. He knows she knows this, too. Each is given to strong language expressed with mock mayhem.

"Dad is so cute," she recalls, "he kills me. All my life he keeps trying to make me self-reliant. He was trying to teach me to box one day and he told me to hit him hard—anywhere. I did. Ever since, the boxing gloves have been hanging on the wall." Barto, we might add, is fifty-two, and still does his muscular act.

When we looked up Miss Walker at her hotel in New York, we saw a very relaxed young lady in horn-rims, lying on her bed, just finishing the Kinsey report, that best-selling scientific work on s-e-x. She spoke of the book in a hard-guy bantering way. "Hell," she said, "some of my best friends are in it."

And she confessed to being partial to the philosophers, having but recently devoured the entire works of Nietzsche. "A lot of kakamamies may kick me in the teeth for it—but I like the old so-and-so!" was her reaction to superman's creator. And she explained to me that Neitzsche hadn't created Hitler as was commonly held, but that Hitler had taken from Nietzsche what served his purpose and given him a bad name. She didn't translate "kakamamie."

She also confessed to being a bit of a writer herself: of poetry. "The nice, soft, shlumphy sort," she admitted.

Nancy Walker was born Anna Myrtle Swoyer in Philadelphia on May 10, 1921, just about the moment her father was debuting with a new comedy-acrobat act. Her father, born Stuart S. Swoyer, had changed his name to Barto when he joined the Three Bartos, adding the name of Manila's hero.

Little Anna Myrtle went trouping as soon as her mother was able to carry her about. She was taken from town to town, was fed in cheap hotels and stations, and was left in the wings in the "change" basket—a washbasket—while Mama was doing her stuff on stage with Arnold Grazer, the male half of Grazer & Lawler. Alas, Papa Barto couldn't come along—he was booked on another vaudeville circuit. "It killed me," he mourns. "Grazer did the diapers. He was a wonderful guy."

For over a year Barto suffered and yearned for family life, did four and five shows a day and practiced dancing on the side. Finally, in California, he was reunited with his family. There he auditioned and was accepted in the new act of Grazer & Lawler, Singing Comedy Dance Sensations.

A Motley Crew of Schoolteachers

Barto and his family set off gypsying in vaudeville and in time Grazer quit the act. Then later little Nanny crawled out of the washbasket and got in people's way in the wings. Anybody available and willing would be drafted as baby sitter—and her education began. "Nanny is a combination of stagehand, ham bone, electrician, hotel clerk, porter, trap drummer, conductor, chambermaid and newsboy," Barto enthused. "The little bum was brought up by the cop on the beat, by bellboys—even the waiters in this place helped educate her. No wonder you feel Nanny down here—" he pointed affectionately to his solar plexus. "She's me, you, she's poor folks. People like her because that's what she is—people."

As for her more formal education, the saucy tyke picked up her three R's from handbills, comics, movie titles and Billboard, the vaudevillian's bible. Dewey, who had been educated in a gymnasium, lent a hand. "What kind of student was she?" I asked innocently.

"Lousy!" Barto snapped with frankness.

"What did she like to do?"

"Bum around!"

"What did she want to be?"

"A bum!" Barto cried. "She kept actor's hours and liked to hang around and wisecrack with the stagehands. She went to the movies a lot, played in hotel lobbies till midnight, she got in everybody's hair. But I didn't care. I didn't play when I was a kid. I wanted her to play."

There were more formal moments to Nancy's battle with Organized Learning. When Barto attained enough success to allow his wife to retire from the stage, Nanny was taken to New York's Ethical Culture School for an interview concerning admission. The Bartos waited anxiously outside. "What happened?" they cried when their first-born, then seven, emerged triumphantly.

"A little girl sang Bye Baby Bunting for the teacher," Nanny lisped. "When the teacher asked me what I could do, I sang I Can't Give You Anything But Love and did a time step. I think I topped her."

But Ethical Culture was crowded, so Barto dumped her in the New York Professional Children's School.

With an eye to the future, Barto also attempted to instill the love of the arts in his prodigy, and she was enrolled for piano, singing and ballet lessons on the side. "When she didn't play hooky," Barto recounts, "she'd sit at the piano and let big tears splash down and sound the notes, and she'd bawl, 'Daddy, I can't!' If she was supposed to practice ballet, I'd have to yell, 'Get out from behind the piano where you have more room and Daddy can see you!' She'd sniffle, 'Daddy, I do' wanna!' Then I'd get mad and yell, 'Okay, then get the hell out!' and she'd get the hell out. She'd go to the movies.

"I only licked her once. We were eating in a restaurant in Kansas City and Nanny kept throwing things on the floor. I was jumpy because I was following Helen Menken on the bill—a tough spot for acrobats. I told Nanny not to. She kept on. I grabbed her and whacked her. Even though I had millions of whippings, we both began to cry. Finally she looked around at me and said, 'Don't overdo it, Daddy!' I never hit her again."

Nancy's mother died in 1930, soon after the birth of Nancy's kid sister Betty Lou. Barto bundled the new child in a blanket, and went trouping with Nancy, Grandma Lawler playing Mama. "It was my family," Barto explains. "That's all I had."

The act, now Barto & Mann, with Barto doing little bits like running straight up proscenium arches, then back-flipping to the stage, was booked for Europe. Nancy went along in a big coonskin coat, sat in the ship's bar telling her life story to drunks in picturesque language. One night she demanded champagne for dinner. Barto obligingly ordered a quart, and without batting an eye, swilled it down with her. Together they staggered to their cabin, and the next night when Barto called for another magnum, the slightly green Nanny declined hastily: "I don't think I like champagne, Daddy!" Today Miss Walker confesses to taking a few. "But only on Sundays when I don't have to work. Learned from my dad."

Father and daughter (Betty Lou stayed with Grandma) did the Continental music halls—London's Palladium, Paris' Empire, Berlin's Scala—as constant companions. One night Barto parked a rebellious Nancy with a French sitter and went out with the boys. "I came home at three or so in the morning," Barto recalls. "At the end of my street I saw a midget in a fur coat. It was my Nanny, and she yelled, 'Where the hell have you been?' just like a wife. I gave up Continental night life."

Miss Walker arrived in her teens in due time. The fresh shrimp had given way to a very bashful creature afraid of people. Barto would send her for papers or cigars; she'd stall. He then would browbeat her into doing the errand. While he was struggling with her inferiority, it came time for Miss Walker to graduate from the *(Continued on page 36)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

IT USED TO BE AN OLD BARN

BY COREY FORD

George wanted very much to carry Helen over their threshold—if he could ever get it to stay in one place

I SAW in the paper the other day that George and Helen were married. It was very sudden, according to the story. The ceremony was performed at midnight by a justice of the peace, and they left for Florida the same night, driving a trailer. They planned to be gone quite a while, it said.

I was glad to know that George had decided to take my advice, because frankly I'd been getting a little worried about the way things were going lately. He and Helen had been engaged for over a year, and it was beginning to look as though that was as far as their romance would get. "If you ask me," Jim Bledsoe was saying not long ago, "I wouldn't bet you a plugged nickel those wedding bells will ever ring for George."

"He's going all to pieces," Bob Ellis nodded, shuffling the cards. "He isn't the same old George."

"All the difference in the world."

"A man can take just so much."

George used to be very good company before he got engaged, and we were always glad when he joined us for a hand of gin rummy on the 8:05, but recently he'd taken to sitting by himself at the rear of the car, adding and subtracting little columns of figures on the margin of his newspaper, and there were mornings when he barely spoke to us at all. He was growing irritable and jumpy, and once when Jim Bledsoe happened to mention casually that his wife was thinking of adding another wing to their house, George slammed his paper on the floor, screamed something about his never getting a moment's peace anywhere, and locked himself in the men's room all the rest of the way in to the city. Jim looked at the rest of us, and went on dealing the cards. "Doesn't look good," he murmured. "Doesn't look good at-tall."

"He's just about ready to crack," Bob Ellis said. "The other day we were walking past a furniture store, and he began to shake all over."

"Maybe he'll be all right," I suggested hopefully, "when his house is finished and they settle down."

"They won't settle down," Jim Bledsoe said. "Women never do. I've been married twenty years, and my wife hasn't settled down yet." He began to sort his hand. "You know how many wings we've got already? Five."

I had to smile to myself because, of course, my wife isn't like that at all. We have a nice little home that I bought a couple of years ago, completely furnished and ready to move into, and there was nothing to do but paper some rooms over, and paint the ceilings, and build a few cabinets and bookshelves and an open fireplace in the living room and some other odds and ends that my wife wanted. Otherwise we are all settled, and I could not help thinking how lucky I was compared with poor George as I got home that night and let myself in the back door—my wife is closing in the front porch to make a sun parlor—and crawled under the painter's ladders—we're doing over the rear hall—and made my way past a pile of cement bags into the living room. Mary was sitting on a wooden sawhorse, reading a magazine.

"Hello, dear," I said. "Reading?"

My wife is a great reader. She subscribes to all the homemaking magazines and she devours them from cover to cover particularly those Before and After articles describing how the author, a retired dentist, transformed an old outhouse into a ten-room colonial mansion by knocking out a couple of partitions and putting a dormer in the attic. I have noticed that the photographs of the house Before always seem to be taken in the winter, and show several panes of glass missing, and one stark elm, whereas the After pictures are invariably taken in midsummer, with lush foliage and a couple of children rolling hoops on the lawn; but whenever I point this out to Mary she gives me a sad, sweet smile and says that men aren't creative. She was looking at me with that same smile now, as I brushed some shavings out of my easy chair and sat down.

"I've just finished the most fascinating article," she said, perching on the arm beside me, "how this couple in Connecticut bought an old riding stable, they've made the hayloft into a duplex living room with the original hand-hewn beams, and their bedroom is the horse's stall."

"Not me," I said, "I wouldn't want to sleep with a horse." I began to fill my pipe. "Personally I don't see anything wrong with the little house we've got."

"Oh, it's a nice little house, of course," Mary said thoughtfully, "only there isn't *much of anything you can do* with it." Since I'd put it in her name as an anniversary present last year, she had become a little overambitious about redecorating, it seemed to me sometimes.

"What do you do with a house," I asked, "besides live in it?"

"I mean," Mary said, "it isn't *us.* I wish there were some way to make it a little more *us.*" She struck a match and lighted my pipe. "Like, for instance, I was talking to Grace Bledsoe today—"

I felt a cold hand at the pit of my stomach. "Isn't that Jim Bledsoe's wife?"

"They're building a new wing on their house," Mary went on rapidly. "Grace was showing me the plans and they're really adorable, there'll be a breezeway she calls it and a guest room and bath and over it will be a workshop or else a rumpus room or maybe for servants and, darling," she began, putting her cheek against mine, "I was just thinking—"

"Mary," I said, "don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't think."

She sat up. "But I was only thinking—"

"Forget the whole thing," I said. "Put it right out of your mind, dear. Relax."

"But, darling—"

I took my pipe out of my mouth and looked at her.

"Mary," I said, "do you know what thinking can lead to? Are you aware that irresponsible, wanton thinking like this can wreck our happy home? Do you realize what it's done to George and Helen?"

"Who are George and Helen?"

So I told her about George and Helen.

THE trouble with Helen—I said to Mary—was that she couldn't stop thinking. Her mind went on whirring like a dynamo day and night. Even when she was asleep it kept turning over and over, and she would wake up in the morning full of energy and a dozen new ideas.

George didn't realize it at first, of course. I remember the morning that he came into the smoking car and told us he was engaged. He was so excited he couldn't keep his mind on the cards, and we took him for six dollars and forty-seven cents just going in to the city. "She's the most wonderful girl in the world," he said, his eyes like stars. "We're going to get married as soon as we find a place to live."

A week later he told us he'd found just the place. Or, rather, Helen had. It was an old barn, he said, out on the Winton Road, and it was in very good shape except where a couple of sills had rotted out and the roof sagged a little. All they had to do was put in a new floor and some partitions and a few windows, and they'd be ready to move right in. Helen was hiring the carpenters now.

"I'm leaving the whole business to Helen," George told us. "She's very interested in that kind of thing, so I turned it all over to her. She's crazy about the place," he added. "She says it's got so many possibilities." He smiled at us. "She's full of ideas."

I had to leave for the West Coast about then, but one of the first people I saw when I got back was George. He was still smiling, but I thought his face looked a little tired. "Oh, the barn's coming fine," he said in answer to my question. "We ran into a little trouble with those sills, we had to take them all out and replace them, and while we had it jacked up Helen thought we might as well enlarge the cellar. You can't have a house without a cellar, can you?" I thought there was something plaintive about the way he said, "Can you?"

"When are you planning on the wedding, George?" I asked.

"Oh, I guess we ought to be ready in a couple of weeks," George said vaguely. "The mason's coming today." . . .

They weren't quite ready in a couple of weeks, as it turned out, because Helen thought that while the mason was there they might as well have him put in a cement floor for the garage. "Everything's torn up anyway," George explained to us, while Jim Bledsoe was dealing the cards, "and we'd have to do it sooner or later, and besides there's a natural place for a built-in garage right under the barn where the manure heap used to be. The roof of the garage will be the sun deck."

"What sun deck?" I said.

"I guess I didn't tell you about the sun deck," said George. "That's another idea that Helen had. We're going to extend the back of the barn a little and build a terrace so we can sit out there at night and enjoy the view. Later on we can close it in so we can use it in winter."

"How are you getting on inside?" asked Jim Bledsoe, picking up his hand.

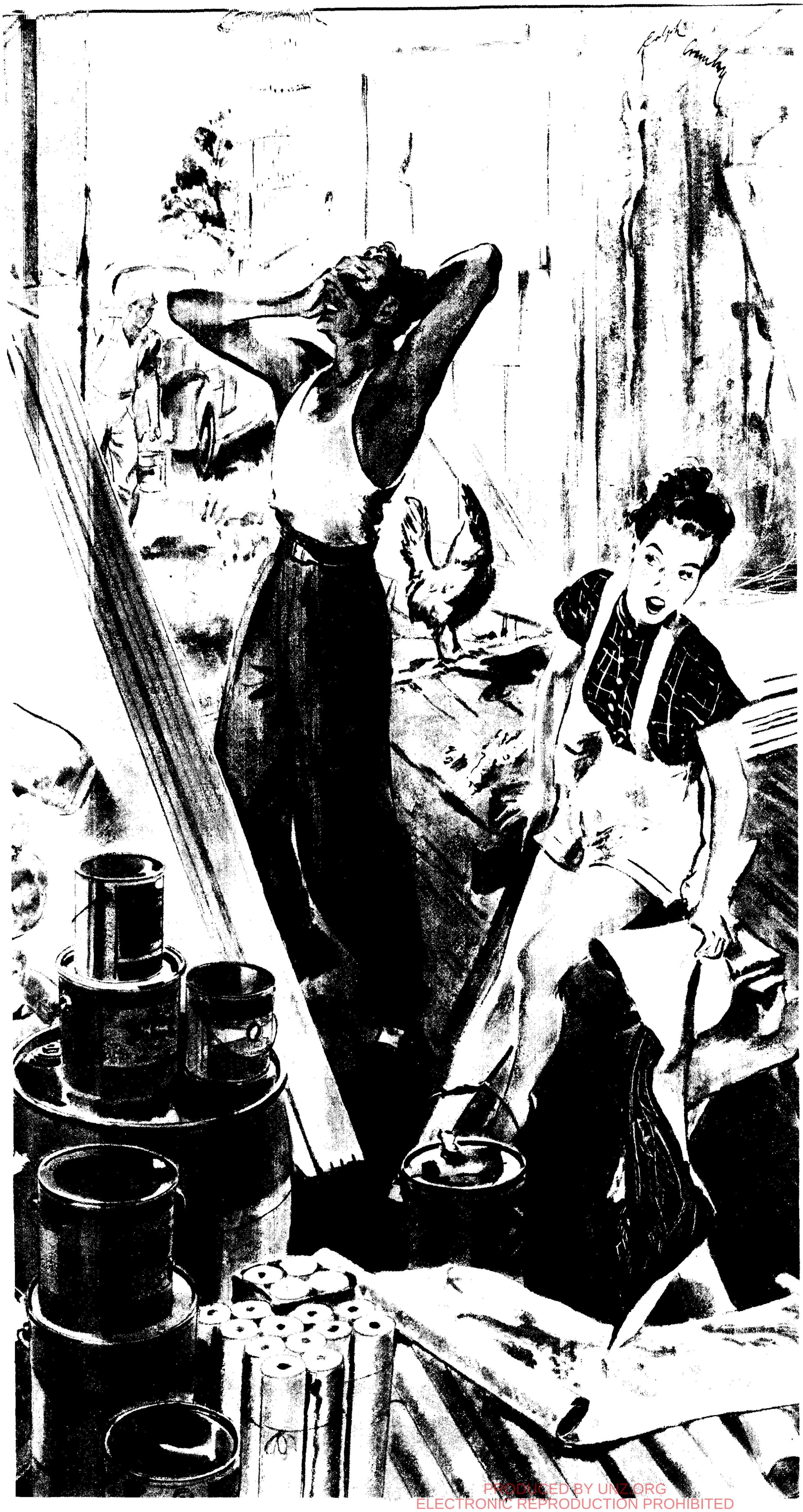
"Well, we've been held up a little on material," George said. "It seems there was some difficulty about getting the stuff we ordered, but they *promised* us it's already been shipped. They even showed us the bill of lading so it must be on the way." He smiled doggedly. "We're still figuring on moving in by the end of the month."

"Have you got your plumbing?" Bob Ellis asked.

"What plumbing?" said George.

Jim Bledsoe and Bob Ellis and I looked at one another, but said nothing.

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY



"But, George, I've always dreamed of a breakfast nook," Helen said. "Why didn't you say something about it before we got the studs all in?" he said

A few days later my car was being repaired and George offered to drive me home from the station, and on the way he suggested we might swing over by Winton and have a look at the barn.

It was my first visit, and I must admit I was a little shocked. Somehow from what George had said I'd expected to find curtains in every window and smoke coming out of the chimney, but the only difference I could see between George's barn and any other barn was the pile of new lumber outside. "Of course, there's always a lot of work in a place like this that doesn't show," George explained, leading me across the yard past some pieces of soil pipe and several crates that looked like kitchenware and a porcelain toilet bowl. He kept talking rapidly over his shoulder, and I noticed that his voice had a high hysterical ring.

"We're changing the entrance a little," he said. "Helen thought the barn door was too big and besides it would spoil the big picture window she's planning, so over here where the feed bins are will be our front hall, and right off it here is where we'll eat." He pointed to a dark room full of chicken droppings and spiders and old straw. "It's a little small," he said. "Originally we were planning to use the cattle tie-ups in back for a dining room, but Helen thought it would be better to make that our kitchen, so we could use the manure chute for a dumbwaiter to the basement. It's an idea she had."

I LOOKED around me in silence. It was not a very encouraging picture. Here and there a couple of doors were framed in, and I could see where a section of new flooring had been laid. The foundations for the chimney were poured, and the brickwork was almost up to the level of the first floor. Apparently George must have read my mind, because he began talking again, very fast.

"We've had a lot of trouble with carpenters," he said, "and of course we're still waiting for all that stuff we've ordered, and Helen has made a couple of changes here and there. That set us back a little—" His voice trailed.

"Where's your bedroom?" I asked after a moment. I had to say something.

"Oh, the bedroom," said George. "We're sort of undecided about the bedroom; that is, Helen is undecided. She thought at first we'd have it over here on this side where they used to keep the pigs, but lately she's been thinking of having it open off the balcony around the living room." He avoided my eye.

"I didn't know you were planning a second floor, George."

"It won't really be a second floor, it's just an idea of Helen's. We have this space where the hay was and all we need to do is cut some windows and put in a gable." He began to climb the ladder, and I followed him. "There's all the room in the world, and you get the most wonderful view. Look through this hole in the roof at the view you get."

I looked through the hole in the roof. "It's quite an expanse."

(Continued on page 46)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH VETERANS' SCHOOLS?

Our understaffed veterans' hospitals have had to fire more help, and our reserve pilot training has had to be cut, but there's plenty of money for "teaching" veterans anything from ballroom dancing to "mixology"

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

Edmund Kubashack learns a new step at the Johnny Johnson Dancing Studios in Chicago

Stanley S. Honda, left, a war veteran, receives instruction in chicken sexing from George Sagano in Chicago

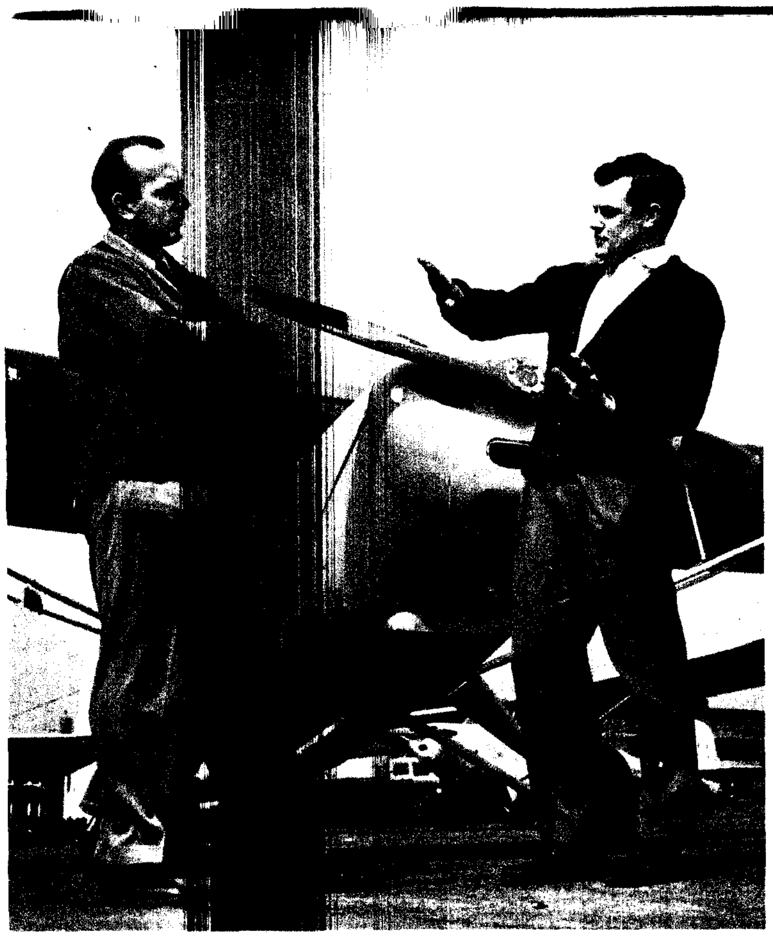
IN TOPEKA, Kansas, the Veterans' Hospital last August was forced to fire 139 nurses, attendants and other help. In some wards, for acutely sick mental patients, the number of attendants had to be cut in half. At times only one attendant has been available to cover five wards in five buildings—wards filled with violent or disturbed patients. Both patients and attendants are in constant danger of serious injury as a result. The quality of medical care has declined. Similar dismissals have had similar results throughout the country.

What is the reason for all this? It is a penny-pinching congressional appropriation that has left the veterans' hospitals at least $32,000,000 short of their needs.

Meanwhile, in the flying fields around Topeka the same Veterans Administration that is too broke to run its hospitals on an adequate basis spends thousands of dollars *every day* to teach flying. There isn't enough money to man the hospital wards. But, believe it or not, there has been plenty to pay for the training of ballroom dancers, bartenders, amateur photographers, amateur piccolo players, horseback riders and chicken sexers.

We have been robbing our most deserving and needy veterans—the sick, the disabled, the wounded—of essential medical services. We have not done enough for the more than a million veterans who, under the G.I. Bill of Rights, are pursuing educational objectives that are worth while to themselves and to the nation. Meanwhile, we have squandered *at least half a billion dollars* supporting what in many instances is the greatest boondoggle of all time: the questionable Veterans' Education program.

Consider, for example, the wonderful art of chicken sexing. Before the war a fewscore Japanese-Americans made a not-too-splendid living by separating male baby chicks from the females. If one Nisei wanted to learn the trade he worked beside another,



Henry Rideout, left, veteran war pilot, is told how to bank a slow passenger plane at the Brayton Flying Service near St. Louis, Mo.

Instructor Martin Weber watches Joe Burgoni (in dark shirt) shake a cocktail during class at the Continental Bartending School, Chicago, Ill. The Continental has received state approval

and that was all there was to it. But today the Veterans Administration, under the law, is paying up to $500 a year for the training of any veteran who wants to go to any state-approved school. Thus has been born a chain of chick-sexing colleges.

In Chicago we have the National Chick Sexing School of 837 North La Salle Street, accredited by the State of Illinois to render to veterans a seven-month course for a mere $500 of good taxpayers' money.

What a Visitor Will Find

If you go to 837 North La Salle Street you may have a little difficulty finding the school. The hallway of this not too prepossessing building is lined with signs in Japanese, in English and in mixed English and Japanese. You may notice that the place contains the offices of the National Chick Sexing Association and the business premises of the Sagano Brothers—Distributors of Eggs. But do not worry. The school of higher learning, the citadel of chicken-sexing knowledge, is also there, and fully equipped. The state has seen to that.

It made Mr. George Sagano file a complete report, just to make sure he had adequate educational equipment. So Mr. Sagano sat down and carefully tabulated his educational supplies:

2 tables
8 chairs
8 lamps
Chicken boxes
Blackboard, and
Accessories.
Live chicks used to work upon.

On this basis of the foregoing, the sovereign State of Illinois, on October 14, 1946, designated the National Chick Sexing School as an appropriate institution "qualified and equipped to furnish education and training to World War II veterans."

Of course, after ex-G.I.s have spent seven months absorbing the learning imparted by brother Sagano and after the taxpayers have ponied up $500 and seven months' subsistence allowance for each of his students, one might expect that the veterans would be fully qualified to go out and make all the living a chick sexer can make. Such, alas, is not the case, as the good professor was careful to point out to the State of Illinois.

"The length of the course," the professor wrote, "is seven months, after which the student *still requires a year or two of experience in the field before he becomes an expert chick sexer.*"

Suspicious folks, with little faith in human nature, might come to the conclusion that this explanation is offered in order to prepare the V.A. for further payments from the public treasury later on. For if veterans leave Mr. Sagano's college with anything less than full qualifications as expert chick sexers their future employers may render them further, on-the-job training. And in that event the law provides that the V.A. will supplement their salaries up to $250 a month.

At the Chicago V.A. offices I asked R. W. Marshall, chief of the Training Facilities Section, just how he could be sure it really required seven months and $500 of training to make an *inexpert* chicken sexer. He shook his head and cited the law, which says plainly the states shall have the last word in approving schools. If Illinois thinks chicken sexing is worth five hundred bucks, the Chicago Branch of the Veterans Administration has stood ready to take the state's word for it and pay the freight.

Not so at the V.A. regional office in St. Louis. There, C. B. Sherry, vocational rehabilitation and education service director, has taken a tougher attitude under circumstances that permit a more liberal interpretation of the law.

The Richardson Chick Sexing School of Alva, Oklahoma, proposed to charge $300 for a four-week course in chicken sexing. The Veterans Administration cast a disapproving eye upon this proposal and declined—at least up to the middle of last February—to enter into a contract at that price.

Another Richardson Chick Sexing School in Arkansas City, Kansas, offered the Veterans Administration a proposal based on $300 for 100 hours of instruction plus 15 cents for each baby chick squashed by the hands of a trainee. But Sherry and his assistants, analyzing the cost data submitted with the contract, came to the conclusion that $80.86 would be a maximum "fair and reasonable" tuition charge.

The John E. Smith School of Bolivar, Missouri, proposed a $400 charge for a three-month chick-sexing course. After a suitable period of palaver, however, a contract was signed providing for $40 tuition for a ten-week course, plus 15 cents for each chick destroyed.

Thus we have a curious situation in which the noble art of chicken sexing —taught in not a single accredited agricultural college as a separate course—is costing the government as little as $40 in some schools and up to $500 in others. In Chicago, the veteran is expected to spend seven months being "educated" as a chicken sexer. But in Bolivar, Missouri, only a ten-week course is deemed necessary, and in Arkansas City, Kansas, and Alva, Oklahoma, the required period of instruction is less than a month.

V.A. Draws a New Contract

Let it not be said that the Veterans Administration authorities in Chicago have been completely asleep at the chicken-sexing switch. They haven't questioned the National Chick Sexing School's right to a $500 fee. But they did insist that Mr. Sagano was not offering quite enough instruction for that money. So now they have prepared a new contract that says the veteran student there must get at least 730 hours of instruction to justify Mr. Sagano's $500 tuition fee.

Chicken sexing is small-fry business. The Veterans Administration is paying for the training of more chicken sexers than ever existed before. But the really big-time operators in the educational game have found far richer fields to plow; for instance, the ancient art of bartending. In the words of the Maryland School of Mixology —which advertises that it is both "G.I. and State Approved"—bartending is a lifetime profession.

All over the country, state approving authorities have certified bartending schools as G.I. educational institutions. Some of the schools give short courses providing 200 hours of instruction. Others have a different estimate of the intelligence of the veteran and stretch courses to as much as seven months—long enough to justify a $500 tab for Uncle Sam.

In this field, too, curious facts can be observed. In Illinois, for example, Hense's Tavern of Mount Sterling had been approved by Vernon L. Nickell, the state superintendent of public instruction, as a "facility for the training of tavern managers," under the provisions of the G.I. Bill of Rights. But something upset Hense's educational applecart. On November 14, 1946, approval was withdrawn by Mr. Nickell, who wrote:

"We are advised by representatives of labor and management in the retail alcoholic beverage industry that training on the job beyond a 60-day period is unnecessary to qualify a bartender or tavern operator."

(A careful survey by the author of bars from coast to coast confirms Mr. Nickell's astute judgment. Most bartenders learn their gracious art by experimenting on their customers. As one cocktail maestro succinctly puts it, "If you're smart enough to read the labels on the bottles, you can get by without going to college.")

Maybe you don't want to be a bartender? Okay, just name whatever you want to learn and we'll find you a school ready and willing to furnish instruction at the taxpayers' expense.

How about ballroom dancing? That can be real fun, and you can learn it all over the country, in any state where the state authorities certify it as a legitimate form of G.I. education.

But here you'll have to be just a wee bit careful. When you go to enroll at a dancing college you may find that you're taking a course that will qualify you as a *dancing instructor.*

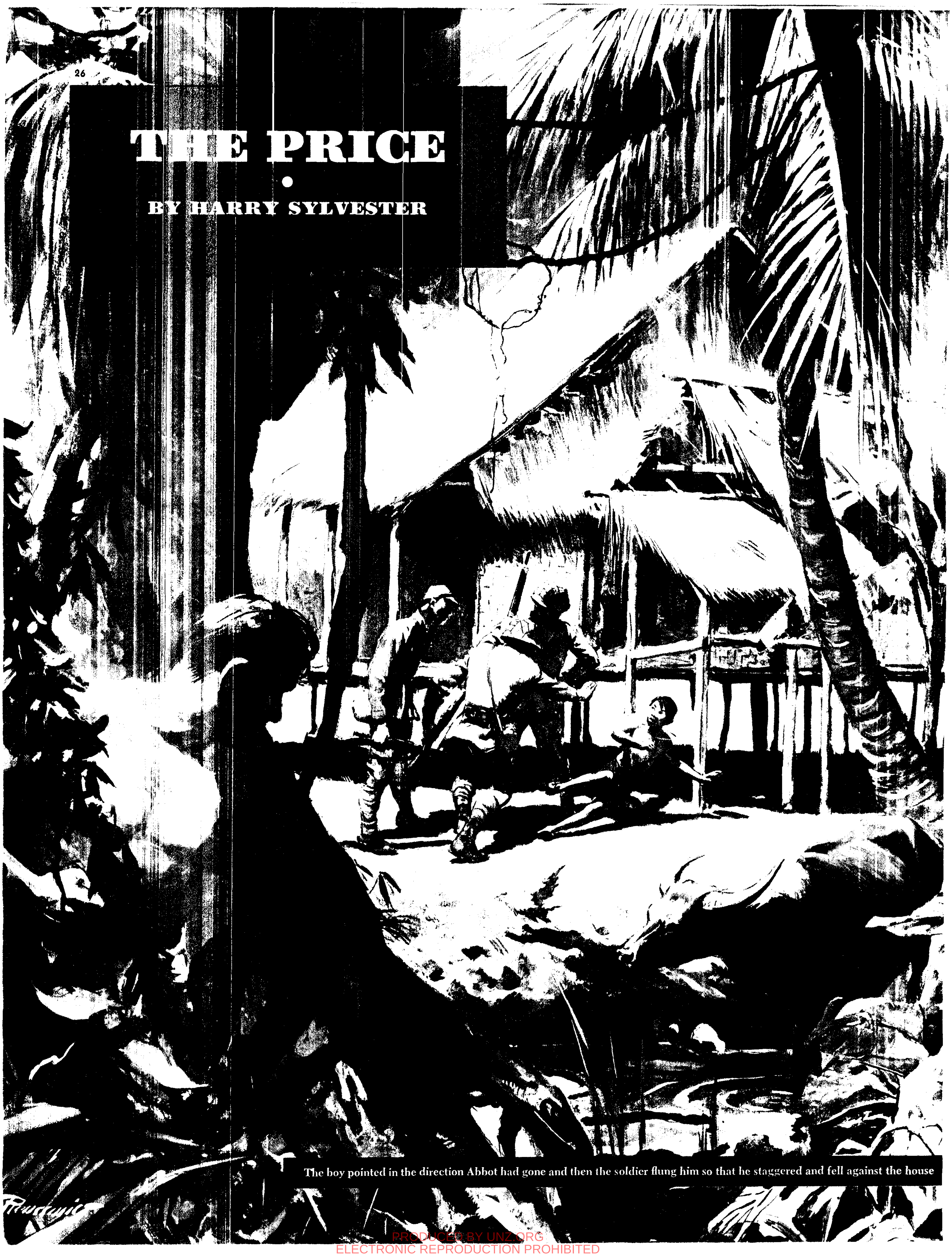
It doesn't matter that you may have no intention of ever becoming a dancing instructor. No one will try to find out what you earn now as a physician, a lawyer, an architect or whatever you are. Just keep your mouth shut about it and ask no questions, and you can learn dancing at government expense.

(Continued on page 54)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

THE PRICE

BY HARRY SYLVESTER



The boy pointed in the direction Abbot had gone and then the soldier flung him so that he staggered and fell against the house

Few men can tell how much freedom costs. But Abbot learned how much could be too little

ONE moment he was in a kind of self-induced complacency and rhythm of movement, aware of the guards in the shade of palms only as he would be of the danger from traffic when on Park Avenue. The next he was fearful and tense, although no one had moved toward him, nor had there been any overtly hostile gesture. Glancing sideways as he bent to put down a wicker hamper, he saw that they were watching him, and that for the first time since they had begun work there was an officer present. He was talking to a sergeant while both of them watched him.

It was about noon that the American, Lewis Abbot, realized they knew. With the Filipinos, clad like them, by sun darkened to their color, he had been unloading a little paddle-wheeler from which floated on the occasional wind the flag of Japan. It was a mixed cargo: rice, boxes of dried fish, burlap-covered bales of some uncertain substance, cases of bottles, mortar shells. By nature not sensitive to the ironic, Abbot was not keenly aware that he was unloading ammunition which might in time kill other Americans. This coldness was one reason Abbot had been chosen for this particular job. That and physical characteristics: his shortness of stature and moderate darkness of color. He spoke Spanish well and had recently learned a little Tagalog, although hardly enough to serve if he were interrogated at length in the language.

Just how many of the Filipinos knew about him, Abbot could not have said. He had appeared at the river village the previous day, and had slept the night in an abandoned native home recommended by guerrillas, none of whom he had yet seen. Next day he gathered with three or four dozen Filipinos in the little plaza and waited for the Japs quartered in the town to put them to work. His assignment from Naval Intelligence was to check what use the Japs made of the river, particularly at night, and to find out their numerical strength. The loyalty of the Filipinos was unquestioned but Abbot's superiors apparently felt that the natives could not supply the exact information wanted.

Although only thirty-two, and wiry, he was not accustomed to continuous hard physical effort such as the unloading. Perhaps a certain unconscious lagging on his part gave him away, he thought, although none of the Filipinos was working very hard. Abbot would have preferred that, rather than any flaw in disguise or manner, for one was only a reflection on his strength. The other indicated a lack of intelligence.

Even while he looked he saw the sergeant begin to move from one to another of the circle of guards. Abbot straightened and began to walk back toward the narrow gangplank. His first inclination was to dive into the river and attempt to swim across it. He restrained himself, as much because of the unlikelihood of escape that way as because he felt that perhaps after all they did not really suspect him.

IN a little while they would all stop to eat. That would give him a chance to appraise the situation and perhaps to make his escape more quietly and with a better chance of success. Treading the gangplank, consisting of two boards, he looked thoughtfully at the water beneath it. It was a muddy green. He wondered how much personal fastidiousness kept him from trying to escape in the water. It was, he thought, an odd place and an odd time for himself to have this moment of insight.

Abbot bent to lift another wicker case. Near the floor he smelled more strongly the compounded odor of steam and oil and some other scent at once spiced and faintly sickening. Hefting the case to his shoulder, he moved toward the gangplank and for a moment paused where it joined the ship. From the little eminence he surveyed the landing to determine, if he could, its possibilities. It was a small clearing in a jungle of palms and liana vines. A road, wide enough for one cart to pass down it, led to the village about a quarter of a mile away. As he paused, Abbot saw the Filipinos in the clearing begin to move into the shade and sit down to eat. If it were going to happen, he thought, it would happen now.

He moved slowly down the gangplank, feeling it give beneath him and his burden as he walked. He wondered just what he should do when they tried to seize him; or rather he wondered what he would do. This was a concession on Abbot's part: He liked to think of himself as one never at a loss for the right move or word. He knew the country moderately well, and knew, although he had never been to them, the hiding places, the houses containing friendly people.

He reached the shore and still none of the soldiers made a move toward him. Easing his burden to the ground he walked slowly out of the sun into the shade where the other workmen sat. The food was scant. None of the men seemed particularly interested in the basket of cold, cooked rice one of the soldiers had placed near them. Abbot himself had brought no food. He wondered if that had helped make him conspicuous. Then he saw some of the others, too, had none. Two or three Filipinos, one of them limping, began slowly and reluctantly to approach the rice.

To his surprise, he saw that, without any conscious intention on his own part, he had become associated with the Filipinos, subject to the same dangers as they, humbly and unwillingly eating the food of their common enemy. More puzzled than annoyed, he began to eat the coated rice; it was flat and to him unpalatable. He made the gestures of his eating the excuse to watch the guards. The one standing by the road had moved. Whether because the other workers were using the road to go to a near-by spring, or for some other reason, Abbot could not know. Two of the soldiers still watched him.

There was now no doubt in his mind that the guards knew, or at least suspected, what he was. The only thing left was to attempt escape, to take advantage of this curious hiatus. He wondered if they really knew, or whether he merely imagined they did, rationalizing his own desire to be quit of a dangerous mission. He could not decide. Yet he found himself moving slowly toward the road that led to the spring and to the town. As he passed from the clearing, he thought he saw a curious smile on the face of the commissioned officer.

At the spring there was no guard, only a half-dozen or so Filipinos. They looked at him with an expression he could not read. One of them came close to him and said, in Spanish, "I think they know. Perhaps it would be better to leave."

In the increase of fear, there was also an increase of reassurance: He had begun to wonder if he only wanted to get away from here.

"If they know," he said, "why have they not seized me?"

"That is what some of us do not know," the man said. "If you had not come to us so well recommended, we would think you were one of the others."

"But I do not look like one of them," Abbot said.

"Nor yet greatly like one of us," the man said with restrained bitterness. "To some of us it is as though your superiors made a mistake. It would have been better to use one of our own people. We are willing."

Abbot could think of no answer. All glibness failed him: After all, how could he tell this man that he and his people's Intelligence were not trusted, that someone preferred to risk his own, Abbot's, death.

As though reading Abbot's confusion the man said, "Whatever the reason for their not seizing you, it would be better to go now. You know the places that are friendly?"

Abbot nodded. "I go, friend. *Adiós.*"

"*Adiós,*" the man said as Abbot turned away.

There was the question of whether to proceed to the village by the road or through the jungle; there was also the question of whether to return to the village at all. He could not make up his mind. This was reflected in the course he took returning to the little settlement: He walked along the edge of the jungle, following the road, but not on it.

At the edge of the village he paused. There were no soldiers in sight; indeed, no one was there in the noonday sun but two or three almost naked children, four or five years old. By now Abbot knew something was very wrong; just what, he didn't know. While he hesitated, he saw a boy of about ten come into the clearing. Abbot went over to the boy and tried to talk to him in Spanish, but the child looked at him uncomprehendingly. Switching to his own feeble Tagalog, Abbot asked where the house of an Emiliano Menendez was. The child said dully that he did not know. Abbot knew it was downstream on the river's estuary. Acting on impulse, he gave the boy a copper coin, not thinking how out of character his action might appear. Then he started through the jungle.

OUT of the clearing, he paused and, again on impulse, looked back from the jungle that concealed him. Perhaps it was not impulse, he thought, that had made him look; perhaps only the sound of voices; for a detail of three soldiers stood in the clearing now, questioning the boy. The child hung his head, and one of the soldiers took him by the hair and made him look up. The child began to cry but still shook his head. Apparently the soldier tightened his grip on the hair because the boy finally, though still shaking his head, pointed down stream in the direction Abbot had gone. Although he strained for the words, Abbot had not heard the name of Menendez. The soldier flung the child from him so that he staggered and fell against a house.

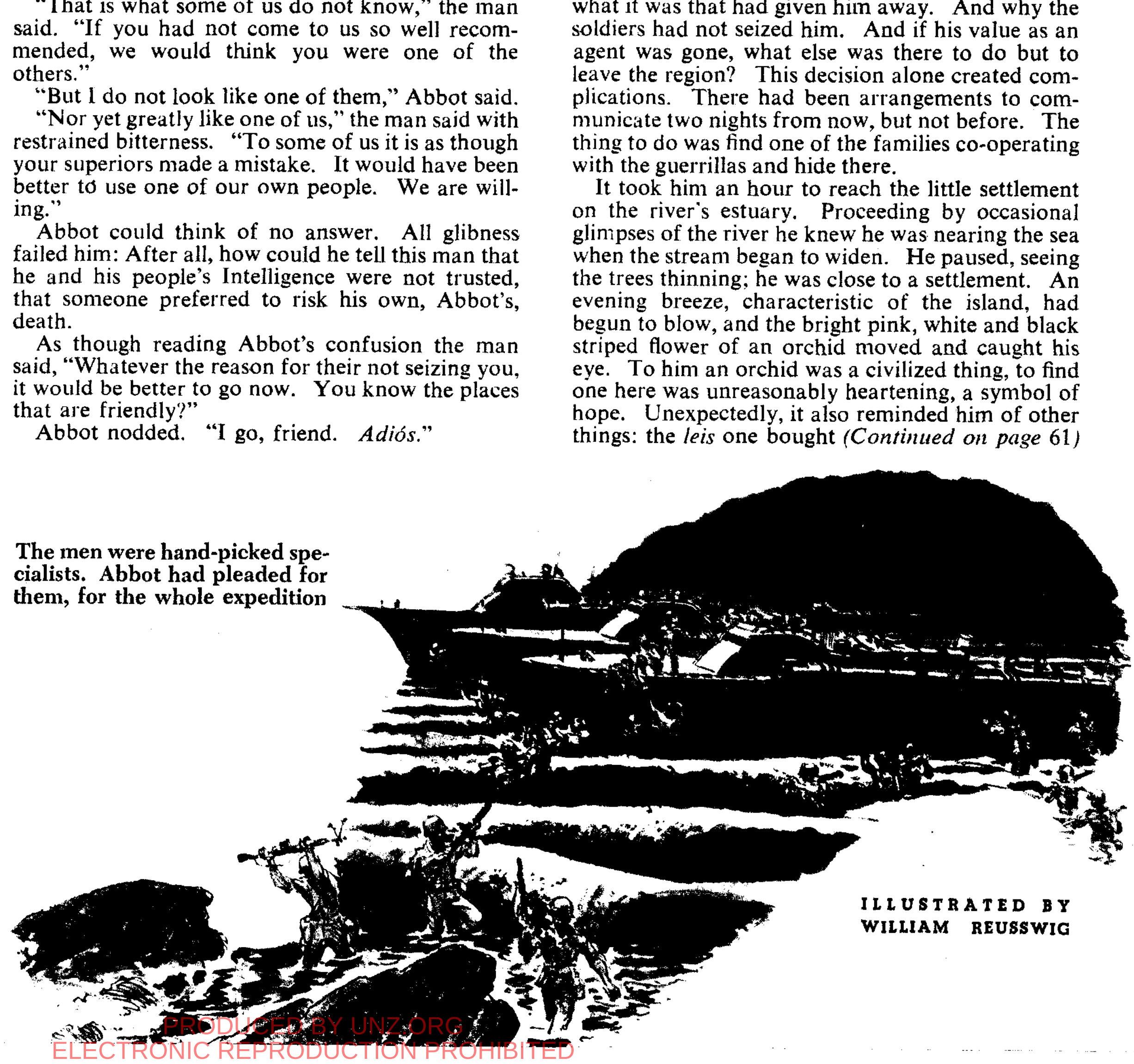
Not given to anger, Abbot for a moment did not recognize the feeling that choked him. The inclination to go after the soldier who hurt the child was restrained almost before it had begun. There was left only the feeling of anger and frustration, the knowledge that for one of the few times in his life he could not do something he wanted strongly to do.

He began again his movement downstream. He wondered, as he pushed through the jungle, just what it was that had given him away. And why the soldiers had not seized him. And if his value as an agent was gone, what else was there to do but to leave the region? This decision alone created complications. There had been arrangements to communicate two nights from now, but not before. The thing to do was find one of the families co-operating with the guerrillas and hide there.

It took him an hour to reach the little settlement on the river's estuary. Proceeding by occasional glimpses of the river he knew he was nearing the sea when the stream began to widen. He paused, seeing the trees thinning; he was close to a settlement. An evening breeze, characteristic of the island, had begun to blow, and the bright pink, white and black striped flower of an orchid moved and caught his eye. To him an orchid was a civilized thing, to find one here was unreasonably heartening, a symbol of hope. Unexpectedly, it also reminded him of other things: the *leis* one bought

(Continued on page 61)

The men were hand-picked specialists. Abbot had pleaded for them, for the whole expedition



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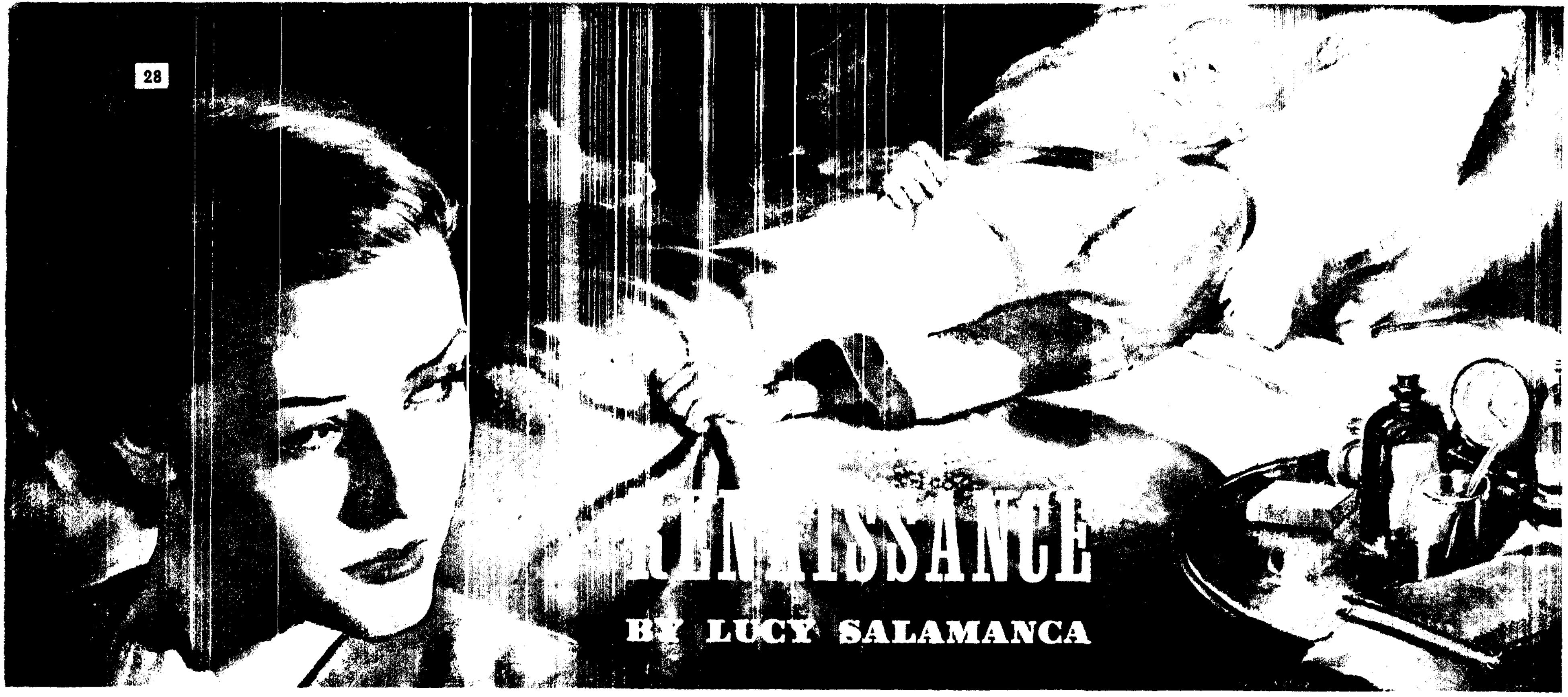

RENAISSANCE

BY LUCY SALAMANCA

Why didn't he die and be done with it? Four days of this indecent teetering between two worlds had worn Grace's nerves ragged

THE old man lay in the high bed and called, "Grace, where are you? What are you doing?" His voice, though feeble, was still querulous and demanding. The woman answered it with an alacrity developed during ten years of sensitive and assiduous attention.

Tall and spare in her unadorned suit, her brown hair drawn severely back into a knot at the nape of her neck, she approached the bed. In spite of herself, her own voice was sharp.

"I'm right here, Mr. Darrow. What is it?"

Old fool! Why didn't he die and be done with it? Four days of this indecent teetering between two worlds. Her nerves were ragged. The accumulated grievances of years spent catering to his whims, placating him in his tantrums, correcting him in his errors and worrying about the consequences of his idiosyncrasies had swollen in her like a festering wound under the strain of his long illness. The tensions of the last uncertain days had mounted unbearably. This harrowing expectancy, she reflected, was due to the fact that for her his death was of enormous import. It would mark her liberation. After years of self-suppression the imminence of personal freedom was almost more than she could bear. Momentarily she looked forward to his passing; she was consumed with inordinate and restless desire to be rid forever of the vain, petulant tyrant who had dominated her thoughts for so long.

During his illness she had had time to review the extraordinary progress she had made in his service—secretary, office manager, confidential assistant, in rapid succession. He had become dependent upon her shrewdness and intelligence, her talent for apt and quick decisions.

She was scarcely proud, looking back, of the deals she had clinched for him, or of the hard-fisted transactions she had consummated, though at the time there had been a certain gratification in her achievements and she had come to look forward to his commendatory, *"You should have been my son, Grace,"* which she knew to be his highest praise.

Well, she was thirty now, and could measure in retrospect the cost of her empty victories. Youth had gone, for one thing; not outward youth, perhaps, but the irretrievable youth of the heart. And so much of herself. Her enthusiasms, her faith in others, and her ideals had gone down, or were tottering under the blight of his influence. She saw the years of her early youth as a ravaged hillside, scarred and sterile. Twisting, driving ambitions whipped at her now, as they had whipped at him.

This was the gift he had given her, and all her sacrifices had only served, she concluded desolately, to mold her at length to the pattern of a man despised. She considered by what easy stages she had come to emulate him—from contempt to toleration, from toleration to approval, from approval to admiration, and finally to a studied effort to work her will, as he did, at any cost. Even as her spirit admitted its own inadequacy to withstand, she cried out against what this man had done to her, and in the despondent realization of what she had lost she blamed him for what she had become. And so the knowledge that he was dying came to her as an open door, a broken shackle. She had resolved passionately that, once free, she would revert painstakingly to what she had once been, that she would make a supreme effort to recapture old dreams, old aspirations.

"Grace, Grace! Good Lord, do I have to—" The sharp voice broke off.

"I'm right here, Mr. Darrow." She kept her voice calm; she knew she must not be goaded into exhibiting the monstrous glee that stirred within her. She looked down at his small and glittering eyes, the mean, meager strokes of his lips, his pinched and harried face. Yet she scarcely saw him; she was mentally apportioning her inheritance—so many thousands for annuities, so many to decorate the cottage he had left her.

"What was that fool doctor whispering about? After ten years he ought to realize I find it annoying—" He turned his head to look at her, twisting his furrowed throat painfully.

She tried to keep the coldness out of her voice, tinging it deliberately with commiseration.

"He said there seemed to be a slight change for the better, that he would drop in again later this afternoon."

"Fool 'em yet . . ." His voice faded; his flat eyes, opaque and fishlike, seemed to sink back into his gray flesh.

Yes, she thought, you would! Oh, indeed you would, if you could! The cottage slid from her mental grasp. The intensity of her recent thoughts had made it so utterly her own, together with a life of security and a prospect of fresh experiences, that the bare possibility of deprivation turned her cold with apprehension and panic rose in her like icy water.

It was unthinkable, now she had scented freedom, that he should live. With all her strength—and that, she reflected grimly, was considerable, thanks to him—she would will him dead first.

She bent over him and drew the covers up to his wasted chin.

"Try to sleep, Mr. Darrow," she said. Later she ushered in the doctor who had promised to return. As he moved away from the bedside, she approached, her face drawn in acute anxiety. It was anxiety lest the man in the bed should live, not lest he should die. As her thoughts ran, so, inadvertently, were her words uttered.

"He won't live, Doctor Sprague, will he?"

The eyes of the physician swept from the face of the sleeping man to hers, at this curious phrasing of her inquiry.

The doctor said, "It is a good sign that he is sleeping."

TOWARD evening life seemed to flow again through the brittle veins of the old man. She heard his voice, incredibly imperious.

"Bring your pad."

She sat grimly erect beside the high bed, her tablet on her knee, her pencil obediently poised, just as she had sat hundreds of times beside his desk. Unfeeling as an automaton, she took down the words that would deprive her of every material consolation she had been led to expect. When he had finished speaking, she turned to him, her face white.

"But you can't do this . . ." she said. "These were to have been mine—"

He looked straight through her. "Type this at once," he said. "Bring it to me to sign."

She obeyed his instructions; she was momentarily stunned and incredulous. When he had put his shaky signature to the paper he said, "Deposit that in the wall safe in my study. Telephone Carter. I wish to see him."

She did not put the paper in the safe. She did not telephone his attorney. Later that evening the old man rallied. "Why hasn't Carter come?" he said, his voice high and weak.

"They are trying to locate him." The lie came easily without conscious thought. Her eyes followed the old man's to the doorway. Carter was standing there. "I just dropped in, sir," Carter said. She stood up, her face impassive, waiting for the inevitable disclosure of her treachery, waiting for the old man to speak.

But only the sound of quick, shallow breathing came from the high bed; then an ominous gurgling.

She crossed to the old man quickly and her hands went out in sudden pity; at the gesture he smiled fleetingly, as if in gratitude. In the bleak exchange she knew that whatever she had become was of her own choosing, that it had been no fault of his.

The man in the bed sighed; he expelled a serene breath and slid from life to death.

She stood looking down at him, feeling nothing but the excitement sprung from the surety that her secret was safe, that matters were as they had been before the old man's malicious whim had threatened her future.

Her heart stirred, beating faster now as she recalled her resolve to change, to recapture the sweetness and the candor of the life she had turned from so long ago.

You can't begin too soon, the words dinned inside her. *A moment like this will never come again.*

She turned from the bed.

"Too bad," Carter said matter-of-factly, "I hoped to go over some last matters." They looked at each other across the bed. "Did he leave any message?"

"No. None—none at all . . . !" she whispered.

Unexpectedly, she dropped her anguished face in her hands.

"I know what he must have meant to you," Carter said awkwardly. He crossed the room to her side and put a hesitant hand on her shoulder. She shrugged it off, knowing that there was no comfort for her, that by her own act she had imprisoned herself in a solitary place, a place his sympathy could never reach.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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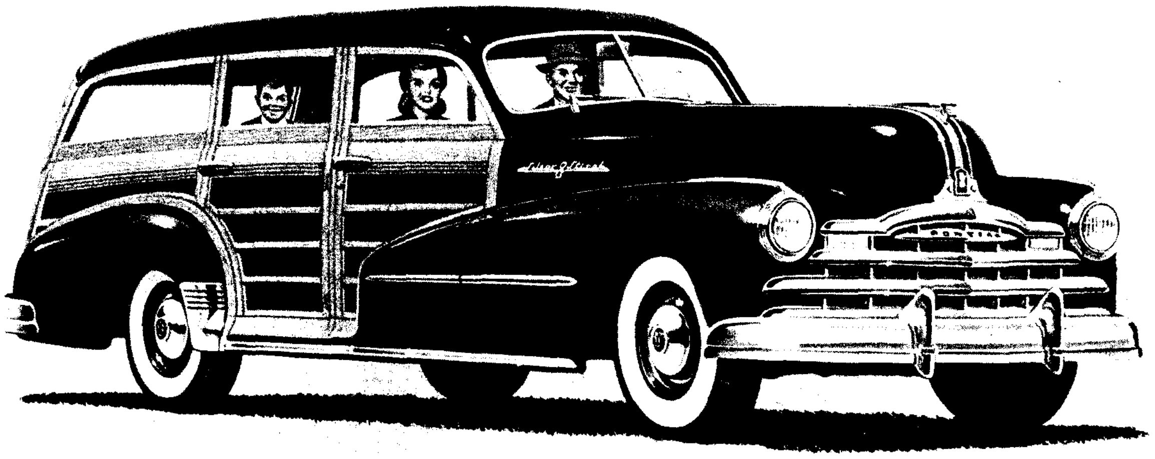

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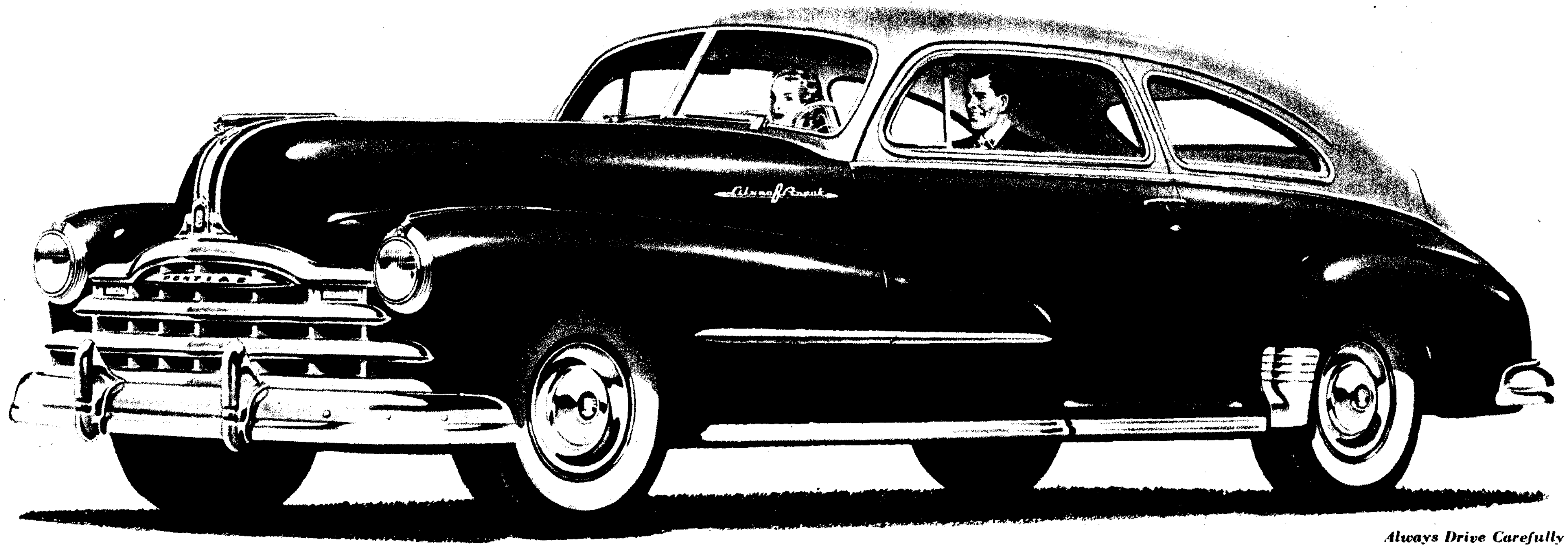

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PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

MY FRIEND JOSEPH

Continued from page 14

and I pretended to look at the books. We brushed hands and exchanged glances. We waited for a long time for the old man to move, but he sat on, and at last Molly said desperately with her eyes that she had to go.

"Not unless," I said.

"But *him*."

"Him or no him," I whispered. "I mean it."

Molly bit her lip, considering this. "All right," she said at last.

So I kissed her.

That was the first time we ever kissed in public. The old man was not watching us, and maybe it is not strictly correct to speak of a single unmindful old man as public, but that was how I thought of him. I thought: This is the first time I have ever kissed her in public, and because of that thought, that kiss became a very special one and even now, after an interval of more than ten years, I exactly remember it. Molly was wearing a new and unfamiliar perfume, and I have no doubt that it was a very cheap perfume, that she had too much of it on, and that it smelled terrible, but it smelled like a million dollars to me then. Just before she slipped out of my arms she jerked in closer than she had ever been before, holding very tightly. It seemed a moment of excruciating beauty.

She pushed me away very soon, but I caught at her hand. I had a question to ask her. It was a very important question and I asked it every time I saw her.

"Molly," I whispered. "What about Rags Gorman?"

"What about him?"

"You know, Molly. Has he been at you again?"

"He hasn't been near the house for a week."

"Thank God," I said.

I was mightily pleased. I was lightheaded with relief. I felt as brisk and jaunty as a bee, and for the time being I forgot all about Joseph and Joseph's strange disappearance.

NEXT morning Jacobus was at my desk in Sports at nine thirty. Later, when Joseph was winning fights he was Jacobus' boy, now he was my thattaty-that Pole. Jacobus was very high. He was talking in terms of the front page. He wanted posters and photographs and headlines, and he wanted them *now*. This was out of my class, so I took him to Gus. I doubt if it was in Gus' class either, but Jacobus could never have guessed that. Gus picked a cigarette off the back of his ear, lighted it carefully, put his hands on his stomach and listened. Gus was fat and old and cynical, and nobody ever stampeded him.

"Is this the gorilla you told me about?" Gus said to me. "This Pole?"

"Yes, Gus."

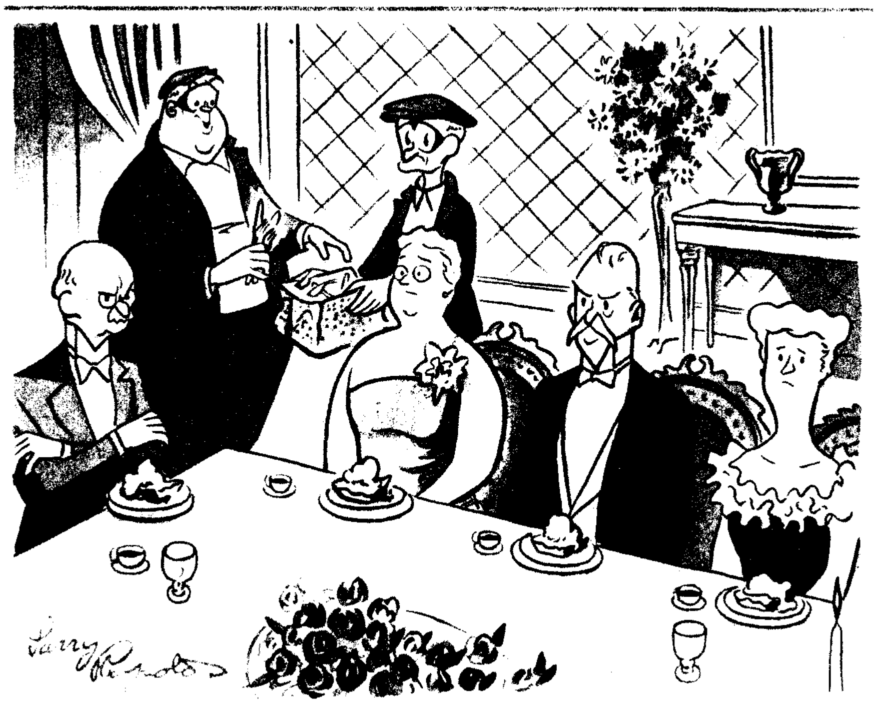
"Well, we'll do what we can, Mr. Jacobus," Gus said.

That wasn't enough for Jacobus. Jacobus wanted a nation-wide search for the Pole. He wanted sandwich men. He wanted front-page photographs and finger-size headlines. Jacobus made it quite clear what he wanted. Jacobus wanted the moon. He talked quick and fast and very big, and as Gus did not interrupt him he got louder and bigger and more and more important. He got so important that he quite forgot himself and even went so far as to say that he would offer a reward.

"How much?" snapped Gus.

Jacobus shut his mouth with a snap and subsided to his usual size. "How much?" he said warily. "How *much?* Well, just say a reward. You don't have to mention the exact cash. Leave that to me. Say, you boys don't mebbe think I'm a piker, do you? I'm no piker. No, sirs!" And he snatched a wad of greasy notes from his pocket and slapped it on the desk. "Money's no object with Jacobus," he said. "Just take a look at that." But we had time only to catch a glimpse of the wad before he swooped on it, two-handed, and thrust it back into his pocket.

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"I wish't I could stay an' see how they manage th' blueberry à la mode without silverware"

COLLIER'S

Well, we put a photograph of Joseph in the sports page and ran a feature story MISSING HEAVYWEIGHT, and one or two of the other papers carried a similar story, but nothing came of any of them; nobody wrote or rang Jacobus to say that they had seen the Pole, and so one day passed and half of another. Then on the evening of the next day, Saturday, that was, I walked out of the office door right into Joseph's arms. (Harry the doorman told me afterward that he had been hanging around for hours.) When I say that I walked into Joseph's arms I mean just that. He picked me up nose-high, shook me till I rattled, and shouted gleefully across the inch that separated our faces.

"Come home," he said, grinning. "Home with me."

I tried to question him, but it was no good. Joseph had room for only one idea at a time, and when it was an urgent idea like this one he just plugged it, and kept on plugging it.

"Home," he shouted, giving me another playful shake. "Home. See John!"

So I went with him. So I saw John.

John was seated in a cardboard box in the middle of the Pole's bed. John was a bird. I learned afterward that he was a blue Abyssinian duck and extremely valuable, but I did not know that at the time. He was a medium-sized grayish bird with blue wings and a white diamond patch on his head, and he squawked like a goose. When I took a couple of steps into the room he stood up and beat his wings at me. The Pole *chk-chkd* at him, lifted him and put him on his shoulder, and John sat quiet.

I stared at them and they stared back at me, unblinking, and I swear they both had wide grins on their incredible faces. I gave up, and sat down on the bed. . . .

Jacobus said he had always suspected that the Pole was mad. Now he knew for certain. "After the Williams fight I'll throw the big ape out on his ear," he said. He did not say this to me. He said it to Mrs. Stevens in Molly's presence, and Molly told me. "But meantime I got to keep him from getting lost again, and the only way to make sure of that is to have him here in the house with us."

"Sleeping?" Mrs. Stevens said.

"Sleeping," Jacobus said.

"And the bird?" Mrs. Stevens inquired.

"*The bird too, I suppose. It's only till* the fight. Only for a couple of days."

"I'll have you know, Mr. Jacobus," Mrs. Stevens said, "that I'll have no bloody bird in my house. And that, Mr. Jacobus, is final." Mrs. Stevens always called Jacobus Mr., and Jacobus had to call her Mrs. too. That was the sort of woman Mrs. Stevens was. Exceedingly proper. Jacobus had taken her on as housekeeper in Molly's mother's place when Molly's mother died, and Mrs. Stevens had never forgiven Molly, and never would, for being the daughter of her predecessor. She had so strong a sense of propriety that she even thought it indecent that Molly and she should be sleeping under the same roof, and she said so several times a day.

She was a big red-haired woman, handsome enough, I suppose, with an outstanding bosom and a wide muscular mouth, which she used from morning to night, mostly on Molly. She was at pains to tell everyone that she did not wish Molly any harm. All she wished was that Molly was dead or settled in an institution or teamed up with Rags Gorman; Rags Gorman the bookie, who, only a few years ago had been hawking rags in the streets and who now wore a coat with an astrakhan collar and financed all the racketeers in the district, including Jacobus. It was Mrs. Stevens, not Jacobus, who kept throwing Molly at Rags Gorman's head. It was Mrs. Stevens who had first got the idea that Rags needed a "housekeeper" and that Molly was just the girl for the job.

Give Jacobus his due, he didn't much like this idea. He never actually went to the length of opposing it—he was too scared of Rags Gorman, and I guess he was scared of Mrs. Stevens too—but he played for time; he said, "Wait till she's eighteen," and he came right out in the open over the new clothes that Mrs. Stevens wanted to buy Molly for bait. He argued for a week, and in the end he said, "All right. The costume—but not the fancy underclothes." Mrs. Stevens said the underclothes were the most important of all. She kept on at him about it, and each day when I saw Molly she told me how it was going; it was like a running commentary on a fight, with Jacobus always backing away, ducking and weaving, and Mrs. Stevens chasing him all around the ring but unable to land a decisive blow. Molly wanted the underclothes of course, but I didn't want her to have them. I couldn't sleep at nights and I prayed that she wouldn't get those underclothes, and she didn't. Jacobus finally stood his ground. He said no.

Every now and again when he got really cornered he said no to Mrs. Stevens, but for every time he said no he said yes a hundred times or more, and even when he insisted on getting his own way he made a point of giving Mrs. Stevens a bit of her own way too, to keep her sweet. Like over Joseph and the bird.

Joseph was duly installed in the spare bedroom, in line with Jacobus' wishes; the bird was locked in the loft over the gym—which took the keen edge off Mrs. Stevens' temper.

THE day before the Williams fight Gus called me to his desk and showed me a paragraph in the Evening News. This paragraph stated that a bird, a valuable blue Abyssinian duck, had disappeared from St. James's Park.

"'Any person having any information,'" Gus read, "'please communicate with the keeper of St. James's Park or with any police station.' That person, my boy, is you."

It was always me when there was trouble and the Pole was in it. Well, I waited till after the fight. It was this fight which put the Pole on the map because to everyone's amazement (especially Jacobus') he won in the fifth round, knocking out Al Kid Williams with as vicious a left uppercut as even Gus had ever seen. I waited till the morning after the fight and then I tackled Joseph about the blue Abyssinian duck.

I was very severe. I gave him a long lecture, in the course of which I told him in a dozen different ways that it was wrong to steal. I kept it very simple. I said that John was not Joseph's bird: John was the public's bird. And so on. "So you've got to take him back to where you found him," I said finally.

"Why?" Joseph said.

I began all over again. I took it in steps. Each short sentence was a step, and at the end of each step I said, "Do you understand?" And each time Joseph said, "Yes," so I worked up to the climax and said firmly, "So there it is. You have to take him back to the park, Joseph."

Joseph hung his head. "Why?" he said.

This might have gone on for a long time if I had not hit on a simplification. "Joseph," I said, "I think you know about the king, don't you?"

"Yes," Joseph said, bowing.

"Well," I said, "John belongs to the king."

"God Save the King," Joseph said.

There was no more argument. That same night Joseph and I took a ride up west to St. James's Park, and sometime around midnight the king got back his duck. Joseph's next escapade was far more serious.

It took place in September, after Joseph had beaten Tiger O'Malley and Vince Hammett and while Jacobus was busy edging him into line for a crack at the British title. I was mixed up in all his troubles, but unfortunately I did not take them seriously. I had my own troubles

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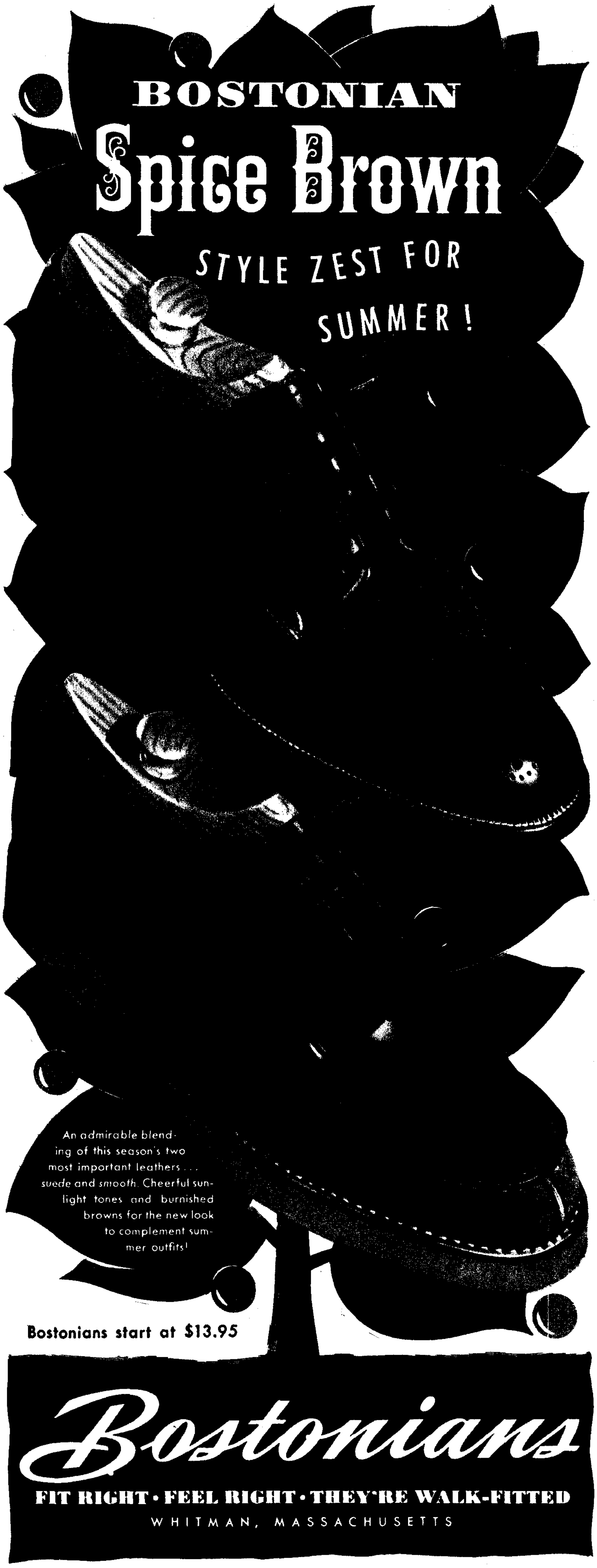

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WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

at the time. Rags Gorman was beginning to put pressure on Molly, and I was half crazed with worry; I was sleeping only an hour or two a night, and I was negotiating desperately for a job on a union paper. If I got a job on a union paper I would be paid a living wage and I could marry Molly and thumb my nose at Jacobus, and Rags Gorman too. I thought endlessly of ways and means to land this job, I just hadn't time to waste on Joseph, and I have to admit that I never really bothered about him or his affairs until it was too late.

When Jacobus told me about Joseph's new pet I flatly disbelieved him. I thought he had been drinking.

"You're joking, Mr. Jacobus," I said.

"Do I look like I'm joking?" Jacobus said.

He didn't. He looked like a man who is having trouble with his blood pressure. His face was purple, not so to speak, but really purple; there were veins fat as worms throbbing on his forehead; his lips hacked and sawed at each other; and his eyes scampered—ugh!—like rats across my own.

"He's got a lion all right," he said, nodding. He was making a great effort at self-control. He spoke with only a small part of his voice and dropped each word separately, like a penny in a slot. "A live lion," he said. "And what's more he's got it in my loft, and he's up there with it now."

I saw that I was expected to say something, perhaps even to do something. I said helplessly, "Where did he get it, Mr. Jacobus?"

"He says he found it."

"Where?"

"I think," Jacobus said, showing his teeth like a rat, "that he says he found it on a bus."

THAT was Joseph's story, and he stuck to it. I tried him hard, but he would tell no other. He was scared, but resolute. I talked to him like a Dutch uncle. I told him he could not possibly keep a lion, and I told him why. Joseph fixed his eyes on a spot several feet above my shoulder and shook his head at it. "This lion is a dog," he said.

I consulted Jacobus. "He says it's a dog," I told him.

"He's a liar," Jacobus said. "It's a lion and nothing but a lion. You see it."

So I saw the animal. It was a lion all right. I don't know a lot about lions and I was content to see this one briefly through a chink in the loft door, but at a guess I would say it was about a year-old lion. It hadn't quite filled out, nevertheless it was an ugly customer. It was the size of a big German shepherd, and certainly lion enough to do damage.

I talked to Joseph till I ran short of saliva. He listened politely, and when I had finished he said, as far as I could make out, that he would do anything on earth for me, yea gladly, anything else, but he would not give up the lion.

"I love this lion," he said.

That was probably true. I knew by this time that Joseph had a great capacity for loving all God's creatures and I had to admit that it was possible that Joseph really did love this lion, as much perhaps as I loved Molly, although in a different way of course. I did not know what to say, and, not knowing, I got angry and argued. I should have known better than try to argue with Joseph. "You can't possibly love a lion. Be sensible," I said. "The lion is one of the fiercest of all the beasts. It eats human beings. Do you understand that?" I made the motions with my mouth. "*Eats* them."

"This lion has a soft mouth," Joseph said.

"No lion has a soft mouth," I said. "Think of the danger, man." I thought of it myself.

"This lion has a soft mouth and there is no danger," Joseph said.

I pointed out in elaborate detail just how much danger there was.

"Not with this lion, Robert," Joseph said. "And this lion's nice soft mouth."

I got mad then and I spoke in a way that I had never spoken to him before. I spoke to hurt, and I did hurt him. I was savage and sarcastic. I really let myself go and for good measure I threw in a home truth or two that was not strictly to the point. Joseph hung his head and trembled like a monstrous miserable child. I couldn't go on shouting at him. I checked myself and clapped him on the arm. "Now, Joseph," I said gently, "be sensible."

He raised his head and looked at me, and his eyes were like a whipped dog's.

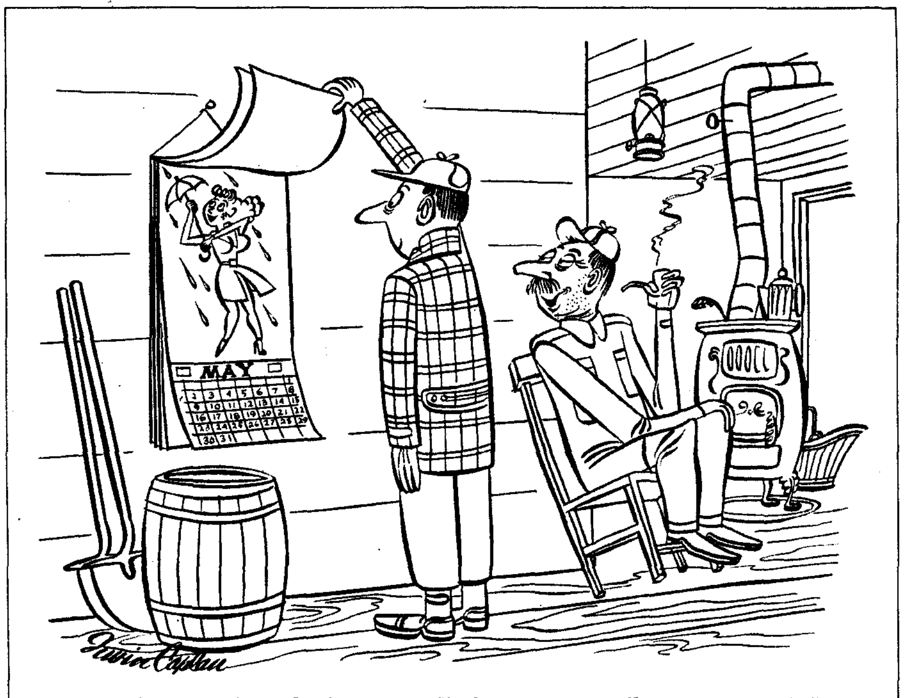
"You'll get over it, Joseph," I said.

He shook his head. He sagged.

And then the idea hit him. It hit him quite visibly, like a kidney punch. He straightened up, his face jerked to life, and he thrust his hand to his mouth and pulled out his new plate of artificial dentures, a legacy from the O'Malley fight. "See, Robert?" he said, brandishing this plate at me. "No danger with my lion. My lion has false teeth, like me!"

There wasn't much you could do with a clown like that.

I went down to the gymnasium and told Jacobus what the Pole had told me. Jacobus didn't think it funny. He threw



"And that ain't nuthin' . . . wait'll y'get to the really warm months"

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a newly lighted cigarette to the floor and screwed it into shreds with the heels of his patent-leather shoe. "I'll fix him," he said, simmering. He lifted his foot and looked at the remains of the cigarette in a sudden new passion. "The big suching so-and-so," he said. "I'll fix him, see if I don't."

Jacobus did not fix the Pole, however. At least not immediately.

The truth is, Jacobus was afraid of the Pole. The Pole never spoke to Jacobus, and when he looked at Jacobus he scowled. I didn't blame Jacobus for being scared. If the Pole had scowled every time he looked at me I would have been scared too.

Well, Jacobus waited.

He had good reason to wait because just at this time he was engaged in a very delicate piece of fiddling. The British Board of Boxing Control was about to examine the question of Joseph's nationality and had summoned Joseph and Jacobus to appear before it at the end of the month. Jacobus had got documents from Rags Gorman's lawyer which purported to prove that Joseph was British, but all the documents in the world would not be enough if Joseph himself chose to be awkward. (*Unco-operative* was the word the lawyer used.)

Now Jacobus knew perfectly well that if he took Joseph's lion away from Joseph the odds were that Joseph would be extremely unco-operative. The result would be unfortunate. The board would decide that Joseph was not eligible to fight for the British title and he, Jacobus, would lose a nice fat purse. In the circumstances he could not afford to be on worse than scowling terms with Joseph. He therefore decided, according to Molly, to sit tight and do nothing at all about the lion at least until after the title fight. He merely bought Mrs. Stevens a fur cape, presented the Pole with a reinforced bar and padlock for the loft door, and settled down to wait till the B.B. of B.C. gave its decision. "I'll fix him then!" Jacobus said. "I swear it!"

"What's he going to do?" I asked.

"Tell the police," Molly said.

THE board met on the last day of September. The stewards asked Joseph questions on which Joseph had not been primed, and Joseph could not answer these questions.

"Although he's pure British," Jacobus said, "the truth is, gents, he don't understand English so good."

After discussion the stewards decided to examine Joseph with the aid of an interpreter, and the meeting was duly adjourned for three weeks. During these three weeks Jacobus signed a contract (provisional on the board's decision) for a twelve-round championship elimination fight at Harringay between Joseph and Jackie Wilson, the official contender; and sometime also during these three weeks Joseph, spruced and nervous, came to the office to consult me on a personal matter of great importance.

We talked in the corridor outside the reporters' room.

"I have troubles," Joseph said.

Joseph's troubles were small beer compared with those of everyone around him. Joseph's troubles were purely financial. He wanted more money for the coming fight. He told me this in a very roundabout way, and while he spoke he jigged from one leg to the other and raised his eyes only as far as my knees.

"I want a lot of money," he said.

"How much?" I asked.

"Twenty pounds."

"Let's get this straight," I said. "Do you want twenty pounds more than you've been getting or twenty pounds in all?"

"All of twenty pounds," Joseph said. "In my hand."

His eyes crept up and touched me warily in the face. "Is it reasonable, Robert?"

He was perfectly serious. I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. I asked him what money he had been getting from Jacobus.

"A five-pound," Joseph said. "Each fight a five-pound. I want twenty. Is it reasonable?"

"What?" I said, for I just couldn't believe that even Jacobus was as mean as that. I stared helplessly at the Pole, and he fidgeted and dropped his eyes back where they had come from. I saw that he was waiting for me to tell him whether his request for twenty pounds was reasonable, and I realized also that I had not yet heard the whole of this story. "What do you want the twenty pounds for?" I asked.

"To buy a cow."

"A what?"

"A cow," Joseph said. "The butcher says I give twenty pounds I get a cow. A whole cow. Dead."

"You mean a carcass?" I said. I began to understand then. "The body of a cow. You want to buy the body of a cow for your lion, is that it?"

"The body of a whole cow," Joseph said. "For twenty pounds. Therefore I want twenty pounds. Is it reasonable?"

"It is reasonable," I had to say.

"Then you come with me," Joseph said, "and speak also to Jacobus, if you please."

So I went with him.

Whenever Jacobus heard what Joseph had to say his eyes got very shifty and he said, "Yes-yes-yes. All right, I said yes, didn't I?"

"I put the rest into gilt-edged for him," he said to me. "He wouldn't know what to do with it, so I save it for him. I put the whole lot into gilt-edged." He was still off balance, for he actually brought out his case and offered me a cigarette. "But, boysie," he said. "That's not for printing in your paper."

I had the guts of a cockroach.

"No, no, of course not, Mr. Jacobus," I said. . . .

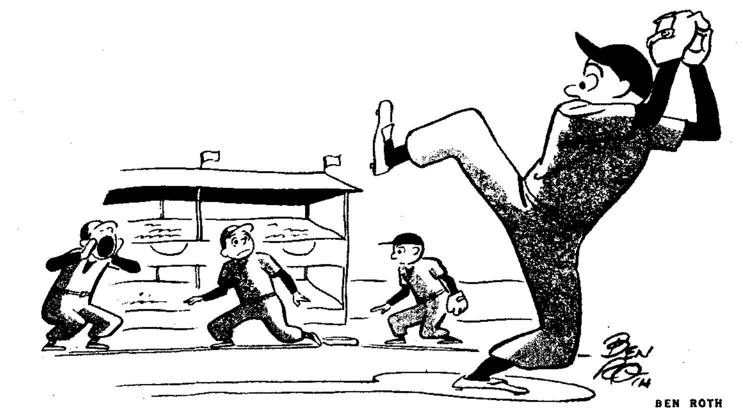
I left Joseph at the gym and boarded a number thirteen bus at the corner of the street. I was about to go upstairs when I heard Molly's voice and, looking around, I saw her racing across the road from the gymnasium. She ran like a little girl in a hurry. She used the whole width of her skirt, her legs showed high up, and her unbuttoned raincoat streamed from her shoulders.

The bus was already under way.

"Hey, Mac!" I said to the conductor. "Just a minute, please." I grabbed Molly by the elbow and hoisted her onto the platform.

She said, "Phew! Thought I'd missed you," and leaned for a moment, panting on my chest.

The people in the downstairs were staring, so we went up top. It was quiet up top, and we had the back of the bus to ourselves. "I phoned," Molly said, "but they said you weren't at the office. I had to see you."



SPORTING ODDS

It was the last half of the ninth of a Texas League game in the '30s between the San Antonio Missions and the Tulsa Oilers, the Missions at bat and the score tied. With the bases loaded and two out, Art Scharein went to third to coach and Sam Harshany came in as pinch hitter. The count ran up to two strikes and three balls. The Tulsa pitcher glanced at the bases, stepped on the rubber and started his stretch. At the peak of the stretch Art Scharein's voice came bellowing from third base, "Hold it, Buddy!" The pitcher dropped his arms and looked toward third. The game was over. The umpire called it a balk, advancing all runners one base and forcing in the winning run.

—David J. Perkins, Everett, Wash.

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"Something's happened!" I said, bracing myself.

"Certainly has," Molly said. "You'll never guess, either. Something pretty terrible. Rags Gorman came last night and they left me alone with him and I had one bit of a time, I can tell you."

I had a landslide in my stomach, and I guess something must also have happened in my face.

"Keep your shirt on," Molly said. "I didn't let him get his hands on me, if that's what you're thinking. No, Robert, it was worse than that."

"Worse," I said. *"Worse!"*

"Worse," Molly said, nodding. "He actually wants to marry me! It's not just a line either. He really and seriously wants to marry me. He said it in front of Jacobus and Mrs. Stevens before they left us alone. He said he would come back tomorrow night for his answer, and they've both of them been at me ever since. Jacobus is mad at me for still calling him Mr. Gorman to his face, he's all for it now that Rags is talking marriage and Mrs. Stevens, you know what she's like, it's been nag nag nag, Rags this, Rags that, nothing but Rags all day long, what a gent he is and what a compliment it is to have a really important kind of gent like Rags actually wanting to marry me. In church too, Mrs. Stevens says. Rags never said nothing about church to me, but Mrs. Stevens swears he said it to her. 'Your own mother never had a wedding in her life,' Mrs. Stevens said. You know her. You know how she goes on about that. 'And you—your own mother's daughter—' et cetera, all that dirt she rakes up—'here's you with an offer from the richest man in the district, a real gentleman, a bookmaker, and not only he wants to marry you but in a church too, and look at the house you'll have, and the money, and the respect, folks touching their caps to you in the streets and nobody'll dare not to, my God makes me certainly wonder,' Mrs. Stevens said, 'you don't deserve it.' "

Molly stopped for breath, let her head fall limply on my shoulder, and said, "Oh, Robert dearie, I've had a terrible, hell of a day!"

We sat on the top of that bus for a long time. We went all the way to the terminus and half of the way back and we talked continuously, but I don't know that we said very much. I remember I was all for getting married straightaway. I said we had to, now. Molly said how could we, would I just please kindly tell her how we possibly could when I wasn't even able to keep myself in cigarettes.

IT WAS an old argument; it went on and on. She was the practical one, and when she was being most practical I always saw a deep strain of idealism in her, deeper than any I possessed, and I always loved her very dearly. I was willing—no, eager—to take a chance on the gutter. But Molly wasn't. She knew it too well. She knew what the gutter did to you, and she wasn't going to let it happen to me or to the nice clean feeling we had between us.

I tried to be masterful.

I told her that I wasn't going to stand for any more nonsense. I had made up my mind what we were going to do: We were going to get married.

Yes, *married.*

After we were married I would take her up north to my home and she would live with my father and mother till I could afford to send for her. I said that once my mother got to know her she would love her, and that I knew Molly would love my mother too, and I made it all sound very convincing—so much so that I almost believed it myself. But Molly didn't. She gave me a calm, wise, female smile and shook her head.

She said decisively, "The only thing to do is to tell Jacobus and Mrs. Stevens to their faces that I'm in love with you. They'll leave me alone then. I'll just tell them the truth, and if they don't like it they can go jump in the river."

We finally agreed on that.

"After all," Molly said, "all they can do is get mad at me."

This was not strictly correct. They could, and certainly would, try to prevent her from seeing me again, and they might also bring pressure to bear on me. I reckoned that henceforth I would be a marked man. I would have to watch my step, keep to the lighted streets. I had no illusions about Rags Gorman. I feared him almost as much as I hated him, and I had a great respect for what I thought to be his methods.

I put my arm round Molly's shoulders and held her very tight. "Don't worry," I said, lying. "There's really nothing to worry about." She felt extra-small and brittle, and I loved her unbearably. "Darling," I said. "Oh, Molly darling, I'll make this up to you someday, I swear I will."

"It's okay," she said. "Really it is. All this is much worse for you, Robert, than it is for me." And she raised her face to mine and gave me a smile that hit me in the chest and hurt. She was magnificent.

"I'm not worrying," she said.

(To be concluded next week)

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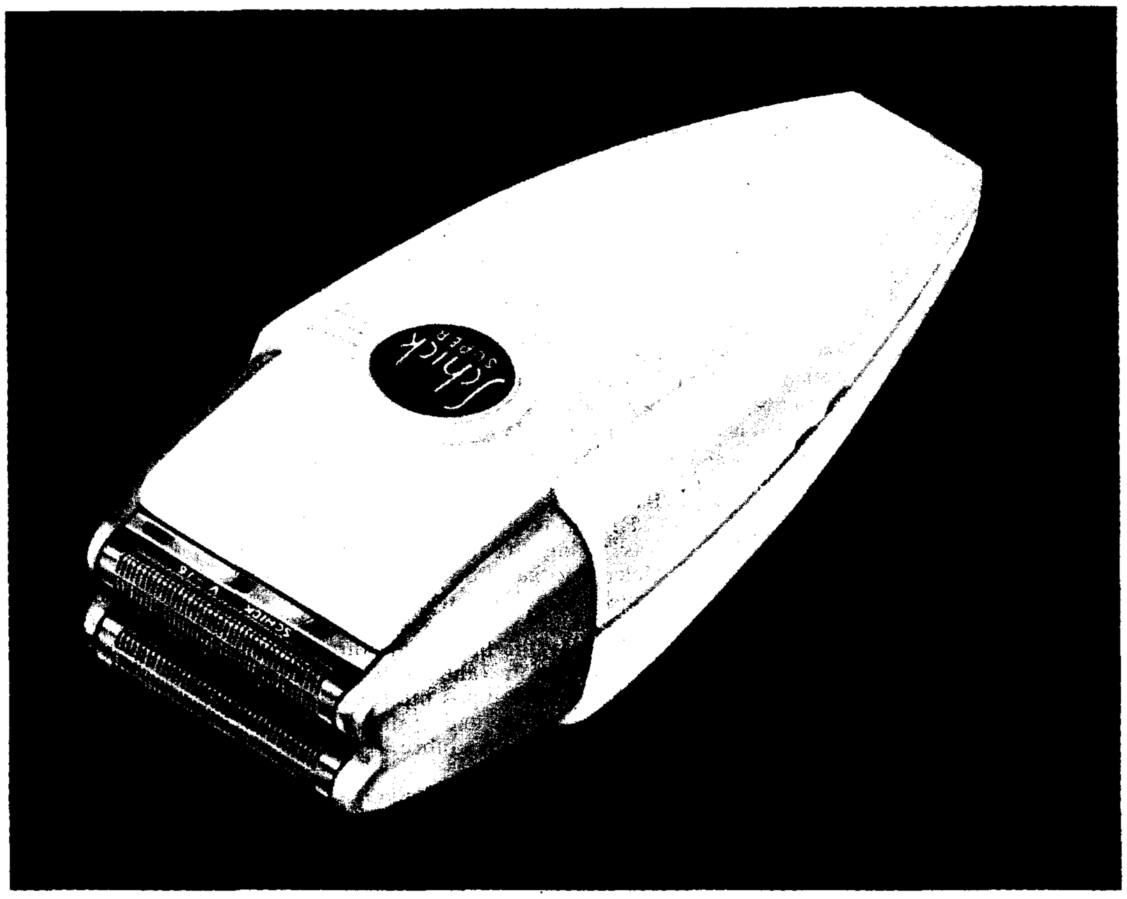

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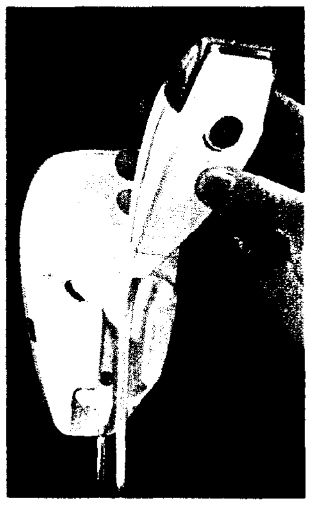

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THE WALKER BRAT

Continued from page 21

Professional Children's School, which she'd been attending in person and by mail, sporadically. In fact, it lacked two weeks before this intellectual event would take place.

Miss Walker startled Barto by saying she was quitting. No longer would she stand in Destiny's way. She was going on the stage. "Look, sweetheart," stormed Barto. "In two weeks you'll be educated. You'll have a diploma."

"What will I do with it?" shouted back Nancy. "Paper the wall with it?"

Barto threw up his hands. "Okay, dope —Daddy is through supporting you. You have two weeks to get a job. Try the dime stores."

Nobody in the entertainment world wanted Miss Inferiority, whenever she got nerve to ask. She bought a thousand or so records and began sitting up nights studying torch singing. Dewey, touched by her assiduousness, didn't insist on the dime store. Instead he sent her around to his agent's and had her sit in his office, just to watch people come and go, learn "actors were only human like Daddy and Mr. Mann." Barto & Mann were splitting $2,000 a week at this time in Hellzapoppin'.

One day it happened—the agent got Nancy a split week in a Bridgeport movie house. Nancy stalled about going; muttered something about railroads being sold out. Barto ordered her to get the hell to Bridgeport. She shuffled off—and was back a day later. "I still don't know what happened in Bridgeport," Barto says. "She won't tell."

A job on the Borscht Circuit in the Catskills lasted a week; then Miss Walker descended briefly into a Greenwich Village cellar, emerging quickly. For a time she sat with a band on a bar in Jersey City, shouting jive vocals into the mike 18 hours a day. Barto's agent began to avoid Barto.

Diagnosis now reveals Miss Walker was trying to make the world forget Helen Morgan. She was singing torch songs without an adequate ignition system. Besides she was lousy.

One day the flash came through that George Abbott wanted new faces for his forthcoming campus musical, Best Foot Forward. Barto had to drive his Lambchop to his agent's office.

Acquires That Walker Name

The agent sent Nancy around to the Abbott auditioning reluctantly, with a secretary in charge. He had other business; the Abbott office was not warned beforehand. When summoned to do her stuff, somehow the name of a Miss Walker was announced. This was not Nancy's name at the time—she was professionally tagged Myrtle Swoyer—but that of a Helen Walker, then an established singer, and since a Hollywood luminary.

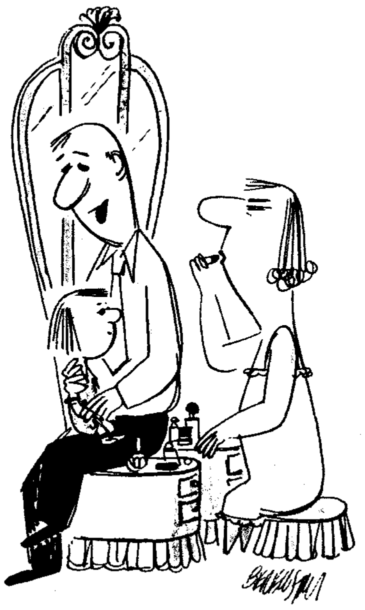
Mr. Abbott, sitting in the orchestra and flanked by Dick Rodgers, was somewhat startled to see a watch-pocket female slink on stage, seize the mike (to keep from falling) and give out with something called Bounce Me Brother, with a Solid Four, rendering its rowdy message as if she were Duse doing Thanatopsis to music—seriously.

It is said the Messrs. Abbott & Rodgers fell from their seats with laughter. Then Mr. A. advised Nancy that while there was nothing in the show at the moment, there darn' well would be. And so the Broadway debut of our chunky heroine took place: She was Blind Date, a dense coed at Winsocki U. with 12 lines, and two songs specially tailored for her comic talents.

At nineteen, officially christened Nancy Walker by the now-grateful agent, she became a minor figure along Broadway. Of her work in Best Foot Forward, for which she received all of $75 per week, she says, "They pushed me on the stage—I was lucky to make it to the other side."

When BFF closed years later, the still-numbed-by-it-all Miss Walker found herself in Hollywood, hogtied for seven years by M-G-M, beginning at $750 a week. It was mutual dislike at first sight. It seems Miss Walker comes from a long line of people who when they hear fifteen minutes, are there in fourteen. "I found when they gave you a 6 A.M. call they meant anywhere from 24 hours up later!" she says.

"Then when you got ready to work, you'd have to wait for some ham bone to finish combing her hair in her dressing room. I raised a big stink about this at first. Then I'd just say to the casting director if he wanted me he knew where he could get me—Toots Shor, New York. They'd call me by phone, and in fourteen hours I'd be in Hollywood again, sitting around waiting for the louse to finish her hair."



"When I met her, your mother was a very beautiful woman"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

After three years and three movie musicals (in which she played the same character), Miss Walker was paroled to New York for the part of Brunhilde Esterhazy, the gent-pursuing female taxi driver in the musical On the Town. It ran for a year and a half; and after returning to Hollywood to serve more time, she again graced the New York boards on an Abbott campus. She played Yetta Samovar, a female follower of Karl Marx, the lead of the ill-fated Barefoot Boy with Cheek. "It was supposed to be a John Held, Jr., musical satire," she says in retrospect, "but it turned out to be another college musical. What am I saying—where would I be without college musicals?"

When Mr. Abbott and Jerry Robbins, the triple-threat man of the ballet, announced they were preparing Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!, with Miss Walker in mind as leading ballerina, Miss Walker hastily enrolled in Mme. Daganova's School of the Ballet. For a year and a half while the authors struggled with the somewhat corny script, Miss W. struggled with the pirouette, *entrechat*, *sisson*, and other aesthetic twitchings. "I had to learn to do everything right, so I could do it wrong," she explains. "Otherwise I'd break a leg coming out of a lift, or fracture my arches nightly."

At the start it took a block and tackle to h'ist Miss Walker to her toes, but by the time Look, Ma, opened she was a pretty accomplished ballet dancer. Were it not for her figure, which causes her to resemble a jet-propelled ice wagon, she'd be a moderate Pavlova. Fortunately, Look, Ma, calls on her to burlesque the Dahnce, to be a galumphing Mrs. Malaped. Those in the know claim that no one has ever done anything wrong so perfectly.

"Ballet dancers hate me," she told me. "I never knew, for instance, dancers' feet are supposed to hurt. I've got feet and ankles like an ox. One day the kids were limping after a long rehearsal. I asked what was the matter. They said their feet hurt, and asked if mine did, too. I said, 'Oh, are they supposed to hurt?' That's why they hate me. If I have to get up on my toes 68 times, I get up and it never bothers me. I can even dance on my toes in street shoes. It's just sheer ignorance on my part."

A "quick study," she learns her monosyllabic parts in rehearsal simply by reading them twice. "I can't act," she says. "I get dressed, I go on. You push me, I talk." Yet she is in constant demand for plays without music—some serious.

Her public relations with her cast are most unbecoming a star, since she has a dread of becoming what she calls a "ham bone," and is given to hero worship of her gifted contemporaries.

Nancy a Good Mixer

She likes to bat around the New York bistros and shoot the breeze with the boys and girls; dresses simply; doesn't wear hats; drawls and slouches much as she does on stage. Unable to account for all the money she makes and spends, and being constantly without cash, she borrows cab fares from friends.

When a musician called her a musical dope once during rehearsal, she holed up in a record library till she learned enough about all kinds of music to enable her not only to hold her own but to make her own arrangements.

She reads anything from trash to psychiatry. I asked her if she ever discussed what she'd read with others. "Talk about what I know little about with a bunch of shlurps who know as little as I do—and get into arguments? I shut up."

After all the years, Barto has accumulated a home in Hollywood. Though Nancy lives alone at a hotel during her shows, she, Dewey and Betty Lou congregate whenever possible in the Hollywood home to have fun. Betty Lou's eighteen, a miniature Nancy, being an inch shorter than her big sister. Dewey, oddly, also is a great reader, and a homespun philosopher. "When we're together," Dewey beams, "we may look like three jumps ahead of a midget—but we have lots of laughs. Say, could you add an inch to my height in your story?"

While there are moments when Miss Walker must sharply remind her gifted old man of the fact that she no longer is in diapers, she is not unaware of the lessons he taught her, and those which she played hooky from. "I want to do a play called In the Summerhouse, a tragedy about a frustrated girl; and I want to go back to Hollywood. I also want to get married and have a kid and bring her up backstage. I want to bring her up as an equal, let her form her own opinions, because I don't want to be talking to myself when she grows up. I want to see if it can be done again," says this plug-ugly duckling confidentially.

Which naturally brings up the question, what are the great-grandchildren of acrobats like?

THE END

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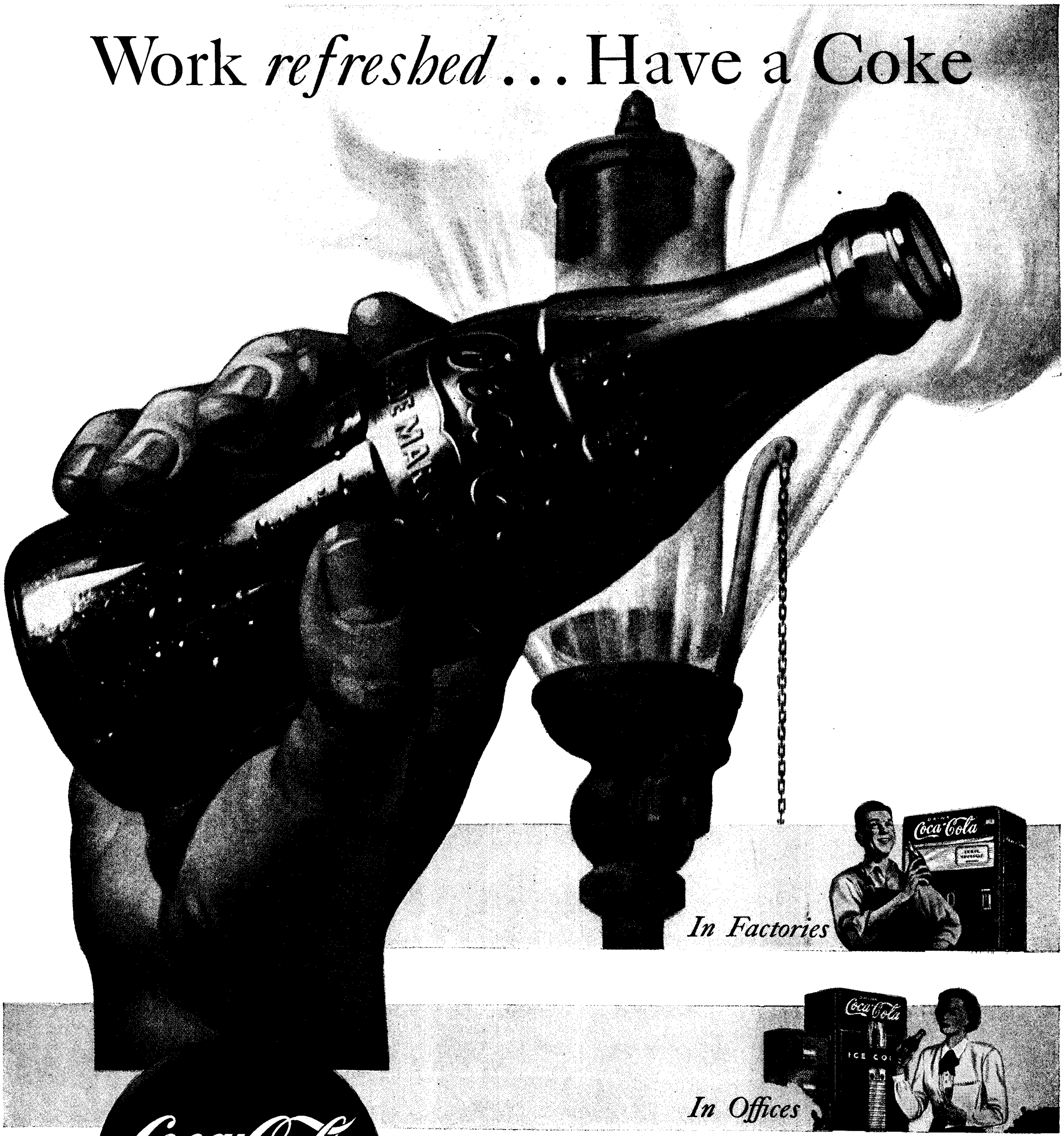

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THE PEARL-HANDLED HUMBUG

BY ROARK BRADFORD

It was a flashy Bible and there were some flashy schemes afoot to get it. B'r Charlie had one, the Widow Duck had another, but Uncle Henry, who had lived a lot around mules, was the smartest of them all

LITTLE BEE BEND plantation was in a swivet. Men were home from the war. Women were returning from the high-wage jobs in Shreveport. Giles had turned Prince into the pasture and was riding the turnrows in a secondhand jeep. Uncle Henry, the old lot man, was making ominous threats to "leave out and go to Texas." B'r Charlie, the preaching blacksmith, was crutching up and down the bayou, laying plans to launch a campaign for raising a solid two hundred dollars for a brand-new pulpit Bible. The Widow Duck was almost speechless. But not quite.

"How come us got to have a two-hund'ed-dolluh Bible?" she demanded. "What de matter wid be Bible we got?"

B'r Charlie squirmed. The wrath of the *Senior Usher of Old Ship of Zion Church* ever was an unpleasant thing, and from her present tone of voice, he suspected her wrath was accumulating around his little proposition.

"Hit's like dis," he explained, "I figger dat wid cotton sellin' at fawty cents, and de young folks comin' home wid dey high wages and all, well, maybe de Lawd is entitled to some er dat easy money."

"You mean, you wants to git a whack at easy money," she suggested.

"Not me," he protested, piously. "What I had in my mind was a present f'm de members to de Lawd."

The Widow Duck was more than a passing friend of the Lord, and if there were good things afoot she believed in giving the Lord His share. But a two-hundred-dollar Bible! It didn't sound right.

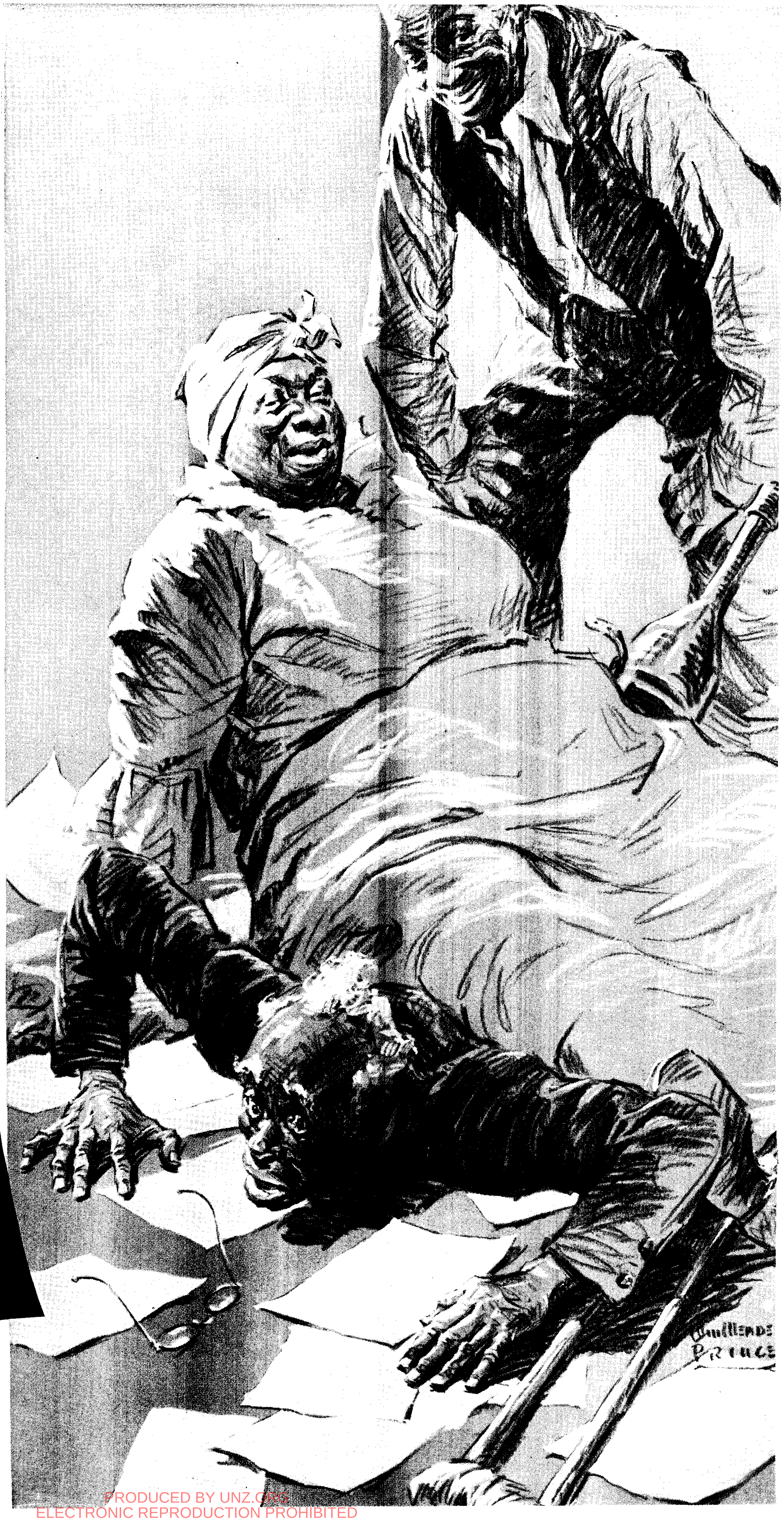
"Hit's a pearl-handle Bible," the preacher urged. "Wid pictures er de angels in colored robes and all, and de words spoke by de Lawd in red letters!"

"De Lawd gittin' mighty fine dese days," snorted the Widow Duck, "when He got to have a pearl-handle Bible."

"You tawkin' agin de Lawd?" B'r Charlie pretended outrage.

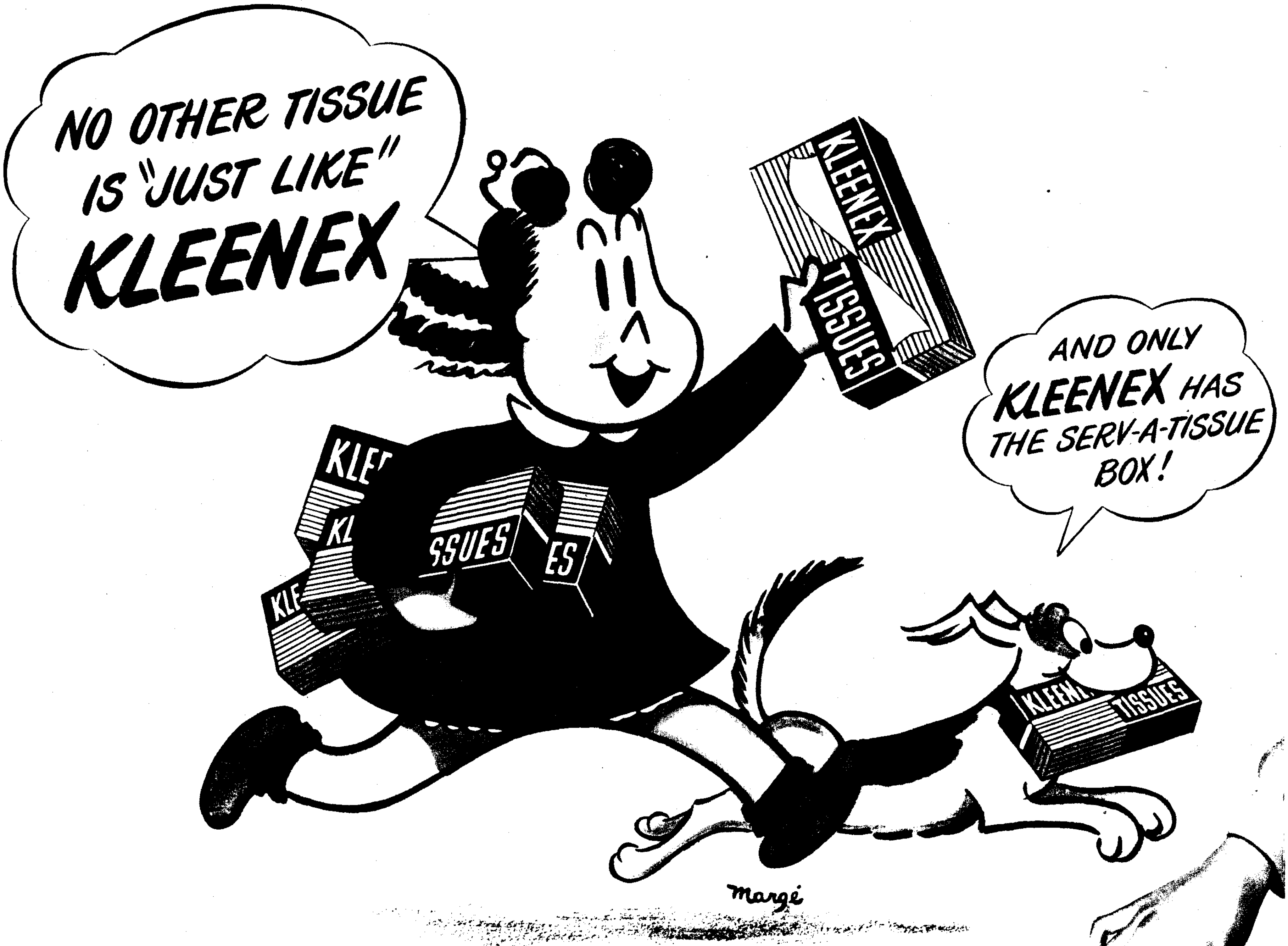
"You know who I'm tawkin' agin," she snapped. "I'm tawkin' agin old one-laigged, hypercrittin' you! You jest tryin' to git fine, yo' ownself."

"Not me," protested B'r Charlie. "Hit's for de Lawd. And you *(Continued on page 48)*



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

The Widow Duck pinned B'r Charlie to the floor. "One mo' word outn yo' fat mouf," she said, "and I'll bob up and down on you"


NO OTHER TISSUE IS "JUST LIKE" KLEENEX
AND ONLY KLEENEX HAS THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX!
KLEENEX TISSUES
marge

LITTLE LULU SAYS:

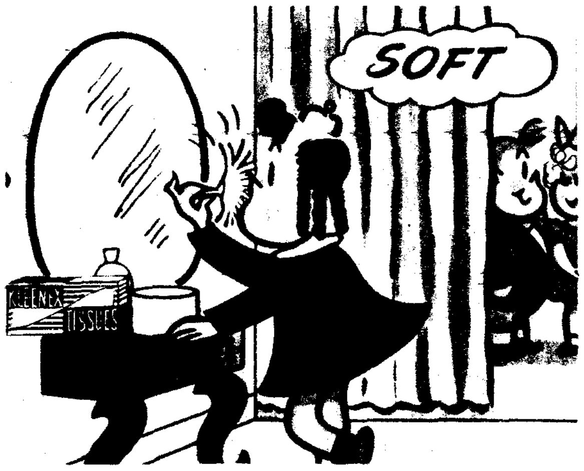
compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see

No other tissue gives you ***all*** *the advantages of KLEENEX*★

KLEENEX TISSUES
KLEENEX TISSUES

★T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

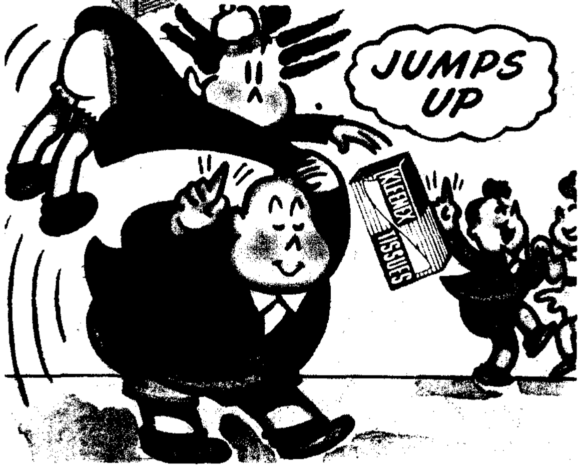
© International Cellucotton Products Co.


SOFT
KLEENEX TISSUES

There are lots of tissues, but your nose knows *there's only one Kleenex!* A special process keeps your Kleenex Tissues luxuriously soft . . . so kind, so soothing to delicate skin.

STRONG
KLEENEX TISSUES

You won't find weak spots or lumps in Kleenex . . . the brand preferred in a national survey by 7 out of 10 tissue users. Kleenex gives you strength and absorbency you can *depend* on!


JUMPS UP
KLEENEX TISSUES

No other brand—only Kleenex—gives you the handy *Serv-a-Tissue Box* that prevents tissue-fumbling. With Kleenex you pull *just one* double tissue at a time—and up pops another, ready for use!

I've Got a Problem, Child!
MY FAVORITE GLAMOUR-JOB TURNED ON THE COOLING SYSTEM LAST NIGHT, PETE! NO RHYME OR REASON TO IT, EITHER!
IF YOU MEAN THAT GIRL NEXT DOOR, UNCLE BOB, I KNOW THE REASON! SHE JUST WANTS YOU TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
I ANSWERED THAT ONE RIGHT, AND HOW! MY UNCLE'S GOT NO PROBLEM NOW!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

FOOD'S PARADISE

Continued from page 19

electronization. If really badgered to prove it wasn't a hoax, he would toss a preserved mouse to the nearest available cat which would invariably gobble it up.

Dr. Brasch and Dr. Frederick Lange, another German physicist, invented the capacitron in Berlin in 1930, while exploring the possibilities of using powerful charges of electricity to split the atom. Two years earlier they had impressed the scientific world by "capturing" a 20,000,000-volt lightning bolt in the Swiss Alps. It was then an unheard-of charge for man to handle and the experiment was hailed as perhaps the most spectacularly successful of its kind since Benjamin Franklin flew his kite.

Scientists Leave Germany

Hitler's rise interrupted their research, however, and in the spring of 1933, they both slipped out of the Reich to look for more congenial surroundings. After considerable shuttling about, Lange stayed in Europe, and Brasch came to the United States.

Brasch had noted that the Berlin capacitron developed an uncommonly intense supply of electrons and he believed this had great potentialities in medical and commercial fields. But it took years before he could get anybody in the United States to listen to him. Finally through mutual friends he met Lewis L. Strauss, then of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, of Wall Street. Strauss became interested in the capacitron as a possible weapon against cancer.

It was not until 1943, however, after Brasch met Maurice P. Davidson, New York attorney and colleague of the late Fiorello H. La Guardia, that definite plans developed. Davidson too was attracted by the machine's possibilities in medical research. About $100,000 was raised and Electronized formed with Davidson as president, the post he still holds.

Amidst wartime shortages it was slow going to collect the special instruments and equipment necessary to construct the capacitron but by January, 1946, the first test bursts were shot through the apparatus in the windowless Brooklyn laboratory.

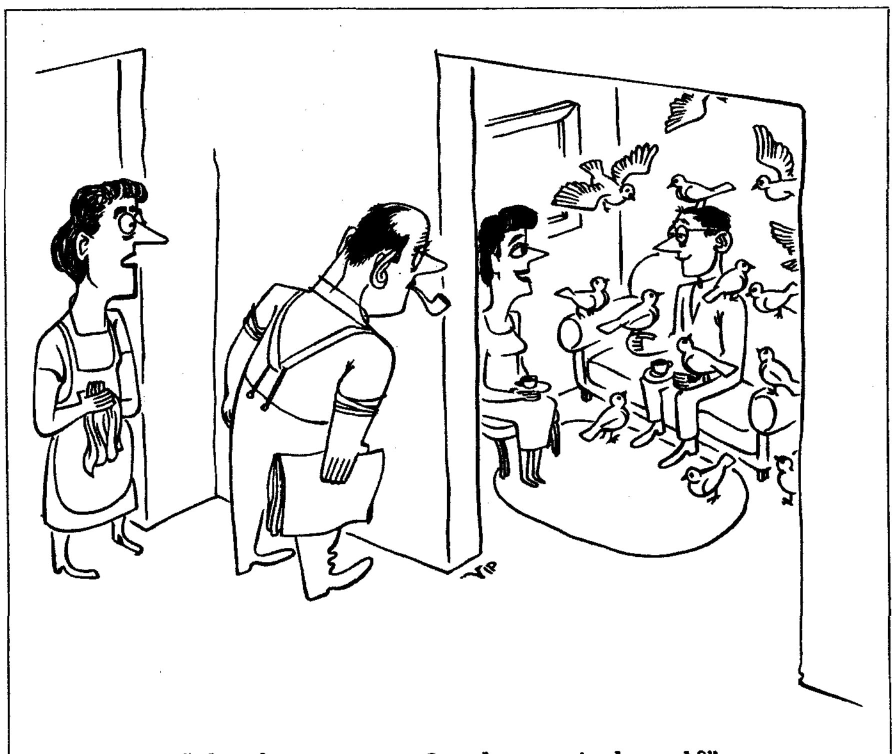
Dr. Brasch is forty-two and a bachelor. When preparing for the Swiss experiment, he discovered there was no first-class eating place on Monte Generoso, where they were going, and he so relishes good food that he spent six months in a Berlin restaurant learning how to cook. Dr. Huber, thirty-seven-year-old biochemist is married and the father of two children. He came to America in 1937, joined the Winthrop Chemical Company in Albany, N. Y., and during the war did considerable work in malarial control for the National Research Council. He joined Electronized in 1945.

Both scientists are distressed to have their laboratory referred to (as it almost invariably is) as "the old icehouse." If they could, they would conceal the fact that in wintertime the staff worked in overcoats and surplus Army arctic boots to keep warm. This pique is no professorial quirk; they are proud of the capacitron and they fear people will think that all they've devised is some new kind of cold storage, which is not so.

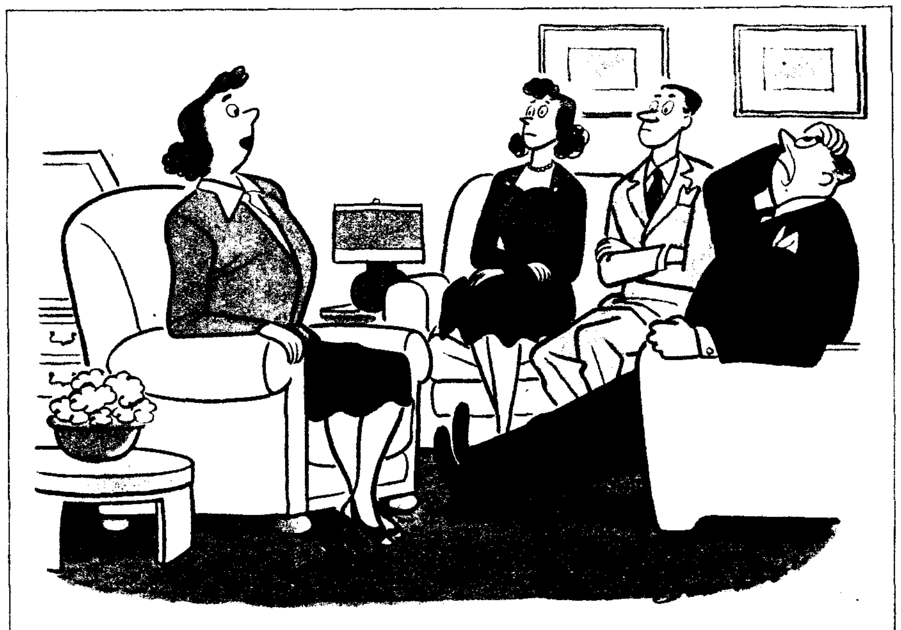
The present capacitron, as Dr. Brasch sometimes puts it, "is a little lightning maker." Taking ordinary alternating current and converting it to direct current, it steps it up through a series of rectifiers and condensers to an enormous kick of 3,000,000 volts. This kick is released through a short, laminated, vacuum discharge tube at the top of which is a cathode device furnishing a supply of billions of electrons. The electrical charge shoots the electrons along the tube and out the bottom through an aluminum window into the substance to be treated like so many bullets.

The trick of the capacitron is that instead of setting up a constant beam of radiation as most other accelerators do, it fires in very short bursts. In the almost inconceivable interval of 1/1,000,000 of a second, it explodes its electrons into a slice of beef. The meat is thus sterilized and the power is shut off before a number of unwanted side reactions, such as those causing off-taste or off-odor, have time to get started. Besides destroying the microorganisms, the electrons, which are negatively charged particles, inhibit some of the changing action of enzymes—complicated protein structures present in all living cells.

The capacitron's bursts can be varied between 1/10,000 and 1/1,000,000,000 of a second. In 1/1,000,000 of a second, the interval now used, a sunbeam would travel less than two city blocks.



COLLIER'S "That the young man Gretchen met in the park?" VIRGIL PARTCH



"It's really an awfully cute story . . . maybe I didn't tell it right"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

The speeding electrons exert more force beneath the surface of a substance than on it so they don't injure the surface—the skin of a cherry for example—when they pass through. The depth of their penetration can be regulated and they can be aimed precisely and pointed into a broad or very narrow line of fire. So, the amount of radiation on any given area, and the time used to apply it, can be rigidly controlled. This is important in the treatment of live tissue: Due to the extremely high biological effectiveness of electrons, their energy in useful quantities can be carried through very thin vacuum tubes. In the experiments with rabbits, deep-seated cancers were removed by bringing the electrons through injection needles into the neighborhood of the cancer. There was only minimal damage to surrounding healthy tissue because the radiation was restricted to the diseased area.

Cork Base Used as Absorbent

The scientists use a piece of fluor spar, the size of a man's fist, to let you see the electrons work. The end of the vacuum tube containing the aluminum exit window is housed in a kind of concrete pillbox which squats alongside the condenser tower and is used as a precaution against radiation. The fluor spar, whitish and translucent like a big blob of costume jewelry, is placed under the window on a cork base. The cork absorbs stray electrons. A metal base would absorb them too but X rays would be generated in the process.

A klaxon honks the all clear in the radiation chamber. A bell rings on the control board to signal the circuits are ready. An operator throws a switch and there is a crack like a rifle shot as the 3,000,000-volt lightning bolt crashes into the tube. Behind a shield you watch the upper half of the fluor spar transformed instantaneously into a beautiful luminous blue to an even depth of about ⅓ of an inch as the electrons drive into it. Streaming through the window the electrons ionize the air, making a kind of purplish spray. You smell ozone. Another charge and the electrons bore deeper into the fluor spar, staining it this radiant blue.

Bombardment of calcite produces a fiery glow in the clear quartzlike crystal and when you touch it you half expect it to sear your hand like a branding iron would but it's as cool as a dog's nose. The glow fades gradually to the color of an orange lollipop. "That's what we call cold energy," Dr. Huber says.

The industrial pilot model now being constructed in the icehouse at a cost of about $70,000 will be 100 per cent more efficient than the present capacitron and will be considerably smaller, to make it handier for factory installation. It will generate 5,000,000 volts of electricity instead of 3,000,000 but most of the present racket will be eliminated by immersing the condenser tower in oil, an excellent insulator, and sealing the whole business in a metal tank.

A 5,000,000-volt machine will have the penetrating power of one inch per impulse in a substance the density of water. With a window two feet in diameter, the industrial model will sterilize 40 pounds of such a substance in one burst. Its capacity will depend on how rapidly a conveyor belt can feed it. Operating at 10-second intervals, the new capacitron could handle seven tons an hour. Strangely enough, although the voltage is in the millions, actual current consumption is nominal; this is getting things on mass-production terms that manufacturers understand.

The capacitron's performance is not always happy. It takes the taste and color out of lettuce, for instance, and leaves it as soggy and wilted as a wet handkerchief. "So far all our efforts to preserve it have failed completely," Dr. Huber admits.

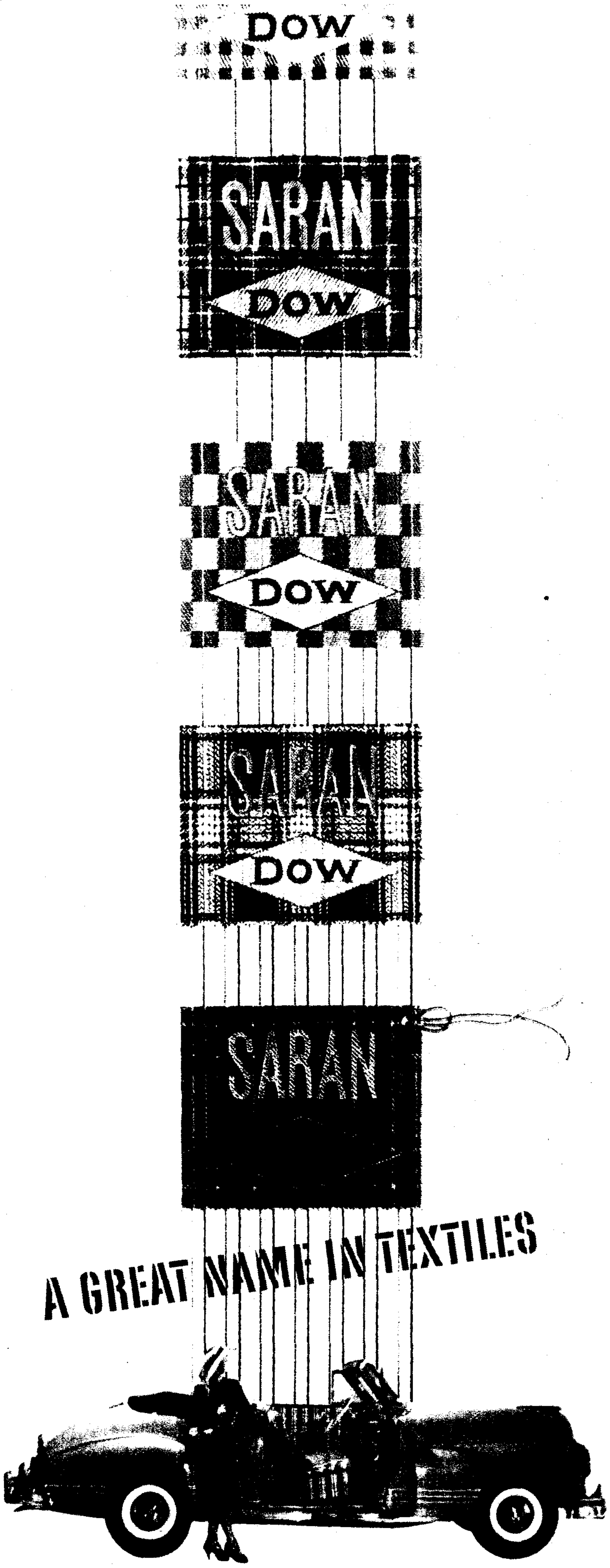
Bombardment leaves bananas bruised and mushy. Strawberries are difficult to handle; they bleach and their texture changes, while raspberries and blueberries come out fine. Milk and milk products, including cheese and butter, can be preserved but the process is trickier and most of these things acquire what the scientists call an "irradiated taste." Cream cheese acquires it right after treatment but it disappears on storage! Camembert doesn't have it but *its* flavor afterward is more like Cheddar. Oysters, shrimps and lobsters preserve well but they develop a somewhat smoky taste.

Dr. Brasch and Dr. Huber confess they don't know why these changes take place and they can't predict what will happen to a given product. "We reported our experience with lettuce to some growers," Dr. Huber recalled recently, "and they knowingly said, 'Yes, yes, that was to be expected. Lettuce is a headache to preserve. You can't can it, you know. You'll have the same trouble with spinach and cabbage.'

"But then we found that spinach and cabbage survived electronization very well."

To their surprise and amusement the scientists discovered that castor oil, which usually solidifies under radiation, remained liquid after being electronized but instead of emitting the sickening odor so familiar to schoolboys with the stomach-ache, it wafted a brand-new smell not unlike a field of fresh daisies.

At first, it was thought that an article would have to be treated throughout



Beauty and utility by the yard. Dirt and stains whisk off its lustrous surface with a damp cloth. Saran—something *basically different* in shimmering woven textiles—brings you a combination of colorful beauty and pliant strength never available before. You'll marvel at the way Saran fabrics stay new through years of hard use. Their fibers can't absorb grime or moisture. Their smooth surfaces can't scuff or grow threadbare. Colors are brilliant—they're *built-in*. That's why you're seeing Saran—fabricated by leading textile mills—in automobile seat covers, in furniture upholstery, in luggage, in public seating. That's why the Saran label stands for beauty that can "take it"!

Plastics Division, Dept. SF-2, THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY *Midland, Michigan*

PERSONNALly Speaking by BASIL RATHBONE

Star of Broadway Hit
"The Heiress"

1—AS SHERLOCK HOLMES I can solve every mystery except that of smooth shaving. As Rathbone . . .

2—I SOLVE IT with Personna Razor Blades, which give me smoother, closer shaves. The only mystery is . . .

3—WHY ALL MEN don't rush out for Personnas and start enjoying smooth, comfortable shaves!

TWICE
as many shaves
guaranteed!

Yes, if you don't get *twice as many smoother shaves* from Personna than from your present blades . . . we'll buy you two packs of any blade you choose!

10 for $1 – 5 for 50c
SINGLE EDGE DOUBLE EDGE

PERSONNA
Precision Blades

to be preserved effectively. Then it was found that weeks could be added to the shelf life of melons, apples, peaches, nuts, eggs and other things with durable skins or shells, simply by destroying the microorganisms on the surface.

But even if electronization should become a sensation commercially, its backers don't think you will be junking your refrigerator or abandoning your deepfreeze locker. Instead the systems may complement each other and ultimately make food preservation cheaper. Many items satisfactorily sterilized by electrons retain their taste, color and texture far better when kept at reduced temperatures. (Storage at room temperature with exposure to light was done deliberately to see how they would behave under adverse conditions.)

Some meats which otherwise turn purple stay appetizingly red if kept cold; refrigeration keeps string beans and peas from looking cooked. But where ordinary food might have to be preserved at minus 20 degrees Fahrenheit, electronized food could be kept at plus 10° or above, saving considerable refrigeration costs.

Rapid transport of electronized "perishables" could be done with little or no refrigeration, which conceivably could have a marked effect on the price of Alaskan salmon in St. Louis or Norwegian mackerel in Milan. Another dovetail development may come with a process called freeze-drying by which milk, for example, can be dehydrated and restored again almost exactly to its original state in contrast to the sad lumpy samples of the powdered variety that G.I.s used to curse in Army messes. One hitch to freeze-drying so far has been the necessity to heat the milk to sterilize it. Electronizing does it cold.

Once Dr. Brasch had Nelson taste a sample of electronized milk. "There's a difference all right," Nelson said, "but there are lots of people in the world who don't know what milk tastes like at all. Maybe they'd like this if they could get it."

One of the fields where the capacitron shows most promise is in the treatment of grains, flours, spices, plant extracts and other food raw material. "We have achieved preservation of these commodities by elimination of microorganisms of all types as well as infestations caused by insects, insect eggs or larvae," Dr. Huber said. "The great practical importance of a method which assures selective removal of insect infestations is obvious to everyone who is aware of the staggering losses caused, for instance, by weevil infestations to such important crops as corn, wheat, beans and nuts."

Damage From Weevils Heavy

In one year, according to conservative estimates based on U.S. Department of Agriculture statistics, weevil and other insect damage to grains in the U.S. exceeds $300,000,000. In Mexico weevils work so fast on beans, the nation's staff of life, that in three months after harvest, losses have been estimated as high as 85 per cent of the stored crop, according to data the corporation has worked up.

Commercial development of such other matters as the quick aging of wines and whisky, proved in the laboratory, will depend partly on devising a practical way to allow full electron penetration of the liquor; this might involve a radically new kind of container and it remains to be seen how commercially feasible such changes would be.

Whether your drinking water will be electronized instead of chlorinated in the future (incidentally avoiding that medicinal taste) depends largely on how much the adaptation will cost, but Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, president of the Chicago Board of Health, is, for one, interested.

His city now spends $4,016 per day to filter and chlorinate the public water supply, which comes from Lake Michigan. Dr. Bundesen sent to Brooklyn a raw sample of the Chicago River water, which not even the most rabidly patriotic citizen would drink unless bent on suicide. The sample had a coliform index (measure of sewage contamination) of 160,000 per cubic centimeter. When it came back, electronized, its coliform index read 0— per *100* c.c.—making it perfectly potable. However, chlorination is such a relatively economical process, that some engineers believe it will take long to replace it.

Tests have already indicated that the capacitron's contribution to medical science may be significant. The corporation, which has neither the facilities nor the money for independent exploration, is conducting no medical research as such but it has already turned over pertinent findings to various hospitals and laboratories. Nobody knows whether the capacitron may rival the betatron and continuous radiation in the treatment of cancer; the tests on mice and rabbits were good and they may challenge some foundation to probe the possibilities further.

May Aid in Vaccine Manufacture

The very manner in which electrons attack bacteria and viruses may prove valuable in the manufacture of vaccine. What the electrons do is to destroy the virility of bacteria, or their infectivity, as scientists call it. But the electrons in certain instances do not eliminate the antigenicity, the curious capacity which bacteria and viruses have of generating their own killing agent, their suicide properties, so to speak. It's the antigenicity which puts the potency in vaccine.

Dr. Ulrich Friedemann is one of the scientists exploring the capacitron's abilities, if any, to manufacture vaccine, with tests on animals in Brooklyn Jewish Hospital. Nothing conclusive can be reported now but success would mean not only the possible development of vaccines for diseases which have none now (polio, to name one) but the making of present vaccines more stable. One of the problems in Egypt during the recent cholera epidemic was the fact that, without proper refrigeration, vaccine could be kept only a short time and new stocks had to be flown into the country at intervals.

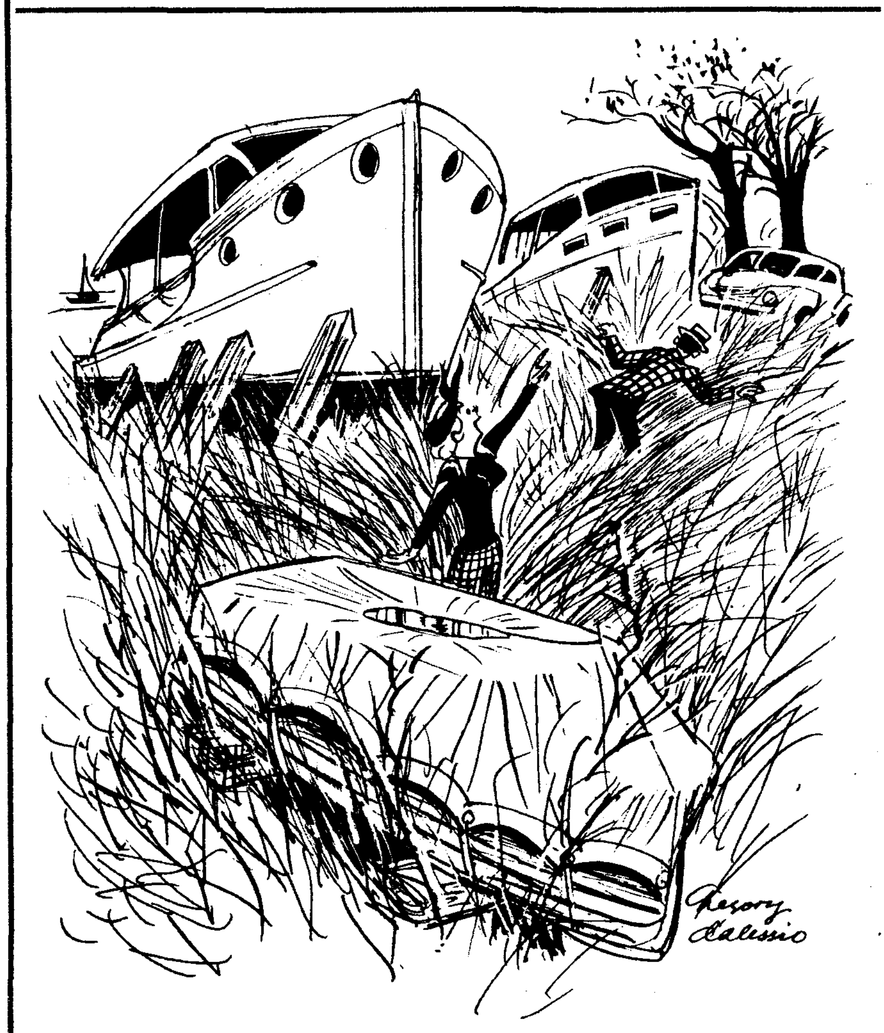
In the Army Surgeon General's laboratories in Chicago, tests are continuing to determine the process' efficiency in preserving whole blood and plasma. Plasma (the more stable of the two) survives better; bombardment apparently harms the membrane around the hemoglobin in whole blood. Marked progress in the preservation of both these substances would be of enormous importance in warfare and disasters.

Another quirk of the capacitron is its ability to polymerize or solidify certain plastics and other synthetic material. By employing the common process of "sizing," this might eventually relieve you of the messy bunch of wrinkles or "bleacher press" you work into your rayon summer suit during a sultry baseball game. Sizing involves coating fibers with a liquid which hardens and eliminates their flabbiness. If it could be done without heat via the capacitron, the molecules of synthetic materials might approach the resilience of Harris tweed. It has even been suggested that plastics could be invested with certain properties of steel but Dr. Brasch and Dr. Huber say cautiously this is something for the more distant future.

What that future holds is not in the crystal ball at the moment. But bigger and better things are obviously on the scientists' minds. Back of Dr. Brasch's desk in Brooklyn hangs a framed diagram of a new capacitron, yet unborn, labeled "surge generator and discharge tube—for 15,000,000 volts."

THE END

THE SHORE FLEET by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Yoo hoo, Albert! Here it is!"

What's all this talk about the *NEW U.S. ROYAL GOLF BALL?*

JUST THIS: **Two outstanding advances in golf ball manufacture (the Silicone "Magic" Center and Electronic Winding) give it greater distance, accuracy and uniformity than ever.**

ONLY **THE NEW U.S. ROYAL HAS**
ALL THESE FEATURES

SILICONE "MAGIC" CENTER
Liveliest substance ever put in a golf ball.

ELECTRONIC WINDING
For uniformity, accuracy and controllability.

CADWELL-GEER COVER
Toughest cover of all.

The fact is, our new U.S. Royal packs the *most real golf* we've ever managed to get inside that durable Cadwell-Geer cover.

It's livelier, longer. That's due to the new Silicone "Magic" Center, a remarkable development of the United States Rubber Company using General Electric silicone. And all that extra zing is held under absolute control because of Electronic Winding. This ball has the "feel" of perfection. You get a soul-satisfying "click"... a confident sense of all 'round playability... a wonderful putting accuracy.

U.S. ROYAL ***Golf Balls***

BLUE for championship and tournament play. **RED** for greater durability —and distance too.

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U. S. True Blue and U. S. Three Star at leading Sporting Goods Dealers.

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SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE
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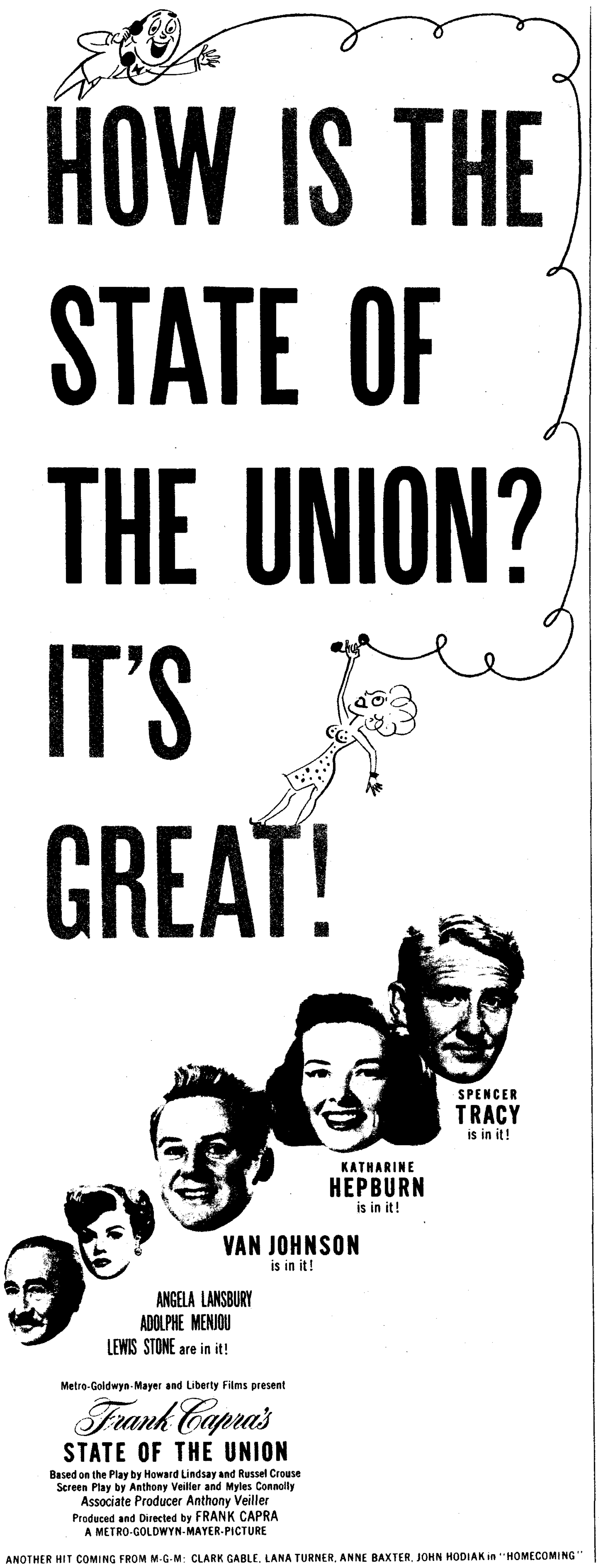

HOW IS THE STATE OF THE UNION? IT'S GREAT!

SPENCER TRACY is in it!

KATHARINE HEPBURN is in it!

VAN JOHNSON is in it!

ANGELA LANSBURY
ADOLPHE MENJOU
LEWIS STONE are in it!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Liberty Films present

Frank Capra's
STATE OF THE UNION

Based on the Play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse
Screen Play by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly
Associate Producer Anthony Veiller
Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

ANOTHER HIT COMING FROM M-G-M: CLARK GABLE, LANA TURNER, ANNE BAXTER, JOHN HODIAK in "HOMECOMING"

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ALLEN

EDITOR: Sincere congratulations for securing Robert S. Allen and his top-flight comment as a sustaining feature in Collier's. This moves me up from an "occasional" reader to that of a "regular."

MACARTHUR H. MANCHESTER, Washington, D. C.

. . . I rise to a point of personal privilege: In your March 20th issue Allen speaks of John L. Lewis and of his "disassociation."

If my memory serves me well Mr. Lewis did not use that word at all. He said simply, "We disaffiliate."

Is it not so?

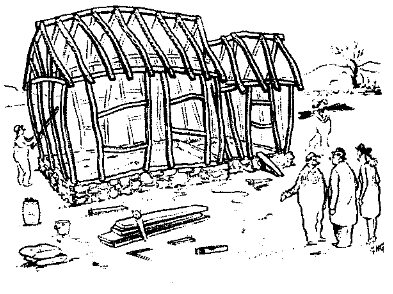
G. E. JOHNSON, Greensboro, N. C.

Right, but "disassociate" or "disaffiliate," does it matter as long as you tie up the nation?

GREEN HOUSE

DEAR EDITOR: In the enclosed cartoon of George Green's (Mar. 13th) could you tell me of what use are the square and level? From the looks of the building, the tools have no practical use.

J. DEVLIN, Rockville, Conn.



The square and level were originally "green," too, but warped into proper shape.

VOTE FOR F.D.R.!

SIR: Those old New Dealers, Jim Farley and Jack Garner, agree unanimously that Franklin Roosevelt should never have run in 1940.

It would be interesting to hear F.D.R.'s wisecracks on the subject today, and while we're about it, to have him back to run against the field in 1948.

D. HOMER RICH, Maplewood, N. J.

WAILING WALL STREET

DEAR SIR: The picture illustrating Hard Times Come to Wall Street (Mar. 6th) bears the legend "a canyon called Wall Street ends prophetically in Trinity Church cemetery." For your information, Wall Street *begins* at Trinity Church cemetery: The number of the building shown in this picture is 1 Wall Street. It might have been pointed out that Wall Street begins with a prayer, and ends in the river.

Nevertheless I enjoyed the article.

HARRY POLIKOFF, New York, N. Y.

. . . TO FEAR IS FEAR ITSELF

GENTLEMEN: Orchids to Mr. Howard Whitman for his article What We're Afraid Of (Mar. 20th). I only hope that millions of Americans read Mr. Whitman's article and as a result, lift their heads, square their shoulders and look confidently into the future, knowing that, with God's help, they can put to constructive use a fear that might have been destructive.

ANN LAGLEDER, San Antonio, Texas

. . . I have just read Howard Whitman's article without any appreciable change in blood pressure. It strikes me that the author works much too hard in trying to scare us into believing we're scared.

WILLIAM S. POWER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . Would it interest you at all to know that in a rural community, such as this one where I live, the people in general seem to greet much of the professional hoopla (of press and radio) with incredulity or even a snicker or a horse laugh? Farmer folks aren't paragons of virtue or simplicity, as some of the emigrant writer folks picture them, but their daily association with the imponderables of woods, fields and barn can't help but impress them with a superficial stability. With Bossy giving milk and Biddy laying eggs and old Babe about to foal, some of the limelighted fripperies of the world simply have to take second place. I've known farmers to shed nary a tear during Gabriel Heatter's keening. One of my neighbors, when he hears "You will now hear H. V. Kaltenborn," jumps to the radio with a shouted, "No, by God, I won't!"

Not everybody cringes when the daily headlines cry havoc. Mr. Whitman, may your tribe increase!

CLEM D. EASLY, Bristol, Ind.

. . . The article gave me the courage to invest in a lifetime pen. . . .

WM. H. BROWN, Mauston, Wis.

THE IGNOBLE REDSKIN

DEAR EDITOR: Re letter by Morton I. Blender (The Week's Mail, Mar. 27th) in which he praises the "trustworthy" Indian, and debases the so-called "pioneers."

As a (4 greats) granddaughter of Daniel Boone, I resent Mr. Blender's remarks about the men who underwent untold hardships to settle this great country. It might interest Mr. Blender, that the "noble and honest" Indians kidnaped my great (4) grandmother, murdered (by slow torture of slitting the skin to ribbons) my great (4) uncle; and that Boone himself was held captive by them, and escaped. It seems the Indians didn't wish to share a country that they cared nothing for, nor cared to civilize or make livable.

MRS. H. G. WHEELER, San Antonio, Texas

INNOCENT BYSTANDERS

DEAR ED: Re your item that "professional gamblers constitute Nevada's fourth largest occupational group" (Keep Up With The World, Mar. 20th), a "professional" gambler is one who carries his own bank roll and covers other fellows' bets, or a casino owner who risks his capital against all comers. You got our "dealers" mixed up with professional gamblers. Dealers merely run the game and pay off with house money. The gaming dealer is a "service" employee and is no more a professional gambler than the girl who sells you a ticket at the movie theater is a screen star.

Contrary to the belief of many, Nevada is not overrun with gangsters, harlots or professional card sharks.

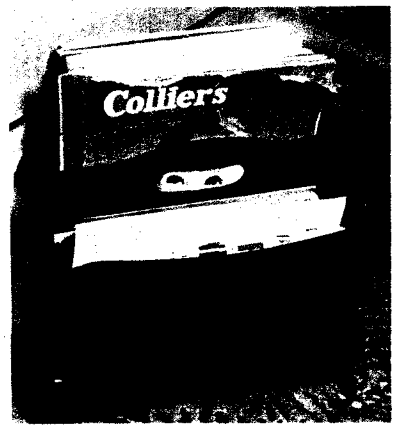
C. B. MCCLELLAND, Las Vegas, Nev.

PEEK-A-BOO

DEAR SIRS: I happened to look at our magazine rack—the enclosed photo shows what I saw.

We think that little Miss Valentine is still the most enchanting cover girl ever to appear on your cover (Jan. 3d).

MARY E. BURRELL, Detroit, Mich.



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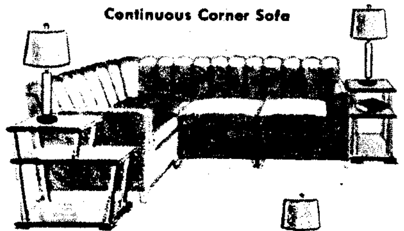
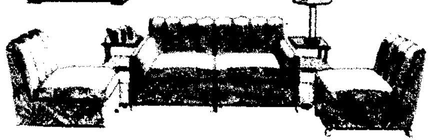
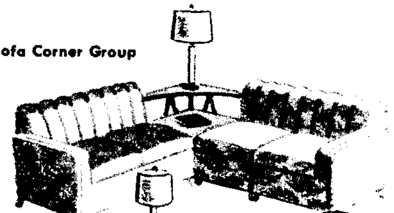
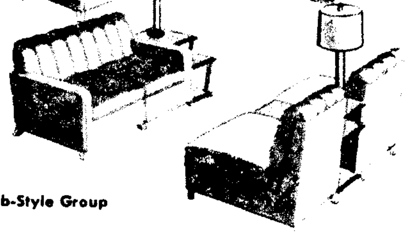

Continuous Corner Sofa


Fireside Arrangement


Two-Sofa Corner Group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Furniture
World's Largest Furniture Manufacturer

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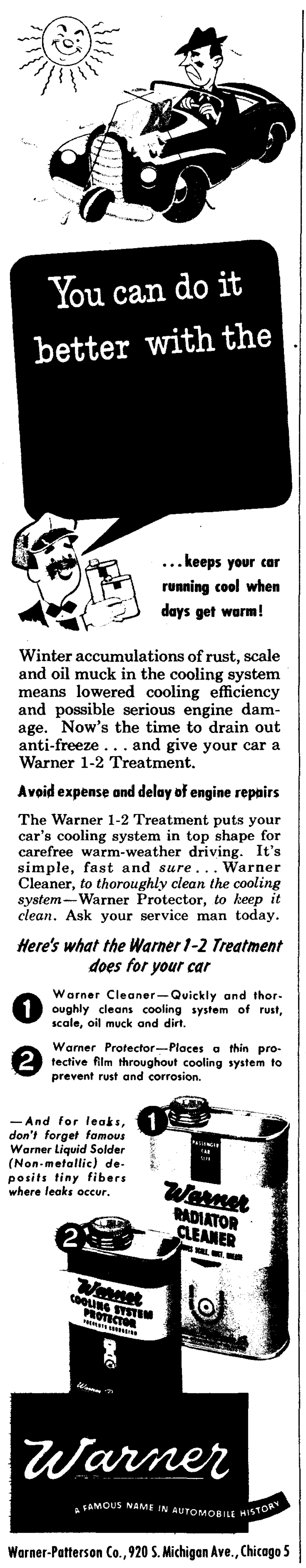

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. . . keeps your car running cool when days get warm!

Winter accumulations of rust, scale and oil muck in the cooling system means lowered cooling efficiency and possible serious engine damage. Now's the time to drain out anti-freeze . . . and give your car a Warner 1-2 Treatment.

Avoid expense and delay of engine repairs

The Warner 1-2 Treatment puts your car's cooling system in top shape for carefree warm-weather driving. It's simple, fast and *sure* . . . Warner Cleaner, *to thoroughly clean the cooling system*—Warner Protector, *to keep it clean*. Ask your service man today.

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1. Warner Cleaner—Quickly and thoroughly cleans cooling system of rust, scale, oil muck and dirt.
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—And for leaks, don't forget famous Warner Liquid Solder (Non-metallic) deposits tiny fibers where leaks occur.

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IT USED TO BE AN OLD BARN

Continued from page 23

"You're telling me," George groaned. I followed him back down the ladder.

"By the way, George," I said, "have you figured out how long all this is going to take?"

"Oh, we're still counting on getting in this fall," he insisted. "We're thinking of a late fall wedding, maybe Thanksgiving. That is, provided *she*"—I thought he put a little extra emphasis on the word she—"doesn't have any more ideas." . . .

George took his vacation in August, and we didn't see him for a couple of weeks, but Jim Bledsoe drove out toward Winton one Saturday afternoon, and he told us later that George was right there in his undershirt, working alongside the carpenters. Helen was right there, too, Jim said, sitting on a sawhorse and holding a set of plans in her lap. "She acted very pleasant," Jim said, "but I thought George seemed a little on edge; there was some sort of an argument going on when I got there about a breakfast nook. It seems they had the kitchen almost finished and she decided they ought to change it to make room for a breakfast nook, and George wanted to know why they couldn't eat breakfast in the dining room like any other meal, and she said, 'But, George, I've always dreamed of a breakfast nook,' and he said, 'Why didn't you say something about it before we got the studs all in?' and she said, 'But, George, I just thought of it,' and he said, 'You think too goddam much,' and she said, 'What did you say, George?' and he said, 'Nothing, dear,' and he kissed her on the forehead, but I felt a little uncomfortable and so I left. If you ask me, George is acting sort of strange lately."

I guess it was the first time any of us had really noticed the change that was coming over George. It was very gradual, but he seemed to get a little more moody and silent each day, and sometimes he would sit through an entire game without saying a word. He never mentioned the barn any more, and naturally none of us asked him, so I was a little surprised when he walked into the smoking car one morning recently and stood beside us in the aisle, his lips twisted in a thin smile. "Well," he announced, "the stuff's finally arrived."

"Why, George," I said, "that's fine."

"Everything we ordered," he said. "The plaster, the metal laths, the sheet rock, the paint, even the wallpaper that Helen picked out. It's all here." He paused dramatically. "We're sending it back."

"You're sending it back?"

"Yep," said George grimly, "we're sending it all back. Helen decided that wallpaper and plaster wouldn't look right with those hundred-year-old beams, so we're going to panel the rooms with old boards instead. We're starting all over again." His face was flushed, and there was a fevered look about his eyes. "This is the last time," he warned, "the very last time. If she thinks of one single solitary thing more—"

MARY looked at me in silence for a long time after I had finished.

"Is that all?" she asked at last.

"That's all," I said, "so far."

She stood up and put the homemaking magazine back in the rack.

"I'll get your supper, dear," she said thoughtfully. . . .

The phone rang two nights later just as we were getting ready for bed. Mary answered it, and then cupped her hand over the mouthpiece. "It's your friend George," she whispered. "He's at the Winton Tavern, and he wants to know if you can come over right away. He sounds a little drunk."

I drove over to Winton as fast as I could. George was sitting all alone at a table in the corner of the taproom, sipping an old-fashioned. There were several empty glasses on the table, but George gave no indication that he'd been drinking except that his words ran together a little and his voice sounded shaky, as though he were about to burst into tears.

"Sit down," he called to me. "Help me cel'brate." He beckoned to the waiter, and held up two fingers. "Big night."

"Now, George," I said, "pull yourself together."

"Oh, I'm together," he said, "but not with Helen. It's all over. We're through. Washed up. Fin-ee!" He drained his glass. "We're breaking our 'ngagement in the morning."

I waited until the waiter had set down two more old-fashioneds on the table.

"What happened, George?" I asked.

"What hap'ned?" He began to laugh hysterically, and then controlled himself with an effort. "You wanna know what hap'ned?" he began again, trying to keep his voice steady. "I'll tell you what hap'ned." He took a large swallow of his drink. "Helen had another idea, is what hap'ned," he said. "I put up with all th' rest. I let her have her breakf'snook. I didn' say anything when she tore out all the new flooring we just laid because she wanted a sunken living room. I didn' even object when she decided to build a circ'lar stairway in the silo. But today was the lashtraw." His voice was getting out of hand again. "Today she was talking with Jim Bledsoe's wife—"

He could not go on, so I finished it for him. "And she wants to build a wing."

"*A* wing?" George laughed hollowly. "*Two* wings! One on each side. A wing here"—he extended his left arm—"and a wing here." He held out his right arm. "See? Like a bird." He began to flap his arms up and down. "I'm o-o-*oon*-ly a bird in a gil-dud cage—"

"George," I said, "sit down."

"Look, I'm flying," he said, waving his arms. "I'm a li'l fledgling an' I'm quitting the nest. She can do over the godd'm nest any way she wants. She can get some straw, 'n' twigs, 'n' a piece of string—"

"Listen to me, George." I grabbed his arm, and pulled him down. "There's only one thing to do." I tried to catch his eye. "You've got to get rid of that barn. Do you hear me, George? Unload it right away. Find some sucker and give him a sales talk about the hundred-year-old beams. Tell him about the built-in garage, and the sun deck, and the breakfast nook. Tell him about the view. Tell him anything," I said, "only sell the barn."

"But wha' will Helen say?"

"Don't give her time to say anything. Marry her, and toss some things in a trailer, and start driving to Florida. Don't stop until she's ready to settle down. And if she ever says anything about doing over the trailer," I said, "throw her in the front seat and start driving again."

George nodded slowly.

I WASN'T too sure how much George had been able to absorb of what I'd told him, so naturally I was very pleased when I read that he had taken my advice. I knew that Mary would be glad to hear everything had worked out, and I hurried home with the item from the newspaper. "I've got some good news, dear," I shouted as I came in the door. "George and Helen are married."

"I know," she said. "George told me."

"He bought a trailer, and they're driving South—" I paused suddenly. "Mary," I asked, "when did George tell you?"

"He told me yesterday," Mary said, "while he was showing me the barn. It's the most beautiful barn, dear, you never said that some of those beams are actually over a hundred years old. And there's a built-in garage, and a sun deck, and the most adorable little breakfast nook. And the view!"

I had the feeling they say people get when a rabbit hops over their grave. "Look, dear," I began rapidly, "you were mentioning something about fixing over this house, I've been doing some figuring lately, and I guess if you want to we might be able to afford a wing—"

Mary's face went pale. "Oh, but, darling," she gasped, "we can't. It isn't our house."

"Why isn't it our house?"

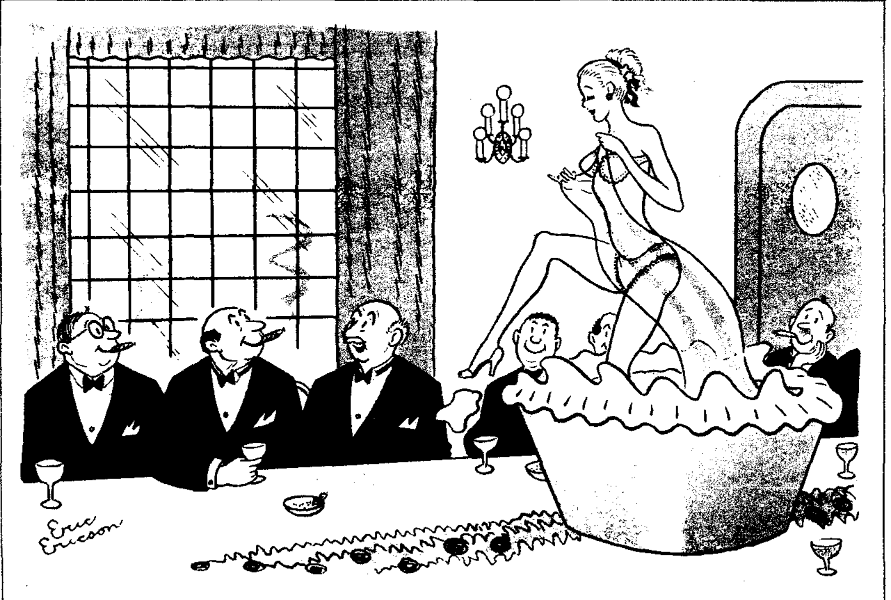
"I was saving it for a surprise," Mary said, her eyes filling with tears, "and now you've made me spoil it. I sold it."

I just stood there; I didn't say anything. Mary began to cry.

"I *had* to sell it," she insisted between sobs. "It was the only way. Otherwise how could I have gotten the money to buy the barn from George—?" . . .

Do you happen to know of anybody who wants to buy an old barn? The beams are over a hundred years old, and there's a built-in garage and other modern conveniences, and it has a wonderful view. The only reason I am sacrificing it myself is because I've just bought a trailer, and my wife and I are driving to Florida. We expect to be gone quite a while.

THE END



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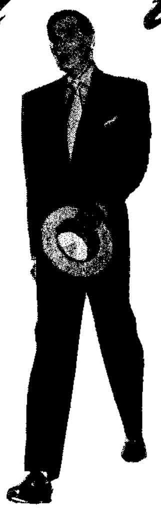

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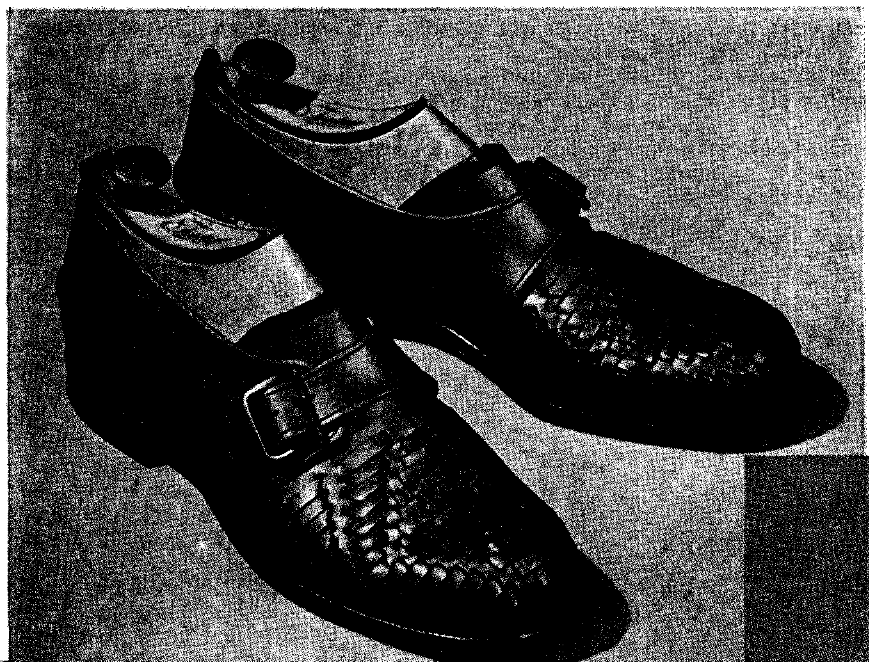

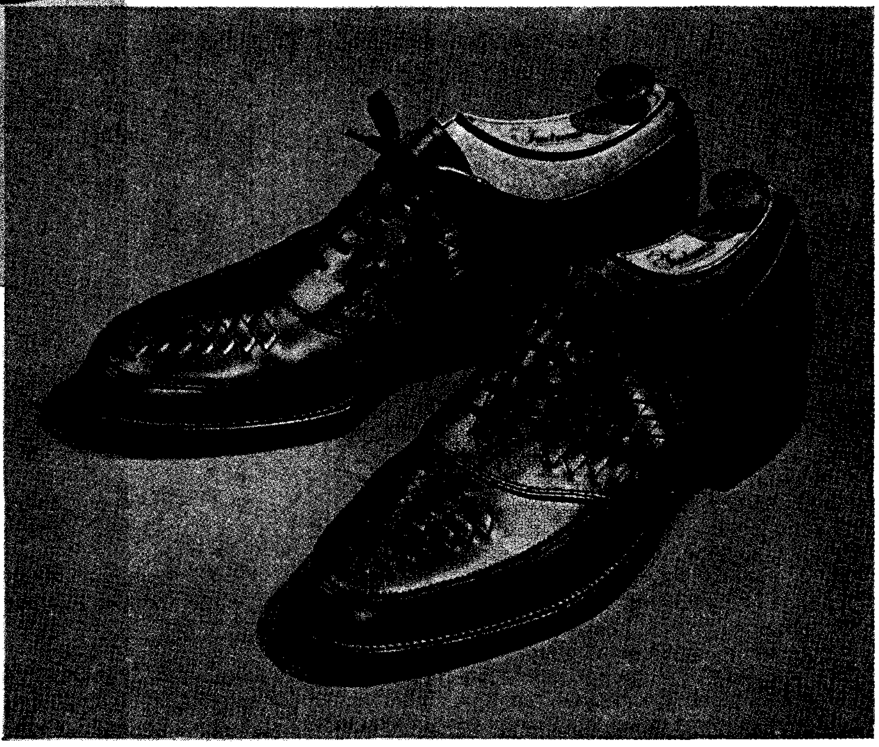

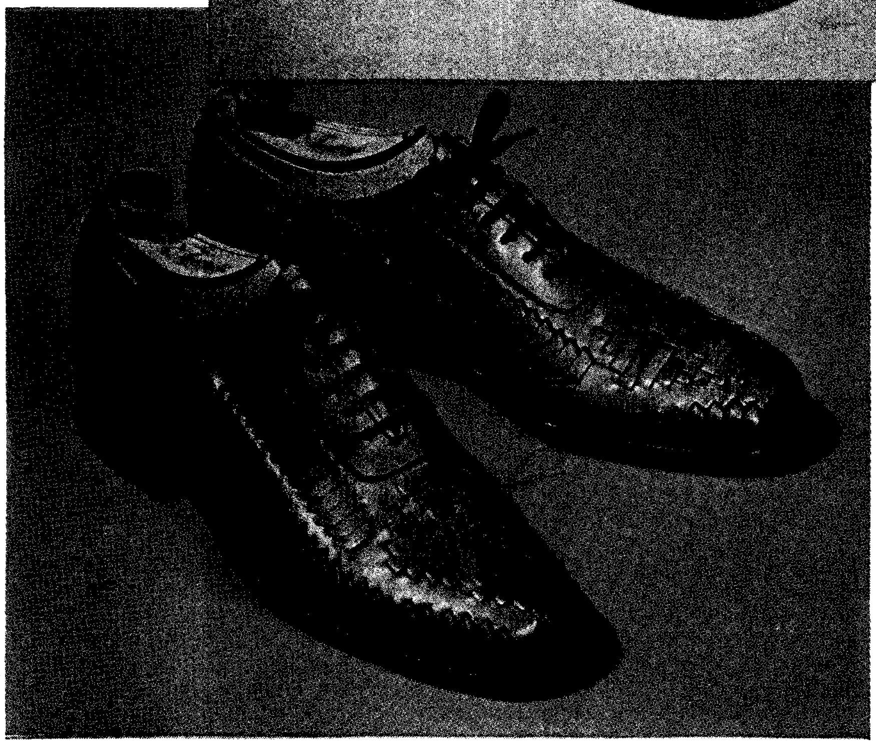

- TOP: Style 6144. Woven, monk strap casual.
- RIGHT: Style 6109. Smart, woven, mudguard saddle.
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THE PEARL-HANDLED HUMBUG

Continued from page 38

know de best ain't none too good for de Lawd."

The widow rocked in her split-hickory chair and thought. From where she sat on her porch she could see the feverish fight against Johnson grass in the broad cotton fields across the bayou. Men and women, mules and tractors, were hard at work, but the damp earth and hot sunshine were sending up more grass as fast as they cut it down. It looked as if the best the workers could hope for in the battle would be a tie.

"Look, Charlie," she said, patiently, "a pearl-handle Bible is like a pearl-handle pistol. Hit looks mighty fine at a Sadday-night social. But hit won't shoot no harder dan a plain old bone-handle two-dolluh Special."

"But hit look so rich and pleasant."

"And dem angels in colored robes," she went on. "Dat must be de work er Satan. Ev'y member knows dat angels don't never wear nothin' but de whitest."

It was a fact, and B'r Charlie regretted bringing up the colored robes.

"And about de Lawd tawkin' in red letters," she went on, "you know de Lawd ain't got to put red letters on His sweet words. De Lawd's words is got certain stuff on 'em, and dey don't need to be in red letters. Amen? De Bible say, 'Ye shall know Me by de certain stuff on My words and not by de color derein.' So say de Sperrit, soul. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

Charlie's campaign had bogged down at the very start. He had lost and he knew it. Nevertheless, as he rose to leave, he put in a parting shot. It was lame, but it was the best he could do on the spur of the moment. "Well, hit's a heap er easy money floatin' about amongst de young members," he said, sadly. "Some favors spendin' hit for wine at de Dago's, and some favors spendin' hit for a handsome pearl-handle pulpit Bible. Me, I don't know which is de best. I'm fixin' to go home and pray and meditate about hit. So long."

FREQUENTLY, the Widow Duck was puzzled about her attitude toward B'r Charlie. She knew him for what he was—a fat-mouth hypocrite and a no-good to the ground. She did not trust him for a minute, and she never left any doubt in his mind as to what she thought of him, personally. But professionally, as the pastor of the Old Ship of Zion Free Will Church, he rose above his iniquities. He could wrap an impressive bass around the highest soprano voice in the congregation. When he got into his stride in prayer, he could ask the Lord for things that most people never even thought of wanting. And when it came to preaching, he was just about perfect for the church. He was not as evocative as Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel, who had preached in Old Ship a time or two. Old Ship couldn't stand many sermons by the Splitter. The last time he had preached there the members got so happy they almost tore the church down. The Widow Duck, herself, had leaped backward over her bench and landed, feet first, with such force that she broke three planks in the floor. B'r Charlie could not make them tear the house down, but he had something.

"Maybe dat lyin' old hypercrit ain't lyin' dis time," she told herself after B'r Charlie left. The idea of people spending money for wine at the Dago's, instead of spending it for the Lord, had lodged in her mind and was leavening. "Two hund'ed dolluhs for a pearl-handle Bible is crazy," she decided, "but two hund'ed is a heap er wine dat you don't drink."

While the pastor was at home praying for guidance, the Widow Duck decided to get more direct, if less expert, advice. She went to talk it over with Uncle Henry. He was not notoriously holy, for a senior deacon, but he had spent most of his life around mules and he was smart.

Uncle Henry was in his kitchen mixing up some corn bread. His collard greens already were simmering on the stove. He had been in a bad frame of mind ever since the bossman sold off a lot of old mules and bought six new tractors.

"And you, Mis' Duck?" he greeted.

"Po'ly, thank God," she replied, seating herself. "I come on committee business."

"Committee come to order," said Uncle Henry. "State yo' business."

"How much money us got in de treasury?" she asked.

"Not enough," said Uncle Henry. "We needs to hold two dollars and twelve cents mo'n we got."

"For what?"

"Well," said Uncle Henry, "I been peepin' in de catalogue, and de cheapest us kin git a Daisy Hot Box stove for is ten dollars and a half, and us don't hold but eight thirty-eight in de treasury. Accordin' to de way she adds up, dat figgers to two-twelve. Amen?"

The Widow Duck shook her head. "I ain't studdin' 'bout no stove."

"You better start studdin' 'bout one," Uncle Henry warned. "You know Mamie T got powerful fat workin' over in Shrevepo't endurin' de war. And quick as wintertime come and she git happy and go to shoutin' and jumpin' and carryin' on, she liable to shake dat old stove apart and set fire to de church."

The Widow Duck smiled. This was the kind of church business she liked. "Mamie T kin jest quit eatin' so much," she ruled. "Ain't nobody got de rights to git dat fat."

Uncle Henry cut his eye at the Widow Duck, who weighed well over two hundred pounds.

"Say which about gittin' fat?" he asked slyly.

"Maybe dat old stove is about wored out," she conceded. "But dat wa'n't what I had in my mind."

"Say on, Senior Usher," prompted Uncle Henry.

"B'r Charlie," she announced, "is fixin' to buy a two-hund'ed-dolluh pearl-handle pulpit Bible."

Uncle Henry nearly fell over. "A which?" he demanded.

She repeated, adding the details of angels in colored robes and the Lord's words in red letters.

Uncle Henry gasped and sat down. "Dat lyin' old hypercrit is fixin' to put a humbug on somebody."

The Widow Duck held up her hand. "Henry," she said, coldly, "it ain't good for de senior deacon to put a bad mouf on de preacher."

"I bet I'll put a brick up side his head," snorted Uncle Henry. "Can't nobody call me a talker-agin-de-preacher, but efn dat one-laigged rogue speak to me about a two-hund'ed-dolluh pearl-handle Bible, I'll git de owl gun and run him plum to It'ly."

"I know how you feels," consoled the Widow Duck. "In my mind, I feel about likewise. But in my heart, I feel efn us collects two hund'ed dolluhs f'm de members, well, dat's two hund'ed dolluhs dey won't buy wine at de Dago's wid."

"What's wrong wid a little wine at de Dago's?" he demanded. "I likes a little wine, and so do you. De Bible say Paul used to take a nip ev'y now and den for his stomach-ache."

"A pint er wine, f'r fawty cents," admitted the Widow Duck. "But two hund'ed dolluhs' worth of wine! Henry, dat much wine is a sin. You'd jest git dronck and chunk yo' hat on de ground."

Uncle Henry was not moved. "A two-hund'ed-dolluh Bible is a humbug," he insisted, "and dat fat-mouf hypercrit is fixin' to work dat humbug on we's back."

"Charlie ain't fixin' to make nothin' outn hit," the Widow Duck explained. "Hit's for de church. All Charlie's gonter git is a sore fist f'm poundin' dem pearls on de covers when he git to preachin' hard."

"Humbug," repeated Uncle Henry, doggedly. "I got me about a hund'ed dolluhs and some odd, layin' back of a certain brick in de fireplace. And I bet you got—"

"I got a hund'ed and fo'teen dolluhs and a dime and a few odd coppers," stated the Widow Duck, "laid away in a certain coffee can."

"Den, how come I and you ain't down at de Dago's, buyin' us two hund'ed dolluhs' worth of wine?" he demanded.

JURY
T
JEFF KEATE

"But, your honor, it's the best we could do—who wants to work for three bucks a day nowadays?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

The new viewpoint impressed the Widow Duck. "Say on," she said.

"De Lawd hauled off and blessed us wid a little spare change," he continued. "And de Lawd didn't did dat jest for fun. He knows de bossman is fixin' to sell off de mules and buy tractors, and He knows I hates tractors. So He pleasured me wid a little ready cash, so's I kin leave out and go to Texas whar hit ain't nothin' but mules. Now, I don't know what you's fixin' to do wid yo' money—"

"I'm fixin' to git old and cropit," she stated, frankly. "And de Lawd know I don't aim to set back and live offn my neighbors in my old age."

"Dat's right," agreed Uncle Henry. "De Lawd tuck de patience to bless us all accordin' to we's needs. You don't reckon He fixin' to turn around and unbless ev'ybody wid a two-hund'ed-dolluh pearl-handle Bible, do you?"

It sounded so reasonable that the Widow Duck was almost convinced. But she was thorough and fair. She figured B'r Charlie was not going to profit, personally, and there was a lot of free and easy money floating about Little Bee. "Dat's all okay about me and you," she told Uncle Henry, "but what about dem which ain't as holy as I and you?"

"I only speaks for me," he said.

THE Widow Duck walked about, studying in her mind. Usually she could come to decisions about church matters with such finality that no one even questioned her opinion. But the combination of easy money and an expensive Bible confused her. If it had been something merely to tickle the fancy of the preacher, she would have settled the question—and the preacher—with suddenness. "And I don't b'lieve de Lawd craves a pearl-handle Bible," she said. "He been makin' out purty good wid de one us got." She looked across the field and saw a big tractor approaching her. "But on de yuther hand," she went on, "us made some purty good cotton wid mules, but de bossman say mules ain't good enough, no more." She looked critically at the plowed furrows and found them to be almost as well done as mules could do. This fact neither pleased nor displeased her. She waited until the tractor came up, and she hailed the driver, who was wearing a pair of bell-bottom Navy trousers and a skivvy shirt.

"You plows right good wid dat thing, Woodrow," she said pleasantly.

"Plowin' is mo' easy den bulldozin', like I used to do in de Seabees, down in Trinidad," he said.

The Widow Duck moved in, immediately. "I hyars," she said, casually, "dat de Seabees kept y'all boys so busy, bulldozin' and goin' on, dat you didn't had no time to spend yo' money."

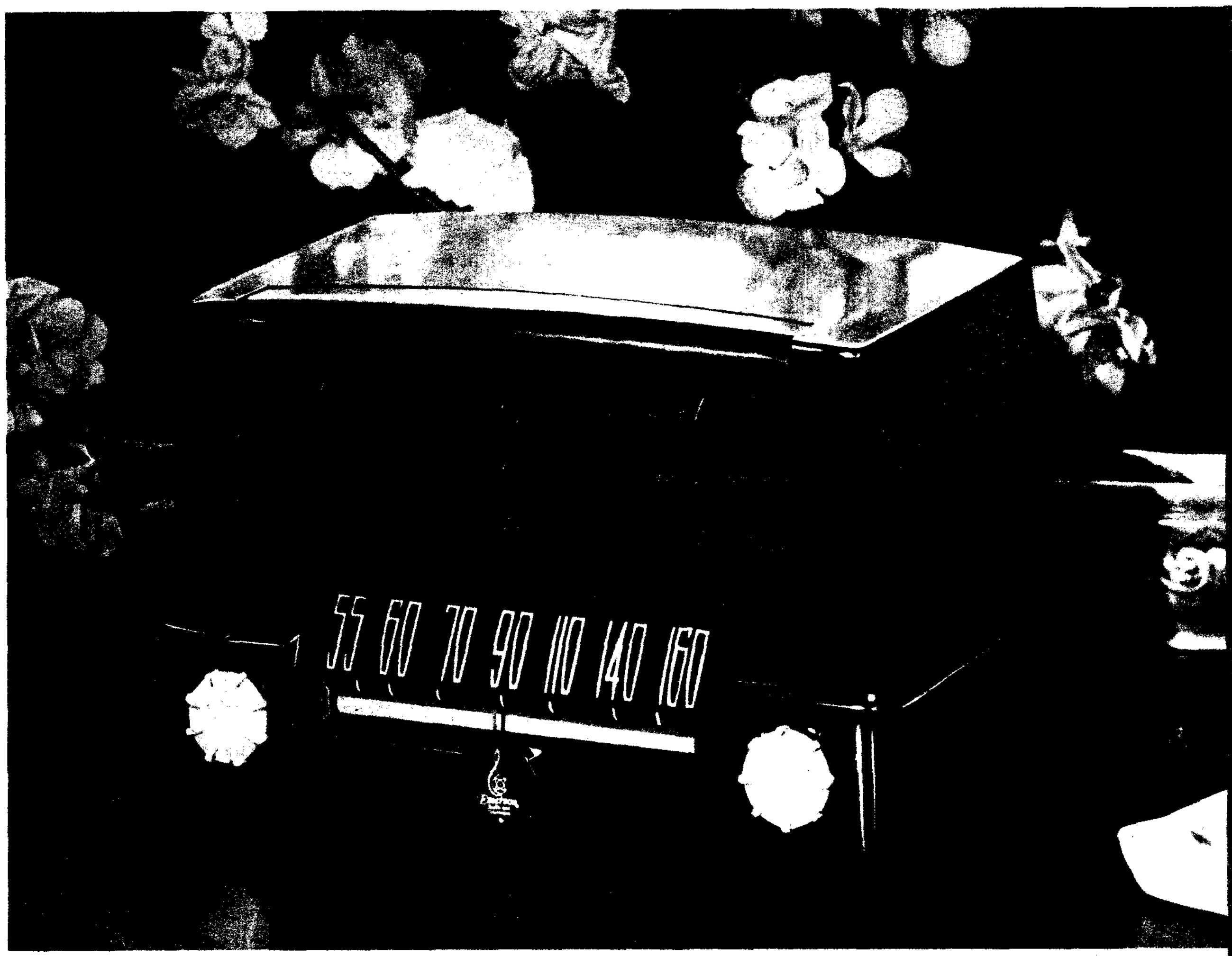
Woodrow fell into the trap. "Us was kept mighty busy," he admitted. "But de ship service and de laundry and de Bonds and all—I didn't git to bring home but a few hund'ed dolluhs."

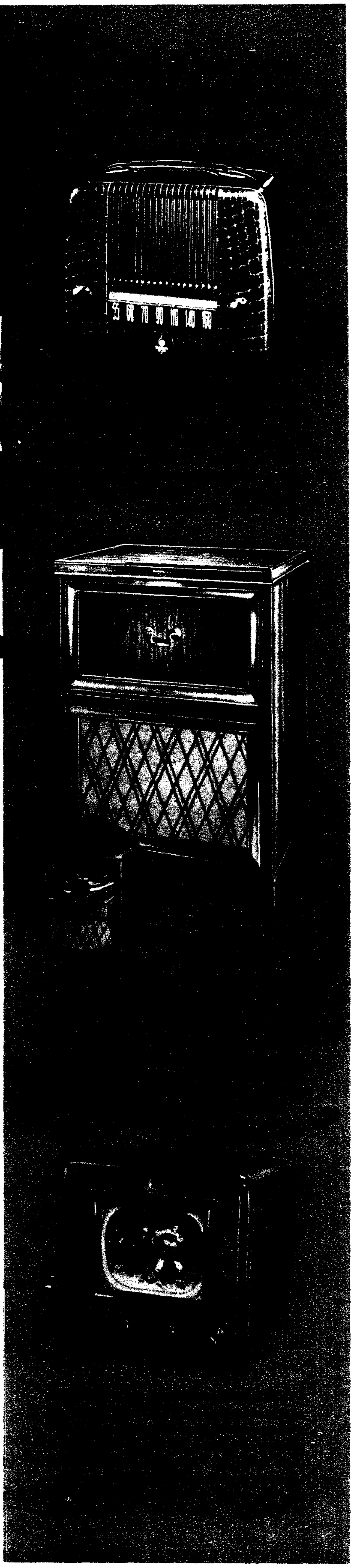
The Widow Duck pictured Woodrow loaded down with two hundred dollars' worth of wine, just chunking his hat on the ground and staggering all over the place. It was not a pretty picture. "Us is assessin' ev'ybody to buy a new Bible for de church, Woodrow," she told him blandly.

"Put me down for my share," he said, without hesitation. "I been kind of layin' off to take my cash money and my Bonds and some veteran loan and all, and buy me a little farm up in de hills, quick as prices come down to right. But I sho' will chip in for a Bible." He engaged the clutch and the tractor rolled on.

"Hit's a pearl-handle Bible," the Widow Duck called.

"Put Callie down, too," he shouted





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"AH, LET IT GO, NEPTUNE. YOU'RE HOLDING UP THE PARADE!"
"THE HECK I WILL! IT'S AN ACUSHNET!"*

* In 1947, more Acushnets were sold than ever before. More Acushnet Titleists were played in the "Big Money" tournaments than any other brand. More money winners in these tournaments played the Titleist than any other brand. Acushnet Process Company, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Acushnet
GOLF BALLS

Titleist, Bedford, Green Ray, Pinnacle sold the World Over Through Pro Shops Only

back at her. "She save some of her wages, and she wouldn't want to be left out."

"Dat's a fine boy," the Widow Duck told herself. "Hit's a shame to take his money."

She visited field hand after field hand with the proposition, and without exception found them willing but not overly eager to donate money for the Bible. All were saving money for a purpose, but each was willing to contribute. No one asked how much it would cost, and not one was impressed with the idea of the pearl handles.

Finally, she ambled over to Old Ship and went inside. It was a simple little building with old, sturdy plank benches and unpainted walls. But it was clean and orderly. The stove, in one corner, did look shabby and unsafe, just as Uncle Henry had pointed out. She saw, also, that the altar cloth needed laundering, and she made a mental note to speak to Mamie T about that. Then she looked at the Bible which rested on a homemade lectern. It was a big, old, used-looking book. It appeared exactly the same as it had looked to her the first time she had seen it, years and years ago—a trifle dog-eared and abused from the poundings it had taken from preachers who beat it with their fists to drive home their sermons, but it did not look as if it needed replacing.

She flipped open the front cover and turned to the Book of Genesis. The light was bad and she did not have her glasses. Even in a good light and with spectacles, the Widow Duck was poor at reading. But she looked at the type and repeated the words as she remembered them: "In de beginnin' hit wa'n't nothin' nowhar. And de Lawd stepped out er dat nothin' and put his foot on nothin', and r'ared back and shouted at de empty void: 'I am de Great I Am!' " She beamed affectionately and raised her eyes heavenward. "Ah, Lawd, you was young and brash in dem days and times. But you was right, plum down to de ground. You was de Great I Am, and you still is, for my money. Amen."

WHEN she left the church, the old woman felt strangely exalted. She felt a kindred feeling for the Lord. He had grown older and less brash since Creation, and she was getting along in years, herself. And while this feeling was upon her, the answer to her worries came. It was so simple that she wondered why she hadn't thought of it, before. She made a beeline for B'r Charlie's house.

The preacher was on his porch, catching the afternoon shade.

"I been thinkin' about dat pearl-handle Bible," she said.

B'r Charlie looked at her suspiciously.

"Us ought to buy dat Bible," she announced, flatly. "Not for de Lawd, 'cause He don't need hit. But Old Ship could stand some fancyin' up."

"I been prayin' and meditatin' about dat ve'y thing," said B'r Charlie.

"Whar you fixin' to buy dat pearl-handle Bible at?" she asked.

"Hit's a man over town," he explained vaguely. "He sells 'em."

"Whar at, over town?" she pressed.

B'r Charlie appeared offended. "Whut diffunce do hit make?" he demanded.

"Is hit a secret?" she wanted to know. "Is sellin' Bibles agin de law, so's a man got to hide out to sell Bibles, like hit was homemade licker?"

"Hit ain't no secret," B'r Charlie assured. "I jest disremembers de name."

"How you gonter buy a Bible f'm a man efn you don't know him."

B'r Charlie controlled his temper. "I got de man's card," he explained, fumbling in his pocket and drawing out a small business card. The Widow Duck spelled out the letters: ATOMIC NOVELTY COMPANY. There also was an address on lower Texas Street in Shreveport.

"Whyn't you say dat in de first place?" she demanded slipping the card in her apron pocket. "Now, I move and second dat we git de Bible. You go pass de word for ev'ybody to come to de meetin' tonight, but don't tell nobody how come. Jest say hit'll be a pleasant surprise for one and all."

B'r Charlie could hardly believe it. "You really wid I and de Lawd about dat Bible?" he demanded. "I figured you was agin hit."

"You my pastor," she reminded him. "I aims to uphold yo' tremblin' hand."

"Well, Glory," he said.

The Widow Duck went home and rummaged in her cupboard until she found a certain coffee can. From it, she counted a handful of wrinkled bills of varying denominations. Then she went to the barn.

"You, Riley," she called to Uncle Henry's helper, "you go saddle up Prince and take him to Giles, and git dat Gee Buggy Giles is ridin' in. Tell him I and Henry need to git over to town on business."

Then she went into Uncle Henry's house. As she walked in she threw a handful of money upon the floor. "Dar lays a solid hund'ed dolluhs, Henry," she announced. "All in bills and greenbacks."

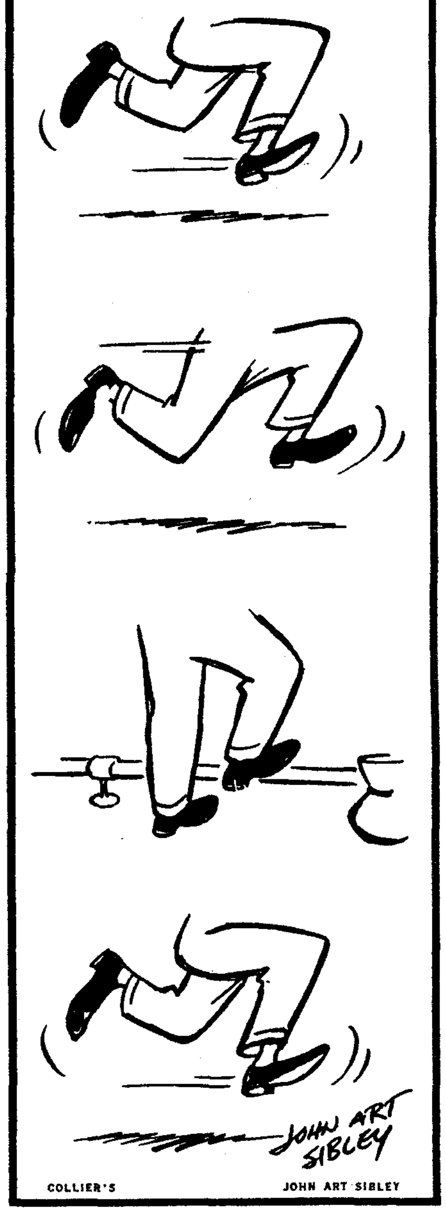
"Why, Mis' Duck!" exclaimed Uncle Henry. "I b'lieve you's droncked."

"No mind," she said, airily. "You pull out dat certain brick in de fireplace and fade my hund'ed, dolluh for dolluh and dime for dime."

Uncle Henry began counting the brick. "I quit off gamblin' when I jined de church," he explained. "But a hund'ed dolluhs layin' on my floor might make me backslide." He found the loose brick and took out his money. "I might be able to rake up a old deck er spot cyards," he

FEET FIRST

Five-o'clock Rush Hour



COLLIER'S JOHN ART SIBLEY

went on. "We c'd turn a little skin, or maybe four-up. Hit's mo' faster den seven-up."

"Put yo' money whar yo' mouf is," she told him.

He counted out a hundred dollars and threw it on the floor.

"What us is fixin' to play," she went on, "us is bofe gonter win, and ain't neither one of us gonter lose."

"How you mean?" he wanted to know.

"I mean," she explained, "quick as Riley git back wid de Gee Buggy I and you is fixin' to take dis two hund'ed over to Shrevepo't and buy dat pearl-handle Bible."

"Which?" he demanded. "Mis' Duckie, I knows you's droncked. I bet you can't hit de ground wid yo' hat."

"I ain't chunkin' at de ground wid my hat," she told him, "nor neither I ain't droncked."

"Den you's crazy," he declared.

"Nawp. I'm jest smart," she explained.

"You's doin' de tawkin," he said. "Say on."

She sat down and took a deep breath. "Henry," she began, "you claim you's savin' yo' money to leave out and go to Texas. But you know you's a lie. You ain't fixin' to leave out and go nowhar. You know you gonter be right hyar on Little Bee de day Gab'iel toots his hawn."

"I figgered—"

"Hold on," she broke in. "I'm still speakin'. Likewise, I'm a lie when I say I'm savin' up my money for de time I git old and cropit. Henry, I got enough meat in my smokehouse and enough canned stuff in my kitchen to last me fawty years, if I never hit another lick er work."

"You's speakin' wid de tongues er men," Uncle Henry admitted.

"Hyar you, de senior deacon, and hyar me, de senior usher. We so holy we stink. But all de time we's savin' up money like old Rich Man Dives tryin' to stick de needle in de camel's eye. And dat's a sin. Amen?"

"H'mm," mused Uncle Henry. "Yo' words is p'inted like de sarpent tooth and stingeth like a spreadin' adder."

"So," finished the Widow Duck, "I and you gonter buy dat Bible. Not for de Lawd, cause He don't need hit. And not for B'r Charlie, cause he don't deserve hit. But for de young members which is savin' they money to buy farms and stuff wid."

"But how we gonter win?" Uncle Henry wanted to know.

"We gonter win in de sperrit," she assured him. "We do good and feel good."

"I feel holy already," he said solemnly.

THE trip to Shreveport in the jeep was made in silence. Uncle Henry drove; the Widow Duck sat in the back seat. They had little trouble finding the Atomic Novelty Company, but the place looked more like a combination machine shop and storeroom than a bookstore. Slot machines, pinball games and juke boxes were sitting about in various stages of repair. Vending machines, weighing machines—anything which had a slot into which money could be inserted, was represented. There was one desk in the rear, at which a man was sitting, taking race bets over the telephone.

Both the Widow Duck and Uncle Henry felt ill at ease, but they went back to the man at the desk.

"Us want to buy a Bible," Uncle Henry said.

"A pearl-handle Bible," supplemented the Widow Duck. She pulled the card from her pocket and handed it to the man.

"Oh, yes," he said. "You want a Bible—hey, Tony, here's a preacher and his wife want one of them Bible deals. You take care of 'em."

The man called Tony, who had been repairing a slot machine, put down his screw driver, and got one of the Bibles from a big box in the corner. "So you're interested in this Bible deal, are you, Reverend?" he asked. He unwrapped the book. It was large, and had binding boards made of a fair imitation of mother-of-pearl. He flopped the book upon the desk, and opened it. "See? Pretty pictures of angels, and everything. It's a natch for grabbing loose change among the colored. They'll go for it big."

The Widow Duck shuddered, but said nothing.

The man opened the book at another page and revealed almost a whole column of red printing. "All the words of the Lord in red ink," he said. "They'll go for that stuff big. It's a natch."

UNCLE HENRY nudged the Widow Duck. "De Lawd sho tawked a heap on dat page, didn't He?" he whispered.

"Now, Reverend," the man continued, dropping into what seemed to be a fixed speech, "there's a lot of loose change among the colored, right now, and I aim to get my share. So I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to sell you this Bible at a profit. In my racket we got two things. One, we got to make a profit, and the other, we got to be honest. This Bible cost me fifty dollars, and I'm going to sell it to you for a hundred."

The Widow Duck blinked her eyes, and continued to listen attentively.

"See, I'm being honest with you. I make fifty on the deal. But I don't want to make it all—looky here. Right here on the fly page it says, 'Price $200.' That's the price. It's printed right there for everybody to see. So I sell it to you for a hundred, and you sell it to your congregation for two hundred. I double my money. You double your money, and your gang gets a fine, flashy Bible with imitation mother-of-pearl cover boards, twenty-five handsome reprints of old masters, and the words of the Lord in red type. I've only got a few of these left—"

Uncle Henry chuckled. "You speaks like a gamblin' man," he said.

"Hunh?" grunted the salesman. "What makes you think I'm a gambler?"

"F'm de way you speaks," he explained. "I used to gamble a little, myself, before I jined de church."

"Aw," said the salesman. "What was your pitch?"

"In my gamblin' days, dey used to call me Even-Steven Henry," he told him. "Dat was my workin' name, down in Bayou Sara and in de levee camps."

"So you're with it, are you?" asked Tony.

"I ain't gambled in a long time," Uncle Henry said. "But a hund'ed dolluhs is a heap er frog skins to lay out for a fifty-dolluh Bible. I was thinkin' maybe I c'd lay down fifty dolluhs and you lay down de Bible. Den us c'd cut de cyards and de high man pick up de money *and* de Bible."

Tony thought fast. He preferred to bet on a sure thing. But in view of the fact that the Bible had cost him a trifle less than twenty-five dollars and that the chance of winning in a cut of the cards was an even one, he was getting a two-to-one price on an even-money bet.

"I'll do it," he agreed, taking a pack of cards from the desk drawer.

Uncle Henry picked up the cards and riffled them three times and put them back upon the desk.

"Cut," said Tony.

"White before colored," said Uncle Henry, bowing.

Tony picked up half the pack and displayed the ten of clubs.

Uncle Henry moved his hand awkwardly over the cards, picked off a dozen, and displayed the ace of spades. He picked up the money and the Bible. "Thank you kindly, suh," he said, and he and the Widow Duck walked out. . . .

Neither Uncle Henry nor the Widow Duck spoke until they had crossed the Red River bridge and were well along the Bossier Parish road home. The sun was setting clear, and it looked like a quick, sudden dark would come upon them.

"Better snap on de light, Henry," the

with hair like this, you'll hear: "hello handsome"

Gals greet good-looking hair with open arms. For hair that rates receptions like this . . . for hair that's well-groomed, better-looking . . .

use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"
Product of Bristol-Myers
to stimulate scalp...keep hair handsome

50 seconds to massage—Feel that tingle! That's the alcohol in Vitalis stimulating your scalp. Different from those dressings that contain nothing but oil!

Won't dry your hair—The alcohol disappears, leaving a fine, protective film of pure vegetable oils that *prevent* dryness. At the same time, you condition your scalp—rout loose dandruff, help check excessive falling hair.

10 seconds to comb—Man, what grooming! What natural lustre! No greasy look—Vitalis contains only pure vegetable oils, *no mineral oil.* Get Vitalis . . . any drug counter or barber shop.

Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair handsome, stimulate your scalp. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application.

Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks

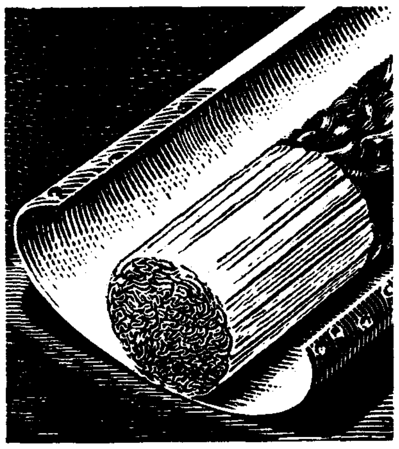
Helene Cornely

$100 a day New York photographer's model tells her "success story"

1 Can you see one reason why Helene's in such demand as a model? It's that bright, sparkling smile! There's a story back of it, too. One morning . . .

2 Helene looked in her mirror and saw cigarette stain beginning to dim her white teeth. She scurried to her dentist, heard this: "Young lady, switch today to Viceroy Cigarettes!"

3 39,468 dentists are now telling their patients—*Viceroy's filter the smoke!* The nicotine and tars trapped* by the exclusive Viceroy filter cannot reach your teeth or mouth.



4 Here's the trick! It's the *exclusive* Viceroy filter (twice enlarged). Each puff of smoke passes through scores of tiny passages in this absorbent filter-paper tip. The result is . . .

5 A cleaner, filtered smoke. *Richer,* too, thanks to Viceroy's blend of fine, luxurious tobaccos. "And," says Helene, "how nice that no messy crumbs of tobacco can get in your mouth!"

Smoke Viceroys, and let Viceroy's exclusive filter-paper tip *filter your smoke.* For two full packs *free,* tear out this advertisement within ten days from the date of issue of this magazine and send it with your name and address to Viceroy, Dept. C, Louisville 1, Ky. (Offer limited to U. S. A.) You'll be glad you did!

**No filter can remove all nicotine and tars, nor does Viceroy make this claim.*

Widow Duck suggested. "De Bible say, 'He which let de light so shine shall abide therein.' So say de Sperrit, Henry. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

Uncle Henry laughed. "Dat might be amen tawk," he admitted. "But I and you started in de dark about dis Bible, and we ended up wid a pleasant visit to Shrevepo't and a free Bible."

"Don't say 'Bible' at me," she snorted. "Dat thing is evil, f'm B'r Charlie's humbug, to dat slick-haired Mr. Tony over at de Atomic. Hit's evil plum to de ground. And neither hit ain't purty to look at, too."

"Hit ain't evil," declared Uncle Henry. "Hit's a humbug, all right. Quick as dat Mr. Tony started speakin', I knowed hit was all a humbug. Dat's how come I humbugged him outn hit wid dat ace er spades. But we got de Bible, and hit'll look right pleasant settin' on de pulpit."

"B'r Charlie," insisted the Widow Duck, "was fixin' to rogue up a hund'ed dolluhs for his own! I ought to wring his neck and chunk him in de bayou."

"You ought to do dat," Uncle Henry said, feelingly. "But you ain't."

"Nawp, I ain't," she admitted. "He still my pastor."

"Den what you aimin' to do?"

"I don't know," she said. "I reckon de onliest thing to do, is just give de Bible to de church, and say nothin'. Charlie is too dirty in dis thing to open up his big yap. But hit won't never be no pleasure to me."

"Maybe de young 'uns'll like hit," suggested Uncle Henry.

"Maybe," said the Widow Duck. "But don't think I'm fixin' to let B'r Charlie off about hit. He done evil, and I'm gonter pull him before de committee."

"I would like to be on dat committee."

"Nawp," said the Widow Duck. "I'm gonter be on hit, by myself. I ain't gonter have a big ruckus in de church and start people tawkin' agin de preacher. He bad enough, as hit is."

IT WAS black dark when they got to the plantation, and already the singing had started at the special meeting. The song was: Great Day, The Righteous Are Marching, and the senior usher and senior deacon marched down the aisle, together. The Widow Duck carried the Bible under her arm.

As befitted high officials of the church, they went straight to the pulpit. Uncle Henry edged B'r Charlie aside, stopped the singing with a gesture, and bowed. "Members," he announced, "we's fixin' to have a Give-and-Take service. We fixin' to give you somethin', and den we's fixin' to take somethin' from you. Amen?"

"Amen," assented the congregation.

"Senior Usher," Uncle Henry commanded, "hold up dat pearl-handle Bible, so all kin see."

She held it up in plain view. It was received with varying emotions, ranging from enthusiastic "Ah, well!" to polite grunts of approval. B'r Charlie was not long in identifying the book as the one he had hoped to sell, but he was not as smart as the Widow Duck had counted on. Instead of keeping his mouth shut about a thing which, to his own personal interest, the less said the better, Charlie felt outraged and revengeful. He knew it was a crooked deal, and that he had caught his two holiest and most-hated members in the middle of it. It was a great chance to get revenge for the many things they had done to him.

Working himself into a state of righteous indignation, he leaped forward. "Hit's a humbug!" he shouted. "Dat Bible is a humbug!"

"Keep quiet, fool," the Widow Duck whispered into his ear. "You want to scandalize de church?"

B'r Charlie had no intention of keeping quiet. "Henry and Miss Duck fixin' to humbug you outn a hund'ed dollars!" he roared.

"Best shet yo' mouf," she warned, "whilst I'm still upholdin' yo' tremblin' hand."

"Dey buyed hit cheap to sell hit high!" he yelled, and it was his final statement on the matter.

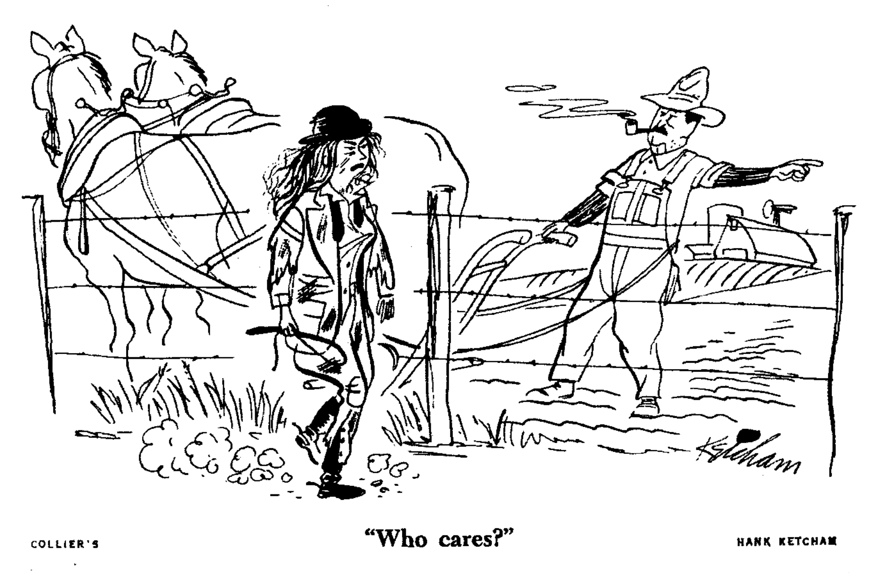
The Widow Duck raised the Bible high into the air and brought it down upon the preacher's head with all her might. The blow not only felled B'r Charlie, but it wrecked the Bible. The imitation mother-of-pearl bindings crashed into a thousand pieces and the book disintegrated as the force of the blow ruptured the binding strings and broke the glue which held the pages together. The pages in red and black printing and the colored pictures of the angels scattered all over the church. The Widow Duck crawled upon Brother Charlie's back and pinned him to the floor. "One more word outn yo' fat mouf and I'll bob up and down on you," she threatened.

Uncle Henry watched the ruckus and grinned. The congregation appeared well pleased, also. "Throw him in mutual, Mis' Duck," called Woodrow, "and let him coast down de hill." And Mamie T offered to add her weight, if the Widow Duck needed help.

B'r Charlie, stunned by the blow winded by the weight of the Widow Duck and frightened by her threat to bob up and down, kept quiet.

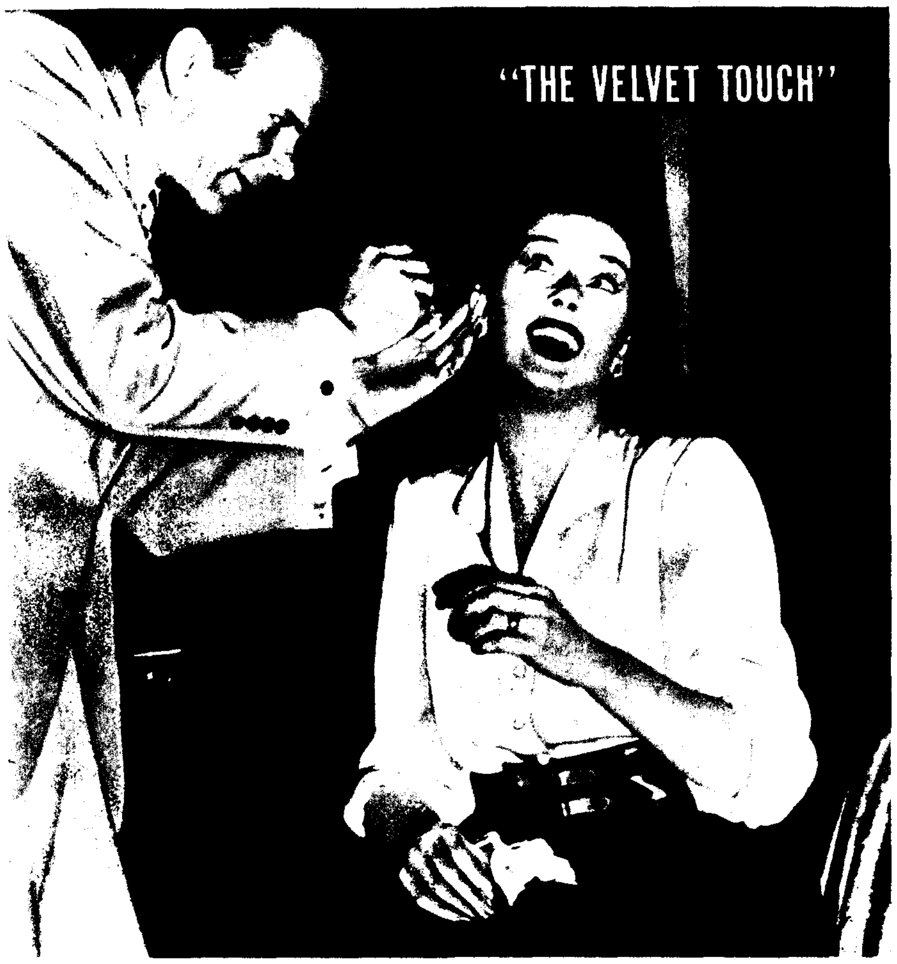
"What I had in my mind," said Uncle Henry, when the congregation finally quieted, "was to give y'all dat pearl-handle Bible, for free. Hit didn't cost nothin', and f'm de looks of hit, I reckon dat's jest about how much she's worth. Some er y'all ladies kin sweep hit up and start de fire, next winter. And speakin' er next winter, us got to buy a new stove for de church, and we's two dolluhs and twelve cents shawt on a Daisy Hot Box, now, who gonter give me de first dime?"

THE END



COLLIER'S "Who cares?" HANK KETCHAM

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH



TICKLISH business. ROSALIND RUSSELL receives make-up touches for comedy scene in *The Velvet Touch*, which concerns the intimate adventures of Broadway's gayest star. LEO GENN, CLAIRE TREVOR, and SYDNEY GREENSTREET co-star. A Frederick Brisson Production.

"RACHEL AND THE STRANGER"

ACADEMY AWARD WINNER for her distinguished performance in RKO's "The Farmer's Daughter," LORETTA YOUNG next will be seen in *Rachel And The Stranger*. Temperature-raising closeup shows her as *Rachel*, with WILLIAM HOLDEN. Also co-starred: ROBERT MITCHUM.

"THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR"

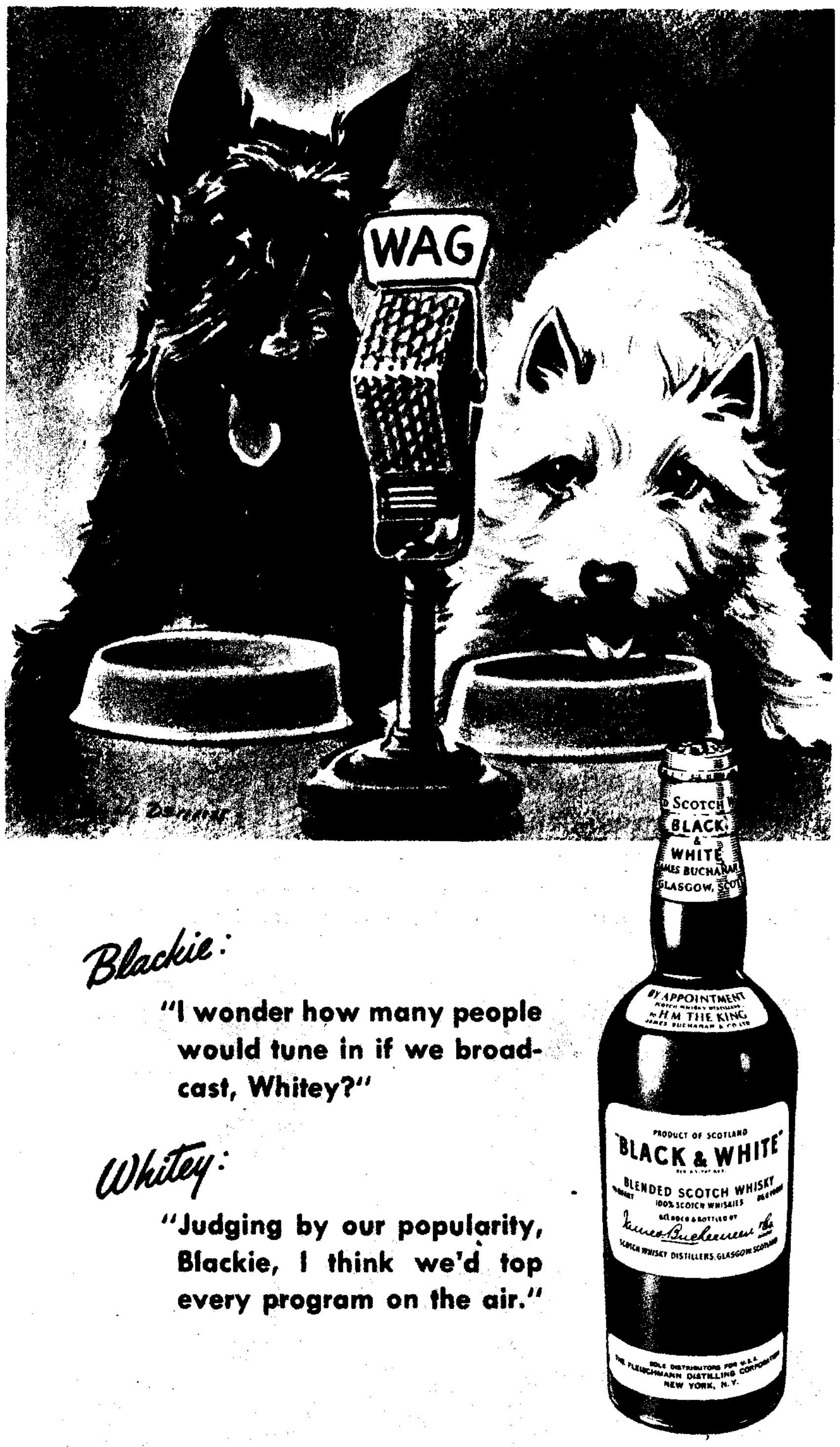
SCRIPT READING of *The Boy With Green Hair*, RKO's Technicolor special for 1949, finds co-stars PAT O'BRIEN and ROBERT RYAN rehearsing spirited dramatic sequence for Production Chief Dore Schary. Stellar roles will be played by BARBARA HALE, DEAN STOCKWELL.

RUTHLESS LADY. This drugged seaman will find his bankroll missing when he awakens. A gripping scene from RKO's *The Window*. Film's furious pace is augmented by beautiful BARBARA HALE, BOBBY DRISCOLL, ARTHUR KENNEDY and PAUL STEWART.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

What an Audience!



Blackie: "I wonder how many people would tune in if we broadcast, Whitey?"

Whitey: "Judging by our popularity, Blackie, I think we'd top every program on the air."

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK · SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

WHAT'S WRONG WITH VETERANS' SCHOOLS?

Continued from page 25

The training of dancing *instructors* is required in at least some states, because the theory of G.I. education implies that the student is learning to *become something;* that he is qualifying himself for a job or a profession. But the instruction is often not taken too seriously by the veteran students.

One school explains to its veteran students that they may drop out after 100 hours of basic instruction without taking advanced training, or at any time they believe themselves to be proficient.

Another school has advertised "Dancing lessons for 2 at the cost of 1." The advertisement failed to explain how the veteran's wife or girl friend could be trained free without charging Uncle Sam twice what the veteran's course is worth.

Too Many Dance Instructors

Let us consider the Johnny Johnson Dancing Studios of Chicago which have been approved by the State of Illinois to give a one-year course of teacher-training instruction for ballroom dancing. Its staff of seven instructors is approved by the state to train as many as 200 teachers at a time. If all the students of this school were actually planning to pursue the profession of dancing instruction, this single institution could turn out enough teachers in a year to man every dancing school in the entire city of Chicago.

Fortunately for the professional dance teachers, most of the thousands of veterans who have been attending this and similar schools have elected to stay out of this overcrowded profession—an outcome good for everybody concerned except the U.S. Treasury and the taxpayer who has footed the bill.

In case you think this particular activity hasn't played any part in boosting your personal income taxes, James E. Webb, director of the Bureau of the Budget says: "The typical course costs between $350 and $450 for tuition payments in addition to any subsistence allowances required." (That's right, he said *subsistence allowances.* If you are a veteran and haven't a job and want to pretend you're learning to be a dancing instructor, you not only can have your tuition paid, but your generous Uncle will pay you a subsistence allowance so that you can earn while you learn.)

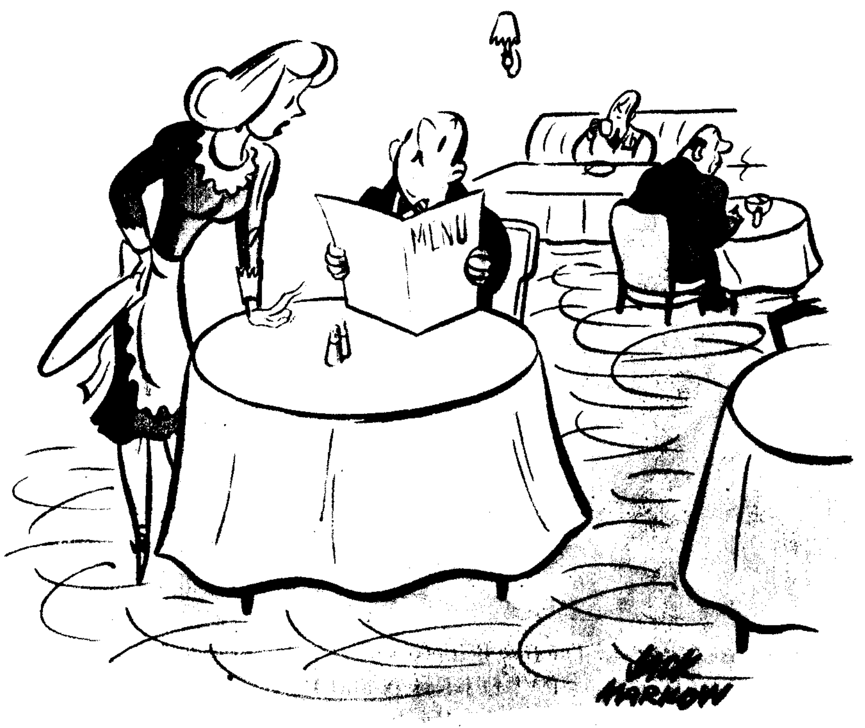
The same general pattern repeats itself with a score of other activities. Almost every big-city newspaper carries the advertisements of "G.I. approved" schools of photography. In one city, where job opportunities in the photographic field are reported to be "virtually nonexistent," according to Mr. Webb of the Budget Bureau, 280 veterans are currently enrolled in photography courses, with the federal government paying the entire cost of their tuition.

In Chicago there are nine approved schools of photography and in Los Angeles six. Scattered throughout the country are scores of others, all engaged (or pretending to be engaged) in training veterans at the taxpayers' expense for a profession that has long been overcrowded.

The Veterans Administration has not been ignorant of the limited employment opportunities in this field. Its own manual of Occupational Outlook Information points out that of 37,600 photographers in the United States in 1940, nearly 4,000 were unemployed. It adds there will be a "limited number of openings for highly qualified persons in the next few years; keen competition among new entrants."

Yet it has had to sit idly by while thousands of veterans have been permitted to exhaust their educational entitlement either by pursuing a hobby or deluding themselves into thinking they were being qualified to enter a profession that would greet them with open arms and provide a lifetime "big pay" job.

Photography is by no means an isolated example of this sort of training in overcrowded fields. At the end of 1947 more than 43,000 veterans were receiving instruction as radio and television mechanics. In Chicago alone the American Television School has more than 4,000 students enrolled in various courses.



"Try the veal cutlet. We haven't had any complaints on that so far"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

"It's nice of you to offer to carry me through the smoke and flames—but it's only a drill"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

There were more than 5,000 others who entered this school and then later discontinued training. Charging $495 for a 34-week course, this single institution has been providing "G.I. education" at a rate well in excess of $2,000,000 a year.

Over the country as a whole the training of radio and television mechanics has been costing the government about $40,000,000 a year plus an equal or larger sum in subsistence allowances. What is the need for new trainees in this field?

The Veterans Administration Occupational Outlook Information file has much to say on this subject, all of it pretty glum. Of radio repairmen it says:

"In 1941, there were probably about 25,000 radio servicemen in business for themselves full time and thousands more part time . . . the field was overcrowded . . . the number of jobs and business opportunities (since the war) will probably be much less than the number of wartime trainees and others seeking to enter or re-enter the field. In addition to newly trained civilians, the armed forces trained even more, often in well-rounded, full training programs. Even many highly skilled men may find it hard to make a living or to find jobs."

Reports from the Manual

Of electronic technicians, this Veterans Administration manual says:

"Field as a whole overcrowded. At present there is an oversupply of men with some electronic training . . . due largely to the fact that thousands of men were trained to meet the tremendous wartime need for electronic technicians . . . unfavorable prospect in radio manufacturing in the near future."

Of radar technicians it says:

"At best, employment in this occupation will probably still be under 1,000 in 1950. There are now many more applicants than openings."

The short and sorry truth is that the vast majority of veterans who have fallen for the pretty promises of elaborately printed radio, television and radar school catalogues have exhausted their G.I. Bill birthright for a doubtful chance in an industry that is already overcrowded and is increasingly being rendered more so as the educational mills grind out their graduates.

You may well wonder how it is that the Veterans Administration prints elaborate manuals to show a lack of job opportunities in this and other fields, while at the same time it pays endless millions to support the schools which seem to profit by this great "educational" endeavor.

Again, the answer is to be found in the curious structure of our veteran laws. Under Public Law 16, designed to provide special benefits for disabled veterans, the Veterans Administration is *required* to provide advice and guidance for every veteran seeking so-called vocational rehabilitation. Disabled veterans must go to guidance centers, usually set up in colleges and universities, where they receive aptitude tests and careful, day-long counseling from experienced professional advisers. They are warned, before they leap into training for nonexistent jobs—jobs in highly competitive or overcrowded fields, or jobs for which their abilities or background disqualifies them.

But under the G.I. Bill (Public Law 346) veterans who are not disabled—the vast majority—have no such counsel and guidance. They may attend any school they choose so long as it is approved by the accrediting agency of a state. Only if they quit one school and want to switch to a second in a different field are they required to take job counseling.

In theory the nondisabled veteran can, if he requests it, receive job counseling right at the start. In practice this is virtually impossible because the counseling centers have been set up only for disabled veterans. So we have a situation in which the Veterans Administration, supposedly the guardian of veterans' rights, is required by one law to tell the truth to disabled veterans and ordered by another to permit the majority of veterans to go blindly down a trail of rhapsodic advertising and high-pressure salesmanship into training courses that can only waste years of their lives and millions upon millions of the taxpayers' money.

In the face of this, with the Veterans Administration in the position of a mere paying teller, it is not at all surprising that many have boarded the gravy train and entered upon glorious careers as high-pressure educators.

In southern Illinois, for example, a new barber college got started in the fall of

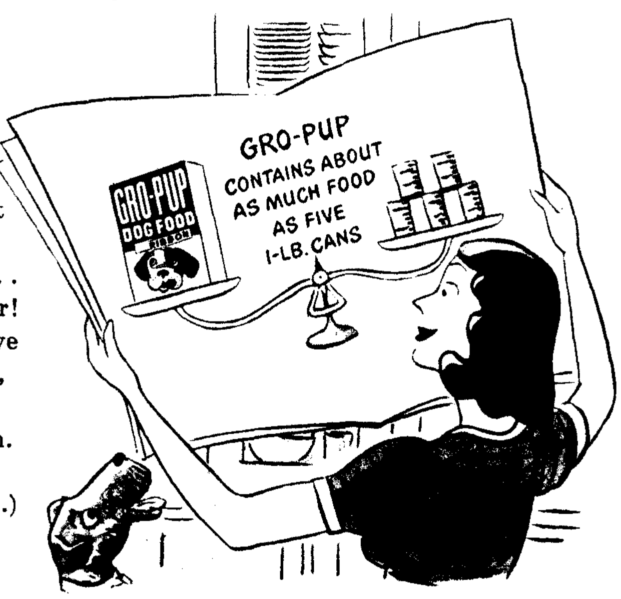
"Me for the life of Reilly!"

I GET GRO-PUP FOR VIGOR AND PLAYFULNESS

Yes! *Twenty-three* wholesome ingredients scientifically blended into a flavorful, nourishing food. Every vitamin and mineral dogs are known to need for vitality and growth. That's Gro-Pup, the only Ribbon-type dog food—so toasty, tasty, nourishing.

"Me for saving plenty!"

Why pay for water? by dry weight a box of Gro-Pup gives about as much food as *five* 1-lb. cans of dog food . . . many contain 70% water! *Gro-Pup is 92% food!* Save with Gro-Pup. Handier, no can to open, no spoilage, no refrigeration. (Made by Kellogg's, in *Meal* and *Pel-Etts*, too.)


GRO-PUP CONTAINS ABOUT AS MUCH FOOD AS FIVE 1-LB. CANS
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The Biggest Box on the shelf

THE ONE AND ONLY "Ribbon Form"
GRO-PUP DOG FOOD RIBBON
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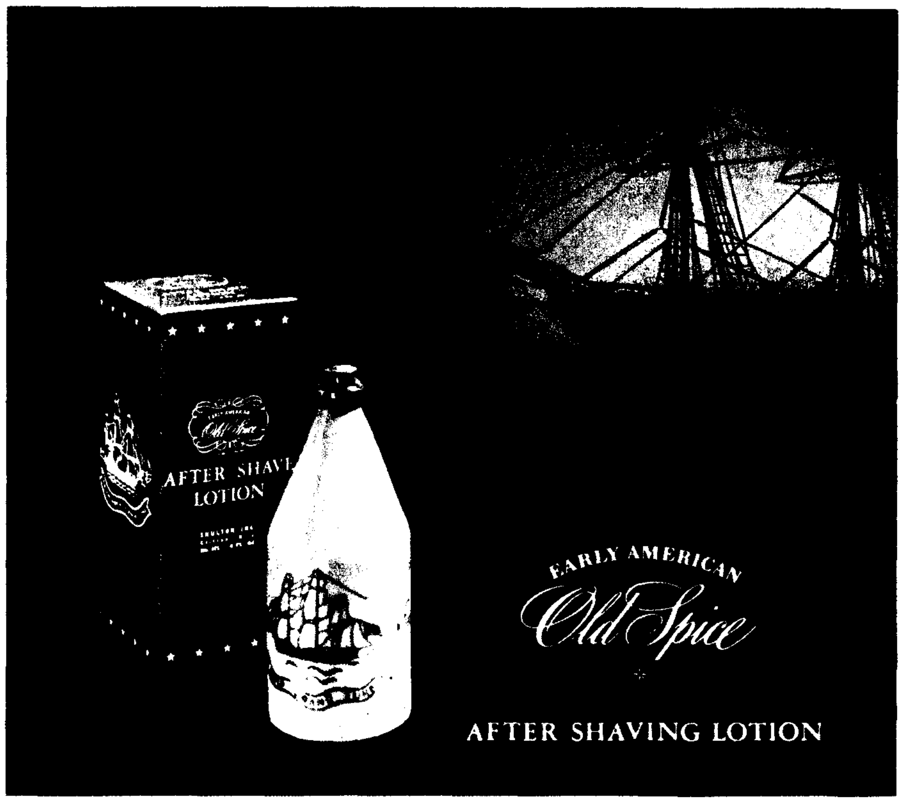
Dogs Go For GRO-PUP



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About a million American men use Early American Old Spice After Shaving Lotion for that cool, clean, fresh *"good-morning"* feeling. You can enjoy it, too. In $1.00 and $1.75 sizes. *Prices plus tax.*

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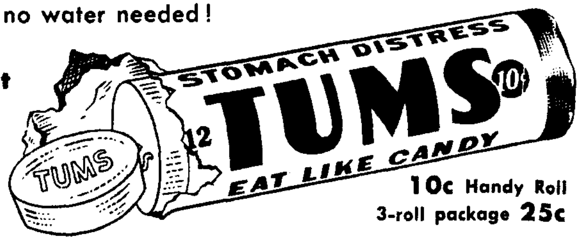


Like good food?
Don't appear rude
Always carry
TUMS

- **TUMS neutralize excess acid *almost instantly* — relieve gas and heartburn fast!**
- TUMS contain no soda. No risk of overalkalizing — and no acid rebound.
- TUMS are like candy mints — easy to take. Nothing to mix or stir — no water needed!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry 'TUMS'

10¢ Handy Roll
3-roll package 25¢

QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

NR **TUMS ARE ANTACID**—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable **NR** Tablets (Nature's Remedy). Get a 25¢ box today.

1947, with state approval. Testifying before a subcommittee of the House Veterans' Committee recently, Henry J. Walker of the National Educational Council of the Associated Master Barbers of America, had this to say of his visit to this particular school:

"There were 60 G.I.s in that school of 26 chairs. It is an absolute impossibility for those boys to get out of that school and get a job any place, because they are not properly trained. They cannot hold it.

"In the State of Pennsylvania they have 12 schools with 800 students registered in those schools, and I understand that the Veterans Administration is paying $400 each for those students. The Veterans Administration up there, the regional office, the directors of the suboffices throughout that state, realize the condition. They don't like the schools. They know those boys are not getting proper training, and yet their hands are tied under 346. . . . They told me they could not stop it at all, because the state had recognized those schools. . . .

"Here is a school that was not in existence—they never before in the history of the city had had a barber school—and at the high point they had only 70 barbers registered in that city to practice barbering as licensed barbers, yet that school had 153 students registered in it, with 22 barber chairs and only three teachers.

"About four months ago at Pittsburgh there were 87 students who graduated from some of these schools—and remember, the schools graduated them. The Veterans Administration had paid them the tuition and the schools graduated them, and out of that 87, according to a state official himself, there are only 16 of those boys who have got jobs in barbershops. The rest of them are driving cabs or something of that kind, yet the Veterans Administration under the law has to pay that tuition to those schools for inferior training."

Greatest of all the opportunities for boondoggles—involving more veterans, more schools, more millions in wasted money and more mismanagement, corruption and fraud than in all other schools combined—is the flight-training racket. There is undoubtedly a legitimate field for a certain amount of flight training for veterans. But, in their urge to cash in on the great G.I. Bill of Rights bonanza, the operators of many flight schools have run leagues beyond any reasonable bounds in vocational training.

The opportunities for turning it into a racket have proved so attractive that everybody and his brother have been trying to get in on it, to the point where old-time flight-school operators (of two years' standing) solemnly berate the Johnny-come-latelies (their own graduates) who have set up competing schools.

Before the war there were a few hundred flight schools in the entire country. By November 1, 1946, the number had risen to 2,111. By November 1, 1947, a further increase of 71.3 per cent had occurred, bringing the total to 3,616 flight schools approved by various state agencies to offer flight training for veterans. Since that time the number has grown still further and today probably exceeds 4,000 schools.

Some 400,000 veterans have entered flight-training courses, with about 125,000 currently enrolled. By the end of 1947 the cost to the government had come to nearly $200,000,000—after two years of the program. At the current rate of expenditure the flight schools will cost the Treasury another $250,000,000 this year.

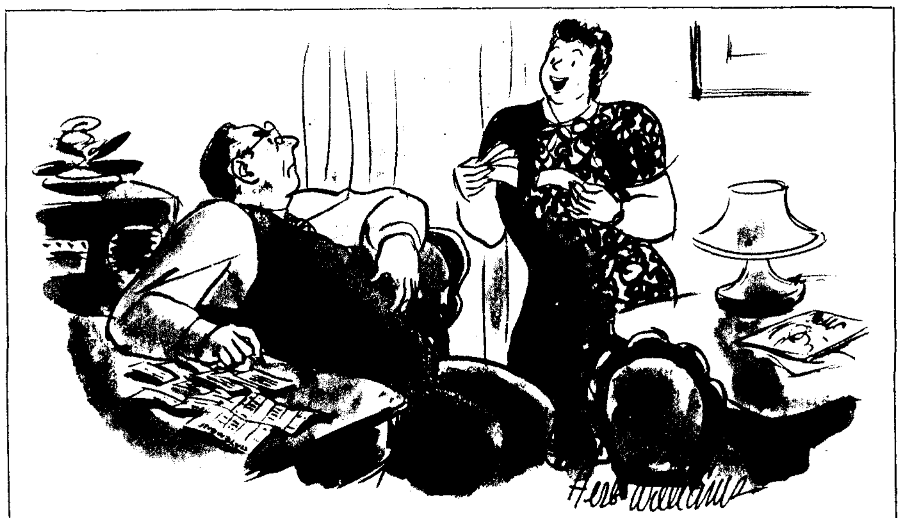
Dubious Value of Flight Training

Let's see what the public has been getting for this half-a-billion dollars. The basic idea behind the G.I. education law was to provide vocational and professional training. In aviation this would mean, primarily, training and qualifying the veteran for commercial flying. A small border-line group—some doctors, some ranchers, some ministers and a few others—might profitably apply a private pilot's license in the pursuit of their vocations. Flight-school operators make much of the military or "preparedness" value of the training they give the veteran. Unfortunately, many of their arguments simply don't hold water. In the last war both the Army and the Navy refused to recognize civilian flight training as being of any real value in the military field. People with private pilots' licenses who entered the air forces went through the entire round of military flight training just as everyone else did. The development of jet and rocket propulsion has made the disparity between civilian and military flying even greater than before. Flight training in nonmilitary planes has virtually nothing to do with military flying today.

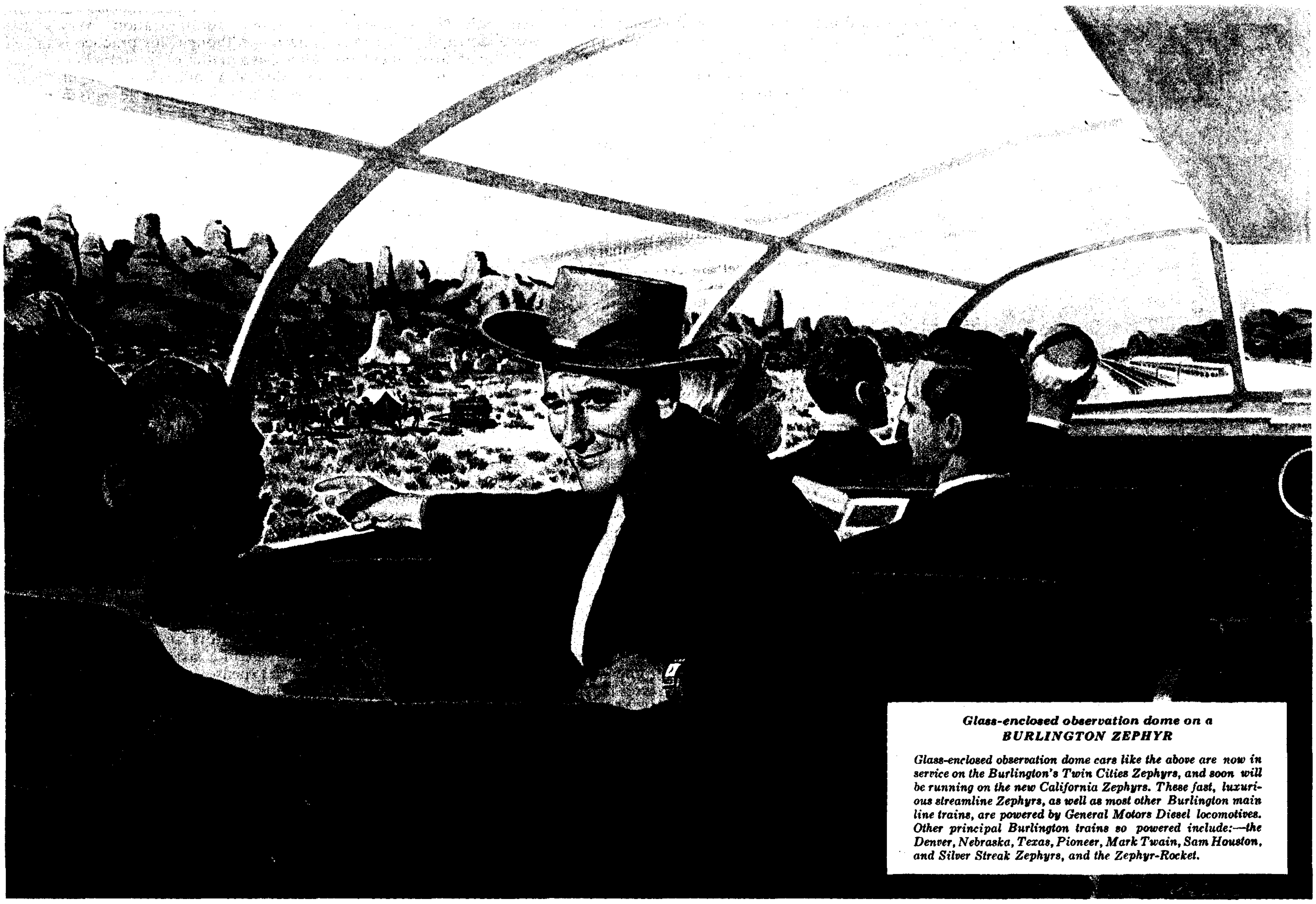
Budget Director Webb says avocational flight training has no appreciable value for national defense purposes.

To qualify for employment as a pilot with a commercial air line a veteran must, among other requirements, have completed the commercial-pilot course, or its equivalent, and the instrument rating course. But, out of a total of 339,300 veterans who entered various flight-training courses up to November 1, 1947, 204,000 dropped out before completion of advanced flight training. Only 16,300 completed the advanced courses. In short, *92 per cent of all veterans who enrolled for flight training did not qualify for commercial employment!*

But even the 16,000 have not all become commercial fliers. The air lines have long waiting lists of applicants for pilot jobs. One single company has more than 12,000 on file. Thousands of wartime-trained pilots hold commercial licenses. Thus it is apparent that many of the millions spent and still being spent



COLLIER'S *"There's nothing to worry about. The only checks that are overdrawn are ones I wrote myself"* HERB WILLIAMS



Glass-enclosed observation dome on a
BURLINGTON ZEPHYR

Glass-enclosed observation dome cars like the above are now in service on the Burlington's Twin Cities Zephyrs, and soon will be running on the new California Zephyrs. These fast, luxurious streamline Zephyrs, as well as most other Burlington main line trains, are powered by General Motors Diesel locomotives. Other principal Burlington trains so powered include:—the Denver, Nebraska, Texas, Pioneer, Mark Twain, Sam Houston, and Silver Streak Zephyrs, and the Zephyr-Rocket.

Ridin' high, wide and handsome!

Imagine yourself viewing the scenic beauty of the West from this spacious, glass-enclosed observation dome on a smooth-riding streamlined train.

Yet, this gives only a hint of the new and exciting things that are happening on the railroads today.

And it is no secret among railroad men that no small share of the credit for the super comforts and luxuries these trains provide belongs to the locomotives that head them.

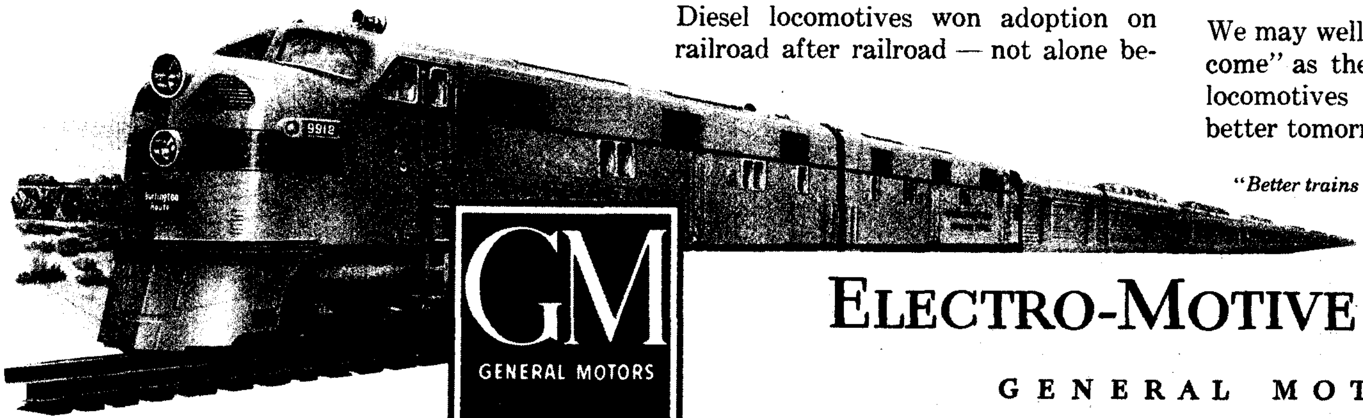
In most cases that means General Motors Diesel locomotives which today power more than 150 famous name trains—on more than a score of railroads — and these are by far the majority of the Diesel-powered crack trains in the United States.

These fast and powerful General Motors Diesel locomotives won adoption on railroad after railroad — not alone because they ushered in the streamline era but because they brought a new conception of smoothness to railroad travel, faster schedules and record-breaking *on time* performance.

They also brought the railroads extra earnings and substantial savings out of which to finance still further benefits that mean so much to passengers, shippers, investors and the railroads themselves.

We may well believe "the best is yet to come" as these General Motors Diesel locomotives set the pace for an even better tomorrow.

"Better trains follow General Motors locomotives"



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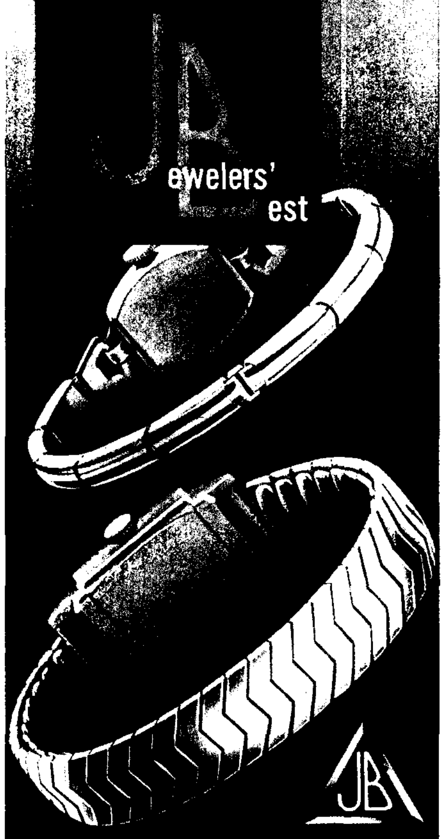

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In yellow, pink or white gold filled

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Fresh as a breeze!

You have odorless freshness every time because Sani-Flush gets toilet bowls really clean. Works chemically. Disinfects. Ugly stains and germy film go—without scrubbing. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush and take the guess out of toilet bowl sanitation.

Safe in all toilet systems—works in hard or soft water. Your grocer has it. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

KEEP
TWO CANS
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Sani-Flush
For cleaning toilet bowls
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Replacement or refund of money if not as advertised therein

on flight training might as well have been poured down a drain. A lot of veterans have had fun learning how to maneuver one-motor runabout planes. Quite a few have killed themselves in the process. A tiny fraction have worked their way into the flying profession. The vast majority have simply succeeded in squandering their G.I. benefits.

As flight training has mushroomed, and as sharpshooters have rushed in to cut themselves a slice of the juicy melon, all sorts of corner-cutting, and even outright fraud, have crept into the picture.

In July, 1946, the V.A. issued an order to its various regional offices setting up so-called "maximum allowances" of $11.50 an hour for dual training flights and $8.50 an hour for solo flights in planes up to 125 horsepower. Immediately most flight schools raised their rates to the government to the maximum figure. They have been in the neighborhood of $10 for dual flights and $7 for solos.

It took the V.A. more than a year to wake up to the fact that many of these schools were offering the old rates to nonveteran students, who were not covered by the G.I. Bill, while socking the government for everything they could get.

In Illinois a score of such schools were found by the V.A. to be charging two rates, high for veterans, low for nonveterans. Many of the schools conceded the inequity (to use a polite word) of this practice. Recovery of some $20,000 was made early in 1948. Then some smart lawyers moved into the picture and the remainder of the sums in dispute has become tied up in a legal wrangle which awaits final decision either in the Veterans Administration or the courts.

But the charging of dual rates is by no means limited to Illinois. In Missouri, an examination of the operating costs of many flight schools has resulted in a rush to sign new contracts at lower rates.

Higher Rates for Uncle Sam

Here is an example of the way in which the government has been paying far more than private individuals for the same planes hired from the same flight schools: The Brayton Flying Service of Lambert Field, near St. Louis, has a contract with the Veterans Administration for a multi-engine rating course. Under this contract a charge of $45 per hour is made for instruction requiring the use of a Cessna UC-78 plane. This charge covers the plane alone plus whatever instruction the school may give a flier on the ground before he takes off.

In an effort to discover the comparative civilian charge I phoned the Brayton Service and was quoted a rate of 30 cents a mile for the use of the Cessna, *plus pilot,* for a business trip from St. Louis to Kansas City and return. There would be no charge for the overnight stopover in Kansas City. The UC-78 has a maximum speed of 125 miles an hour. If we averaged the best possible speed the plane is capable of, the cost to me for this flight would have been at the rate of $37.50 per flying hour. This would include the services of a pilot.

Thus, the government has been paying 20 per cent more for this plane, without a pilot, than civilians pay with a pilot.

The Brayton Flying Service is not unique in this regard. Similar charges, and similar discrepancies between civilian and government rates, can be found all over the United States.

As the number of flight-training schools has skyrocketed, a wild competitive scramble has gone on to enroll every possible student. In the process the promise of recreation has been held out as part of the training. One school has been selling its "vocational flight training" with the following advertising copy:

"Know the exhilaration of flying on crisp clear days or the thrill of flying through the night. Enroll now under the G.I. Bill."

Another such institution, in Florida, blandly sent handbills North inviting veterans to "come down to the sunny South" to study flying at government expense and on a government educational subsistence allowance.

"After your first week's training," it said, "we will repay to you $30 of travel expenses."

Other flight operators have indulged in the quaint idea that it wasn't really necessary to have veteran students after all. They could just bill the government for the training and let it go at that. On January 22d, the F.B.I. arrested the general manager of Airworthy Service, Incorporated, of Mobile, Alabama, on a federal warrant charging fraud in presentation of vouchers to the V.A. The following day the school "voluntarily" suspended operations pending the outcome of a complete investigation.

On February 10th, Judge T. Hoyt Davis, in Middle District of Georgia Federal Court, fined the Macon Airmotive Service, Incorporated, $3,000 after the firm entered a plea of *nolo contendere,* in response to a government information charging the making of "false bills, vouchers, accounts and claims" for flight lessons purportedly received by veterans. The Veterans Administration recovered $18,000 from this school, and Vaux Owen, Veterans Administration chief in Georgia, announced that this and two other schools had been stricken from the state list of accredited flight-training institutions and that ten other schools were being checked by state and federal auditors.

Many of these irregularities and frauds indicate sentimental financial practices on the part of the Veterans Administration. But the major part of the difficulty arises from the strange wording of the law, which leaves to the states the job of accrediting schools and leaves to the Veterans Administration only the forking over of the cash.

Veterans Administration's Regional Director Owen has pointed out at least one instance in which vouchers for primary training were submitted for a student who had flown more than 1,500 hours in the European theater during World War II. In St. Louis another Veterans Administration official asserts that scores of experienced fliers have taken private-pilot and commercial-pilot courses, even though they could secure CAA licenses on the basis of their military flying experience by the simple process of taking a test. His implication is clear: Some flight schools were billing the government for training not given and applying the government's funds against the purchase price of a plane.

Yet in this respect the law gives the Veterans Administration very little power. Although this practice is talked about, as a matter of common knowledge, by both V.A. officials and flight operators, I have been able to obtain no information as to a single instance in which the Veterans Administration has prosecuted any flight-school operator or veteran for indulging in so obvious a fraud.

The Law Presents an Obstacle

On February 12, 1948, I submitted in writing to the Veterans Administration a letter containing the following question:

"Has the V.A. taken any position as to authorizing or disallowing flight training for veterans who already hold licenses for which the training they propose to take is a requirement?"

On February 20, 1948, the director of the V.A. Information Service in Washington answered my question as follows:

"V.A. *has not taken* any position to disallow flight training for the veterans referred to. V.A. does not have and never has had the authority under the law to take such a position. The law is specific in stating that the veteran is privileged to enroll in any course of his choice which the school finds him qualified to undertake and pursue."

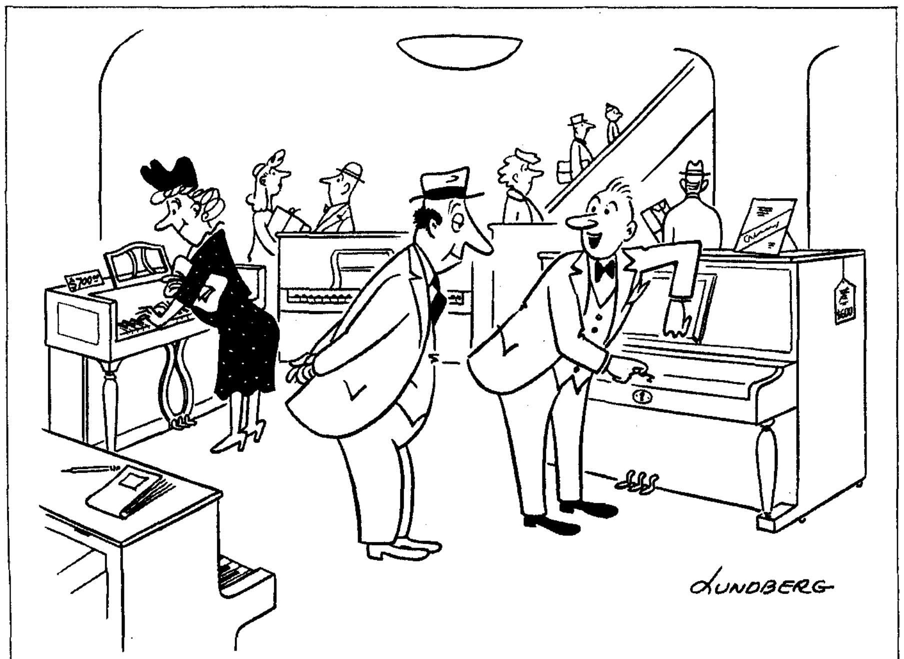
With its hands tied by a bonehead law the V.A. finds itself in the position of extending an open invitation to flight-school operators and airplane salesmen to indulge in a fast shuffle at the government's expense.

While the taxpayers' funds flow into flight schools at the rate of $250,000,000 a year, the U.S. Air Force, hard hit by dwindling appropriations, has announced the grounding of nearly 8,000 Pacific Coast reserve pilots "because of lack of funds." Throughout the nation there have been similar cutbacks in the reserve pilot-training program—a program for instructing military men in military planes for military service.

We are confronted with a weird situation. Uncle Sam can pour nearly $30,000,000 a month into training every Tom, Dick and Harry how to fly, how to dance, how to take snapshots or how to sex chickens, but he doesn't have enough money to maintain the skills of our reserve pilots.

A lot of sharp operators have been mining your gold and mine, and salting it away all too easily. If the economizers in Congress really want to save money let them put an end to many of the prevailing practices in veterans' training.

(This is the first of a series of two articles on veterans' training.)



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Fine Blended Whiskey

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Even this priceless Stradivarius cannot suit all tastes perfectly. Some men prefer the harmonica!

Similarly, no one whiskey can possibly taste "best" to *everyone.* That's why you alone can decide whether the subtle difference in Hunter's flavor will make it *your* favorite.

But you should *try* Hunter! For thousands of men who have tried it once, have liked Hunter instantly . . . and today prefer it to all others.

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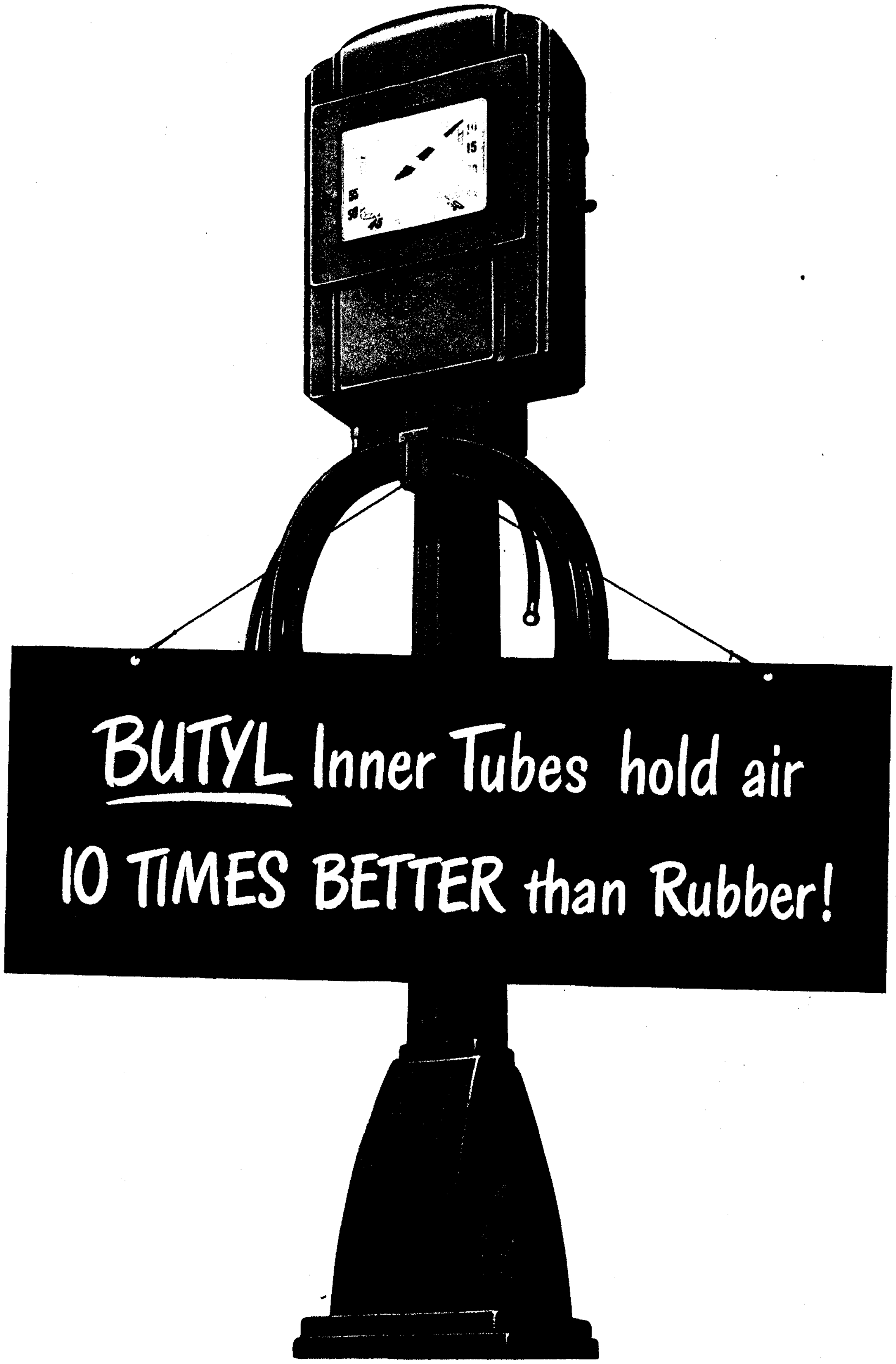

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That job is to hold air in your tires.

BUTYL tubes *hold air ten times better* than the best rubber tubes you can buy! The armed forces learned this during the war, when they used all the BUTYL made.

With BUTYL tubes your tires will wear longer . . . you'll use less gasoline . . . your car will ride and handle better . . . because tire inflation stays correct *longer,* avoiding the "road drag" of underinflated tire driving.

Today, proud owners of new cars are discovering greater riding comfort and a new freedom from constant worry about air pressure because most new models come from the factory equipped with BUTYL tubes. When you buy tubes, be sure to ask your dealer for BUTYL *blue line* tubes — easily identified by a *blue line* on the side of every tube. They come in all brands.

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THE PRICE

Continued from page 27

for a girl coming out of the bar of the Moana Hotel in Honolulu, or the gardenias for the same girl—her face different—going into the dining room of the Mark Hanna in San Francisco.

He found himself calmer and sad, and began to move on again. In a little while he came to the edge of the clearing in which stood the native village of neat thatched huts, with a clear view of the estuary and the China Sea.

The scene was a peaceful one, the streets made of crushed shell, pale in the waning light. Children played near the houses and there was an air of order and peace which told Abbot immediately that the enemy had not yet visited here. Puzzled at some reluctance in himself, he advanced slowly toward the houses and asked one of the children where Emiliano Menendez lived. The child pointed to a large, cogon-thatched house, and Abbot, still oppressed, went to it.

A FILIPINO in native dress, with a calm, intelligent face, opened the door to his knock. To Abbot's question he said that he was Emiliano Menendez. Abbot identified himself and the man's manner changed, he became at once more respectful but also fearful. Abbot told him what had happened and asked what he thought was the best thing to do.

"We would welcome you here," Menendez said slowly, "but truly I think all of us would be safer if you stayed in a cave I will show you near the shore. Come in and eat with us and after dark I will take you there."

Abbot entered the house. In its poor light he could not see for a moment. Three children looked up at him, curious and friendly; he felt an inexplicable sorrow for them. Two women were tending a small fire in a brazier under a cooking vessel. The older was apparently Menendez' wife; the younger, his oldest daughter. They looked at Abbot with frank faces, then turned back to their cooking. The way it was with them, Abbot saw, whatever the head of the house did or thought was all right. And for a moment he was aware of the mother thinking about her children and her home endangered by the presence of himself, a stranger. . . .

Menendez was not anxious to have him in the house longer than necessary. There was no table, but each of them ate from a wooden plate balanced on the knees. The oldest daughter, a girl of about seventeen, seemed naturally demure, but several times Abbot caught her glancing up at him. Although he had not spoken to her, he found himself pleased with her, and with the delicate flare of the nostrils, the almost imperceptible slant of the large, dark eyes, the smooth skin.

What talk there was went mostly between himself and Menendez, but occasionally the other man addressed his family briefly in Tagalog. Over the food which he found he did not relish in spite of his hunger, Abbot mused that he could understand hardly a word of the conversation. And he wondered why they had ever sent him to the island. But he had thought that before, too. They would risk not only his life but his relative inefficiency rather than trust these people.

He sighed and raised his head to look at the girl again. When she looked at him he spoke to her in Spanish, asking her if she went to school? She shook her head. Then what did she do? She helped her mother.

As she colored faintly, he noticed the not altogether delicate way she ate—the white teeth slowly tearing the bread—but it made no difference to him.

The father, too, had noticed something. He rose. It was almost dark, he said, and they could with safety go to the shore. Abbot followed him out of the house, and along a footpath that led from the village. It ran through groves of pandanus trees and squat palms. They were standing before the sea and he was not aware of it, only of Menendez outlined against a smoother blackness. Not until then did he realize how dependent he was upon the Filipino in this darkness and strange terrain. The man didn't *have* to do what he was doing. It would be easier and probably safer for Menendez just to lose him, Abbot knew.

Something troubled the man, but Abbot did not know exactly what. A number of things, it seemed. A stranger interested in his daughter: a hunted stranger, too. . . .

"*Vamos arriba,*" Menendez said. To Abbot, whose knowledge of Spanish was formal, the words meant: "Let us arise," —a kind of war cry or rallying cry. "But why here and why now?" Abbot asked himself.

When they started to climb a rocky promontory he knew what Menendez had meant: "Let us go up." Again he felt a kind of chagrin: He did not even speak Spanish in the idiom of the place.

The cave smelled of salt and dried seaweed. Moon tides doubtless flooded it, Abbot thought, and recalled with relief that the moon was at the quarter now. Menendez lighted a lamp made of a small bottle of kerosene with a wick stuck in the neck, and Abbot looked about him. Others had been there other times, for there was a crude bench in the place, a rolled-up *petate,* and a single blackened cooking pot. Menendez left the lamp with him and told Abbot he would return in the morning.

When Menendez had gone, Abbot blew out the lamp. Somehow he felt less desperate, certainly less aware of the place, with the light out. In the darkness he wondered about those who had been here before him. Who had they been, Americans or Filipinos? And what had become of them? He was the first Naval Intelligence man to be on the island.

He went to the entrance and looked out. The waves broke evenly on the beach and he could see their whiteness emerge, break and recede into darkness again, but in the darkness itself he could see nothing. Tomorrow night a PT boat would be off the estuary to try to make contact with him, but tonight there was nothing that he could see.

He was troubled by the enemy's seeming to know about him and yet not seizing him. He thought again of the child they had flung against a house, but this did not seem pertinent. What they were waiting for, he was sure, was for him to reveal his communications with his own people. Perhaps to do something as trivial as ambush the PT boat; perhaps eventually to seize himself and transmit some misleading message to those in the boat. This particular enemy was unpredictable and childish.

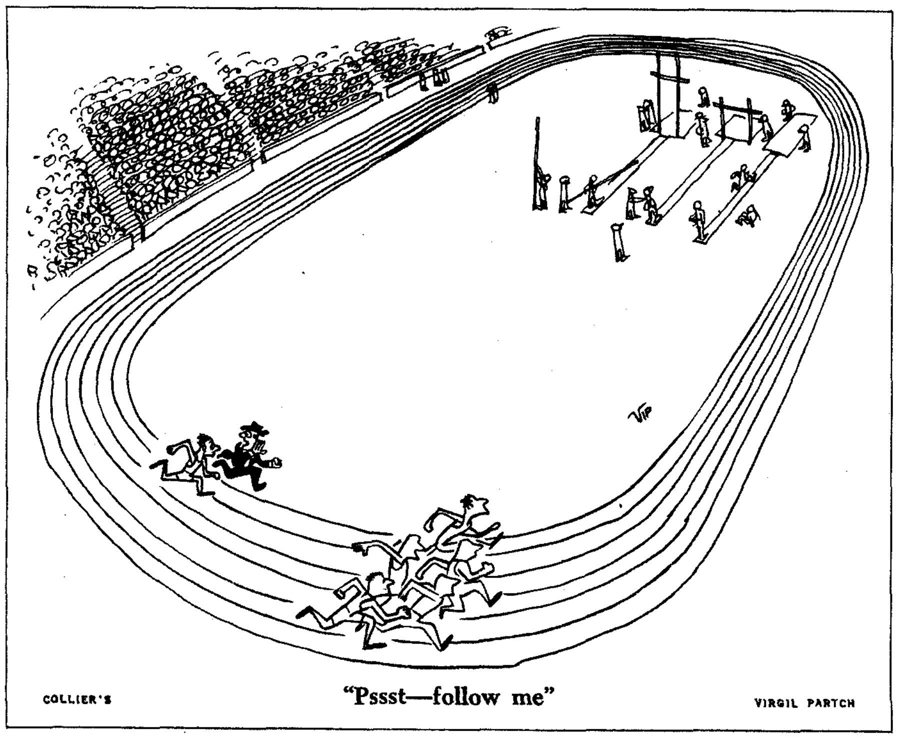
THE darkness, the rhythmic hushing sound of the waves put him to sleep quicker than he anticipated. Waking, he found it full daylight; he had expected Menendez at dawn. The sun was well up and he guessed it to be between nine and ten. This knowledge alarmed him. If Menendez had not appeared, there must be a good reason for it. There was, of course, a certain amount of concern for himself, perhaps less than average. But there was, if not a greater, certainly a more acute concern for those in the village, Menendez and his family particularly. And yet there was nothing to worry about there, he was sure. There was no evidence against them. It was only that perhaps there were patrols around and Menendez thought it best not to come to him now. Of course. But the concern would not vanish.

The day wore on and as hunger and thirst both began to bother him, Abbot looked more often from the mouth of the cave. There was nothing in sight, although he could not see more than a hundred yards either way on account of the huge boulders and miniature cliffs in the way.

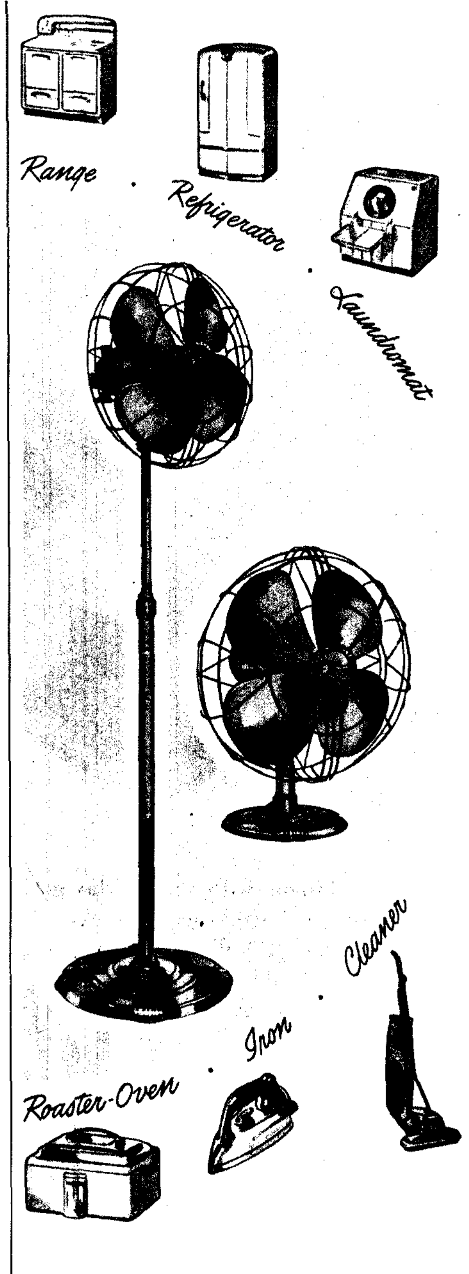
Early in the afternoon his thirst drove him down onto the beach. Hidden by rocks he dug with his hands until brackish water welled up into the hole. He leaned and drank directly from it. Only when he had slacked his thirst did he realize how directly and savagely he had gone about it. His grin was a twisted attempt to avoid sheepishness. "Just like in the books," he thought.

It was low tide and near by he found a few large, dark-shelled oysters. He smashed them against the rocks and ate, spitting bits of shell out.

It doesn't take you long to revert to type, he thought. Yet fear and being hunted had done worse things to other men, he reminded himself. He returned to the cave, only to find that eating the oysters had made his hunger sharper. It was not like eating them at the Mark



COLLIER'S "Pssst—follow me" VIRGIL PARTCH



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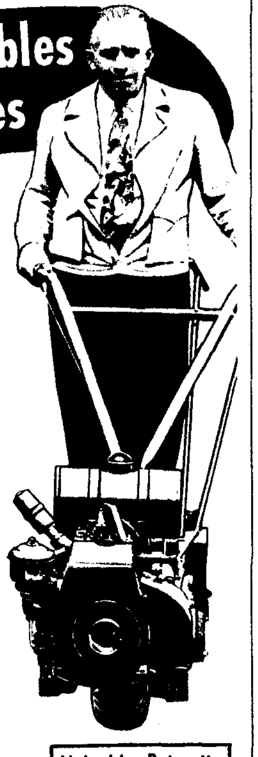

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He grew annoyed with himself rather than with circumstance, and he conceded this might not be a bad thing. It seemed to him now that he had been annoyed with circumstance a good part of his life and that this was a pretty childish thing. He also thought of the girl, Menendez' daughter, but he put that thought aside. Not for the usual reason or reasons that men alone put aside the thought of women they have found attractive, but for some reason more obscure. A reason he could not name, but one associated in his mind with something dangerously close to rage and to panic.

AT DARK, when all day he had seen nothing but an occasional plane, he did two things: He went to the nearest coconut tree and ate the meat of one of the nuts; then he began a slow, gradual approach to the village, pausing frequently to listen. It was silent and quite dark. He could see an occasional small light over toward the village but could hear nothing, not even the usual night sounds of a rural community.

At the edge of the village he paused. It was a small community and from certain angles all of it could be seen at a glance. It was quite peaceful; Abbot could hear a few of the common reassuring domestic sounds, a child crying, another one laughing, someone grinding grain or coffee in a hand mill. His eyes, traveling the width of the place, encountered a gap. He had a good memory for terrain, for the shapes of towns, and now he knew there was something gone from this place that had been there the night before.

His belly began to gather itself into a ball long before his mind knew exactly what had happened. He found himself approaching the gap in the town without any longer thinking of his own safety. And finally he stood by the gap and smelled the odor of burning grown cold. The Menendez house had stood there the night before; now there was nothing but an oblong of dark ashes. The houses to either side were untouched; there was no confusion or disturbance: even the white shell road was unmarked. But, where last night a man, his wife and his children had lived, tonight was nothing. It was an object lesson to all concerned.

First of all, in shadow, Abbot was sick. Then he began to move, back along the way he had come a few minutes before. He never remembered thereafter much of the journey, he remembered only his own grief, racking and terrible, and how he had again stood by the rocky shore. They had let him escape, had let him wander, in order that he might reveal to them the sympathizers among the natives.

It seemed to him that only by some terrible violence could he redeem himself even in part. And the promise of violence sustained him as he waited by the shore for the light signal from the PT boat that was to pick him up. . . .

A week later he returned to the island on the same boat with two more accompanying it. The men that crowded the decks of the three little boats were hand-picked specialists. Abbot had pleaded for them, for the whole expedition with an intensity which was due to something else besides Abbot's stated reason. The reason he had given was that he felt some sort of blow must be struck to restore the morale of the natives on the island.

There was a lone sentry near where they landed and when Abbot, peering over the rocks of the shore, pointed him out to the CPO who led the men, the CPO said, "Shall I have two of the men tend to him?"

Abbot shook his head. "I'll go with them," he said and the CPO looked at him curiously in the dark.

A few moments later it was Abbot who stood up in the dark and silently clubbed the sentry at the base of his skull, under the helmet, while the two men who had crawled with him, were silent. But even in the silence and the dark, Abbot could feel their surprise.

They moved silently inland, Abbot and the CPO leading the way. The enemy slept in thatch-roofed barracks. Standing in deep shadow, one of the petty officers with Abbot tossed two incendiary grenades onto the roof of the largest building. It seemed to Abbot that the hoarse, animal-like cries that arose had begun before the grenades were thrown. The dark figures ran out from under the flames, and the landing party, standing all around the place in the shadow of palms, shot them down. They fell in little heaps of three and four, where one man, running, would stumble over another lying wounded. The flames roared upward and scorched the tops of the palms. The CPO spoke to Abbot for the third time without getting an answer. Then he tugged Abbot's shoulder and said, "I think we'd better be getting out of here."

"It's not enough," Abbot said. He shook his head.

The CPO grew alarmed and pulled harder, finally turning Abbot. They began to go back the way they had come, when Abbot said, "I want to see something."

"What would that be, sir?"

"I'll show you. Come with me, will you?"

"I suppose I'd better," the CPO said. He didn't like it.

THE path they had come in on and which the other men were now leaving by, made a loop with the road that went through the village. A truck came roaring down that road and they had to hide in shrubs by its side until the truck passed. It was filled with soldiers.

As they resumed their progression through the surprisingly silent village, the CPO said, "I hope you got a good reason for this, sir."

"Good enough," Abbot said. He paused once more by the bare spot where once stood the house of the Menendez family. Already in a week, the quick-growing vegetation had begun to soften the raw place in the earth, to cover the vague outline of where the house once stood.

Aware of the CPO's fretting, Abbot knew he couldn't stay long. "The Japs burned out a Filipino family here," he said. "They helped me when I was here alone."

"Yes, sir," the CPO said. Some of the tension left him.

"Next time you hear some politician talking about liberty you can remember this."

"I'll remember it good, sir," the CPO said. For the first time, Abbot noticed a dark stain on the man's jacket, near the shoulder.

"You've been hit," Abbot said.

"Not bad," the CPO said.

"I must sound like a Fourth of July orator," Abbot said.

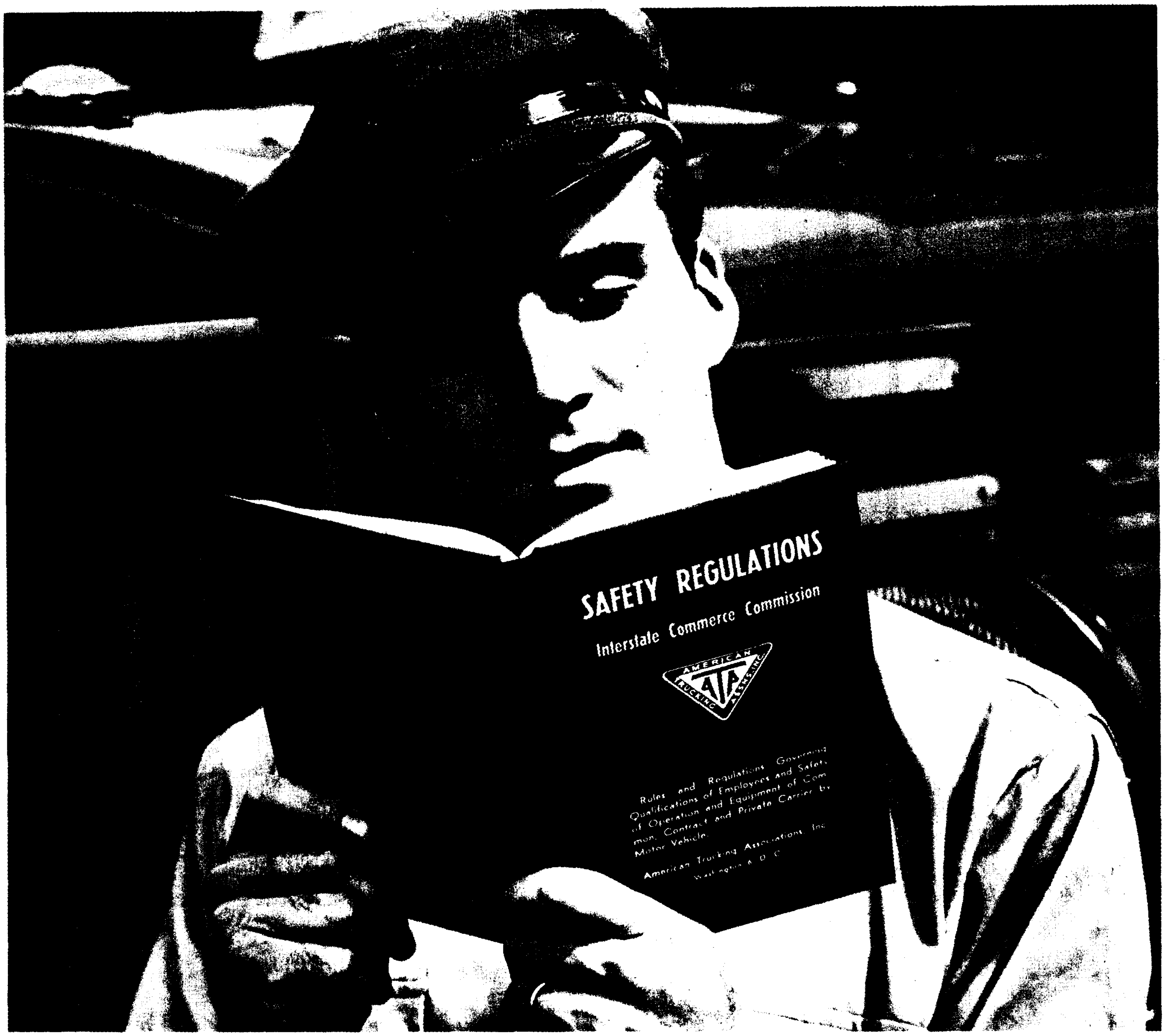
"No, sir," the CPO said. His voice meant it. "I know just what you mean. But we better go now."

"Yes, we'd better go."

Nearing the shore, Abbot stumbled over something. In the beam from his flashlight, he saw the body of the Jap sentry he had slugged when they landed. It was the first and last thing he had encountered on the island. Someone yelled in a low, hoarse voice, "Douse that light and come aboard. Let's get to hell out of here."

Abbot moved toward the shore. He wondered if what they had done was enough and knew immediately that nothing would be enough or ever could be. Neither for the Menendez family themselves nor for what they had died for. It would always be like that.

THE END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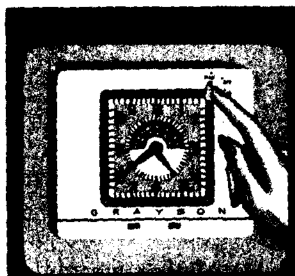

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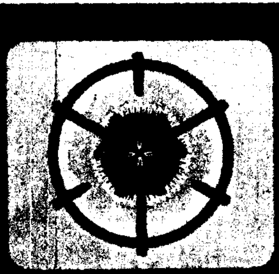

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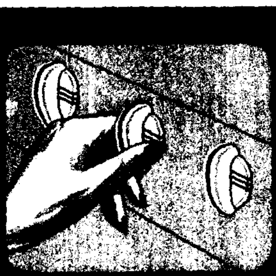

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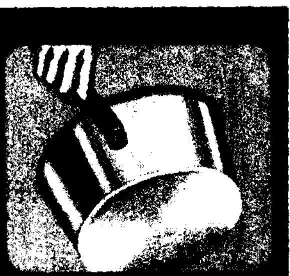

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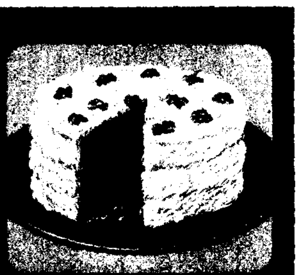

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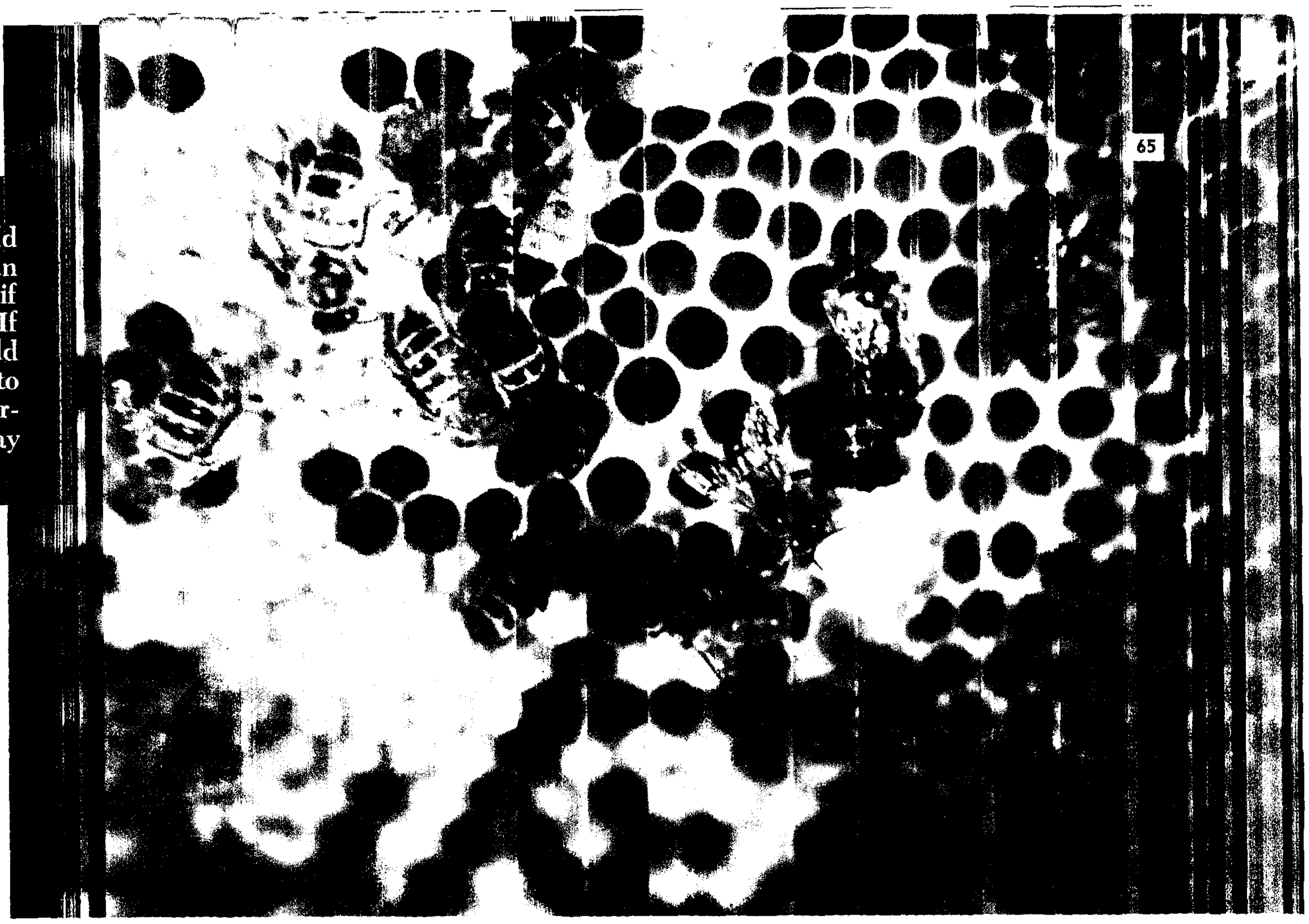

Honeybees constructing a queen cell. Later, Her Royal Highness will be busy, too, laying about 3,500 eggs a day

THE VANISHING BEE

BY ROBERT B. WILLSON AND D. E. WHEELER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LYNWOOD M. CHACE

ASK any average man, even an average farmer, what he knows about bees, and he'll probably say that they're little bugs that make honey and beeswax and don't like to be annoyed. Maybe he'll know, vaguely, about the bees and the flowers. Well, it's time he learned a little more, especially if he is concerned with the production of food crops, for the fact is that these little stingers are among the most important of earth's inhabitants. They are the primary key to soil fertility and agricultural prosperity; upon them depends whether we shall continue to be the best-fed people in the world, with surpluses to divide among less fortunate countries.

With some assistance from other insects and birds, and even from slugs and snails, bees pollinate some fifty agricultural crops, including most of our familiar fruits and flowers as well as the clovers, the alfalfa and the other legume plants which provide forage and fodder for cattle and hogs.

Without bees a great many of the foods we take for granted and have every day, including beef and most of the pork, would gradually disappear from the American table. Our present system of agriculture, based on crop rotation, whereby once in every three or four years a crop of clover or alfalfa is grown to restore fertility and physical fitness to the soil, would be impossible. There would be few if any seeds.

And such a disaster is not inconceivable, for there is a serious shortage of bees in this country, both of the domesticated honeybees and of such wild species as bumblebees, mason bees and carpenter bees, the so-called solitary bees which will not live in man-made hives. The lack of wild bees is particularly serious, as it can only be made up, in a hurry, by an enormous increase in honeybee production.

Two years ago the Department of Agriculture initiated the first program for a considerable jump in the national bee population, calling upon the beekeeper, the legume seed grower, the orchardist and the farmer to cooperate in solving the problem. They were urged to develop more colonies, to keep the bees healthy, and to direct and control their work of pollination by the proper placement of mobile hives. Many sections of the country reported that more bees were at work than ever before, but in general the goals were not reached, largely because materials for building hives were scarce.

The number of bees required to maintain American agriculture at a high level of production is astronomical. There are some 500,000 beekeepers in the United States, and the Department of Agriculture has asked them, for 1948, to try to increase the number of colonies to 6,087,000.

Since the population of a colony may run as high as 80,000 insects, that many colonies would mean more than 400,000,000,000 bees buzzing about the countryside. Every state in the Union needs more bees; some should have as many as 12,000 additional colonies. The need is especially great where legume plants are grown; the department recommends a colony of bees for each acre of clover or alfalfa. For a real bumper crop of seed three colonies are required.

Our Depleted Meat Supply

If the people of this country are to eat the meat they want and expect, our depleted herds of cattle must be built up to at least the 85,000,000 that filled our pasture and feed lots in 1945. That would be some 8,000,000 more than we had last year, when the per capita consumption of beef, and of other meats as well, rose to an all-time high. To do this we must have more feed for the cattle, and to get more feed we must have more legume plant seeds. At the moment, production of these essential seeds is so low that world requirements cannot be met in from five to ten years.

Agricultural experts are devoting much time and thought to stepping up seed production. The government is trying to do it with money. In 1947 Uncle Sam paid legume crop producers a bonus of $3.50 an acre, with a limit of $70 per farm. In 1948 there will be price supports for alfalfa, crimson clover and other legume crops.

These cash handouts will encourage farmers to plant more land in legume crops, but they won't increase the yield of seeds per acre. Only more intensive pollination can do that. Scientists working on the problem of clover-seed production at Ohio State University recently completed a three-year experiment in which they used two fields of clover, one pollinated by great numbers of honeybees and the other allowed to grow with almost no insect pollination. The field worked over by the bees produced 1,500 per cent more seeds than the other. Dr. James I. Hambleton, head of the Division of Bee Culture of the Department of Agriculture says:

"The decline in seed production is serious in those crops that require insect pollination. Utah at one time was our principal alfalfa-seed producing state. In its best year, 1925, Utah produced almost 25,000,000 pounds of alfalfa seed. This figure has dropped steadily until the current annual production is less than 4,000,000 pounds. Red clover and other legumes are in the same plight. A good stand of red clover as we see it in almost any locality carries enough blossoms to produce 10 or 11 bushels of seed per acre. But the average production for the country is only .9 of a bushel. Pollination is inadequate, to say the least, and the most immediate remedy for this is through the intelligent use of honeybees."

Dr. Hambleton and other experts are urging farmers and seed growers to follow the successful example set by many orchardists, who now insure bountiful crops by bringing in beekeepers with their hives during blossomtime. For this service, which gives the orchards the fullest possible pollination, they pay from four to eight dollars per hive. Since beehives can be moved about without injury or distress to the bees, this system could be used almost everywhere in the country.

Many large seed growers have begun to bring in colonies of bees when their fields are in bloom, and a few have gone the system one better by establishing apiaries of their own. In every instance where this has been done seed production has increased enormously. But the average farmer

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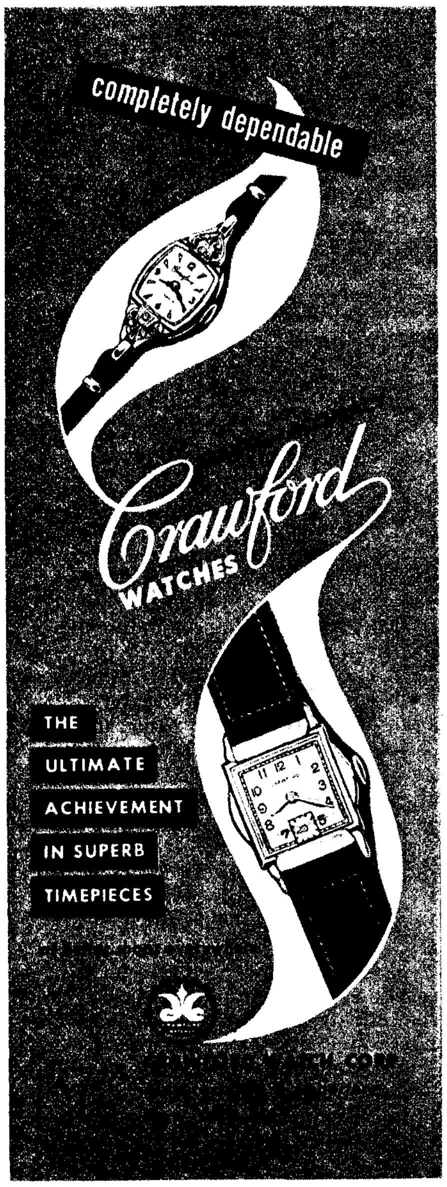


THE ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENT IN SUPERB TIMEPIECES

is always a little slow to adopt innovations.

It was less than 200 years ago that a German botanist, Joseph G. Kölreuter, who was engaged in hybridization experiments, discovered the priceless service rendered to flowering plants by pollinating insects. To the farmer this service has always been free, and he has accepted it as his natural due. It is still difficult to convince most farmers that for every dollar the beekeeper makes on honey the bees perform at least $50 worth of service to agriculture.

The situation which could very easily result in beeless agriculture for the United States and thereby drastically lower our standards of living is not the fault of the bees. They are still the same industrious, prolific little creatures that they have always been. Man himself is to blame. With characteristic shortsightedness he and his boasted agricultural progress have upset one of nature's prime balances, and if we are to maintain our abundant way of life it must be restored. Up to some thirty years ago the balance between farm products and pollination by insects was undisturbed. Then came World War I and an increase in population, followed by an expanding national appetite and mounting exports of grain and animal products.

To supply the huge quantities of farm products needed, the cultivation of large new tracts of land was necessary. Forests were cut down and the land plowed. Fence rows on farms that had given shelter to wildlife were ripped out by the mile, and millions of acres of old-time wood lots were cleared, leaving vast areas on which machines operated to plant and harvest crops beyond all precedent. Invention and "clean cultivation" were the new magic, destined to bring multiplied production. Nobody doubted that American energy and ingenuity could meet the pressure of a hungry and fast-growing population, and even provide surpluses.

Farmers Defeat Their Own Ends

But pollination, the foundation of our best and most-liked foods, was either forgotten or taken for granted. It had always happened as surely as the sun had always risen; therefore it would continue to happen. So the farmer doubled, tripled and quadrupled his planting, and at the same time continued to destroy the basic means of a full crop return.

The new "clean cultivation" wiped out the nesting places of the wild bees and the other insect pollinators; they were made homeless and left to die, which they did by the millions. The work of destruction was further carried on by forest and brush fires, many of them man-set to clear land for planting, and by the nationwide building of automobile roads and residential developments.

Within the past few years, the pollinators have had to fight against a new enemy. Countless billions of honeybees, wild bees and other insects which helped in the big task of pollination have been murdered by the wholesale and careless use of powerful insecticides. These poisonous dusts and sprays, often scattered from airplanes over wide areas, kill the good as well as the bad insects. The Department of Agriculture reports that in 1947 DDT and 2-4-D, both of them certain death to bees, were more widely used than ever before.

It becomes increasingly apparent that these lethal sweeps in our fields and orchards will have to be controlled and regulated if the beekeeper and the seedgrower are to succeed in their efforts to increase bee population and legume crop production. Several states have already taken action to control the use of poisons but federal action may eventually be necessary. It doesn't make much sense for scientists of the Bee Culture Laboratory at Beltsville, Maryland, to work on the diseases of the bee while wholesale poisoning of the insects is going on at the same time.

With its wild assistant pollinators dwindling almost to the vanishing point, the country is now dependent upon the honeybee for about 85 per cent of the necessary pollination. And only the honeybee would have a chance to succeed at such a gigantic task, for no other insect pollinator lends itself to the manipulation of man, multiplies so prodigiously, is so well organized and industrious, and lays up such quantities of honey that it can be kept for profit.

The bumblebee, next best pollinator, is a happy-go-lucky insect who will have nothing to do with man and his hives and lays up a paltry quantity of honey. A bumblebee queen is considered prolific if she has a few hundred descendants at the end of a season, whereas a queen honeybee, busily laying her quota of some 3,500 eggs a day over a period of weeks, may have a hundred thousand.

Fortunately for man, of all the flower-visiting insects the honeybee is best equipped to preside at the "marriage of the flowers." Her body and legs are covered with hairs, some stiff, some featherlike, to which the pollen clings. It has been estimated that a honeybee's body can carry 100,000 grains of pollen. She has special "pollen baskets" on her hind legs, and her primary task is to fill these for home use, but a lot of the pollinating dust is distributed as the bee buzzes among the flowers.

Like the bumblebee (and no other insect) she confines herself to a single species of blossom on a trip, thus bringing about a maximum of pollination. Also, this is the reason why it is possible for a beekeeper to produce different kinds of honey: clover, orange, buckwheat, etc. To gather a pound of pollen, the bees from one hive must visit more than 8,000,000 flowers, and may gather as much as 65 pounds in a single season. The life span of a bee is about six weeks. At the end of that time she has literally worked herself to death.

The first honeybees to gather pollen and nectar from American flowers were brought to this country by English colonists who settled in New England in the early years of the 17th century, probably in the 1630s. These were German black bees, which were supplanted, about the middle of the 19th century, by Italian bees, the cleanest, the most industrious and the gentlest of all honey makers.

To the Indians of the Northwest the honeybee was known as "the white man's fly"; they believed that the bees led the pioneers on in their conquest of the West. What happened was that swarms of honeybees escaped into the great forests that covered most of the eastern seaboard, and there lived wild until lured into hives again by the advancing white man. By 1800 they had been seen well beyond the Mississippi, and the settlers were not far behind.

Aboriginal Beekeeping Methods

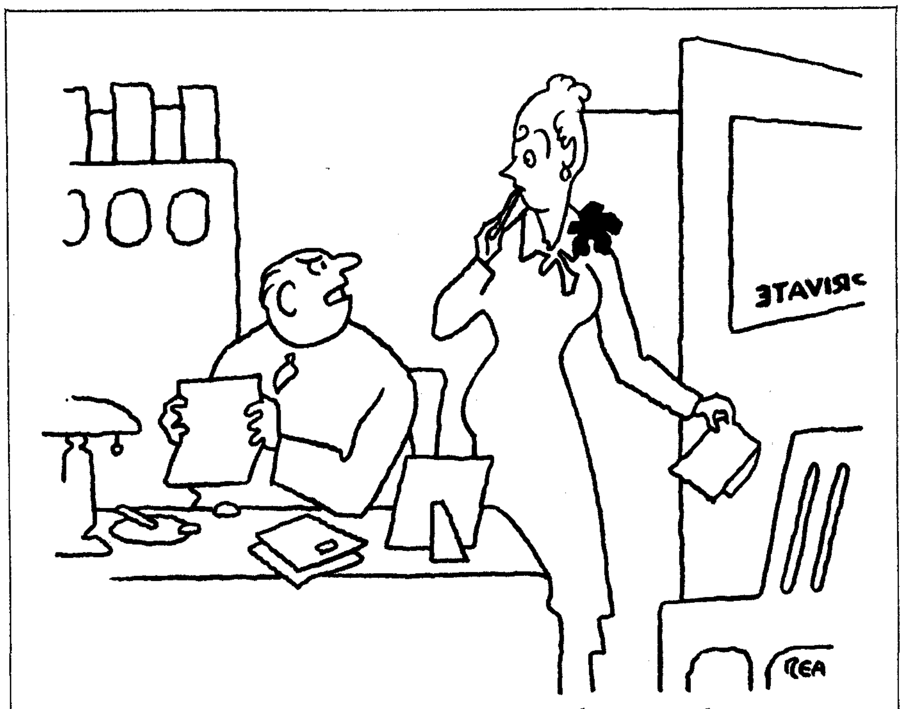
Before the honeybees were brought here the necessary pollination was taken care of by the native wild bees and other insects, which were numerous enough to insure good crops of beans and the few other vegetables used by the Indians. The wind pollinated the corn, the red man's grain staple, and there was no need of bees for his meat, for which he depended upon buffalo, deer, bear, small game and birds. He ate the honey of the wild bees whenever he found it, but there was never a great deal. A few tribes, mostly in the Southwest, succeeded in hiving a few varieties of bees in hollow logs with clay-plugged ends. Hives of this sort can still be found in Mexico, where the Indians keep a species of stingless wild bee for a dribble of honey.

A beeless agriculture in the United States may seem unthinkable, but agricultural experts are frankly worried by the threatened extinction of wild bees and other pollinating insects. They are also fearful of the terrible plague known as the Isle of Wight disease, which broke out in the Isle of Wight in 1906, and ever since then has been destroying honeybees in Europe.

And suppose we do not succeed in building up our colonies of honeybees to the point where there are enough bees to handle the big job of pollination? What would happen? What would we have to eat in the United States? Well, the bill of fare would be sadly limited. We'd have wheat and corn and other grains that are pollinated by the wind, a few vegetables like spinach and potatoes, fish, and some mutton and lamb. Bees are not needed to pollinate grass for sheep. But there would be almost no fruit.

Briefly, the American menu would be something like that of China, where the food is that of a beeless agriculture—and which gets along on fish, rice and mullet, with pork or fowl or a bowl of soybeans for a feast. Compared with what we have now, it would be a dull diet, lacking variety and zest, and containing a minimum of the proteins, fats, carbohydrates and vitamins that help make an active, progressive people.

THE END



"And for Pete's sake, don't just make a mental note of that, Miss Johnson. I want it done"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

9 out of 10 say IMPERIAL again!

91.4% to be exact! When purchasers of Imperial were questioned in a nation-wide survey, 91.4% proved to be *repeat purchasers.* Yes, nine out of ten say Imperial again!

HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

It's good to know… IMPERIAL
is made by Hiram Walker.
No wonder nine out of ten say
Imperial again!

90 years at fine whiskey-making makes this whiskey good. 86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

© 1948 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEN, MIKES AND MONEY

BY MERLIN H. AYLESWORTH

AS TOLD TO BEN GROSS

The demands of labor bosses like James C. Petrillo and the whims of showmen like the late Major Bowes added to the complications of life at a radio network

III

RADIO CITY was conceived as a center for all the allied arts of show business. When the Music Hall's initial offering flopped badly at the box office, there was talk of shutting the theater down, at least temporarily. But without the Music Hall and its companion show place, the RKO-Roxy (now the Center Theater), there was small hope of survival for Radio City.

In a conference with Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of RCA, it was decided to make one last effort: We would present our case to John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

As we entered the office of Tom Debevoise, the Rockefeller counsel, no one would have mistaken

Radio listeners have contributed to the NBC treasury by taking conducted tours. Here one group watches a guide demonstrating sound effects behind a glass panel

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

us for The Happiness Boys. We told him our story, omitting none of the details.

Debevoise listened sympathetically and during a telephone conversation with Mr. Rockefeller presented our case in the most favorable light.

As we returned uptown, the driver of the rickety cab would have been astounded if we had told him that what he was really transporting was a lifesaver for Radio City. For we had the promise of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of an additional credit of a quarter of a million dollars. With this, plus another $250,000 credit from General Electric, Westinghouse and RCA, we managed to carry on.

Thus, financially fortified, I worked with the Music Hall staff on the new show. We put in a motion picture with a colorful stage *divertissement* produced by Leon Leonidoff, the producer of the old Roxy shows, a symphony orchestra, a ballet, the Rockettes and several standard variety acts.

Although Samuel Rothafel (Roxy) was gone from the scene now, ill and heartbroken, it was he who deserved the major credit for the success of the revamped Music Hall. For in making the switch, we reverted to a format that, basically, had been created by Roxy and employed successfully at his old theater on Seventh Avenue.

With Radio City Music Hall established as the show place of the nation—it has not missed a day since then—the smaller RKO-Roxy (now called the Center) became our big problem. It could not continue to operate as a movie house competitor. We, therefore, decided to turn it into a legitimate house. Later the Center became the home of those ice shows which have brought it prosperity.

In Radio City, broadcasting came of age. From the dingy, crowded studios of the "one-lungers" and the "coffee grinders" it had stepped forth in the vestments of a major industry. But the sun was still clouded by depression shadows.

Acres of Unrented Offices

Rentals in Rockefeller Center presented the darkest picture of all. Acquiring space there today is as difficult as buying front-row seats for a Broadway hit. But in the early 1930s, prospective tenants were not only welcomed but actually lured in for a percentage of their gross, instead of at a fixed rate. Despite this, acres of offices remained unoccupied.

In the meanwhile, sponsors were going on and off the air and NBC's income was uncertain. I was cheered by our luxurious quarters; but a nightmarish sum continued to haunt me. It was the total of our yearly rental—$380,000. If only some windfall would help us to meet it!

Unexpectedly, we found that windfall in the eagerness of the public to see our new studios. From its very first day, Rockefeller Center was the prime tourist attraction of the nation.

Why not conduct tours through NBC, I thought, and charge a fee for it? David Sarnoff agreed with me, but some of my staff were pessimistic. They did not believe that a sufficient number would be willing to pay 40 cents each for a tour through our premises.

But the radio listeners—heaven bless 'em!—came flocking by the hundreds of thousands, and, eventually by the millions. Since 1933, more than 7,000,000 paying guests have visited this network headquarters and gaped at its wonders.

During our first twelve months there, they contributed $350,000 to the treasury of NBC. This was only $30,000 less than our yearly rental.

In the meantime, the network continued to grow. In 1930, we had opened our new Chicago studios. I shall never forget one of the episodes which preceded that opening. While the NBC studios were being built in Chicago I became involved in an amusing incident with a Chicago union leader.

As soon as we announced our plans, the union boss demanded that we employ two of his men in our studios, even though their services were not required. However, I asked NBC's executive vice-president, the late George McClelland, to agree to the proposal, and, at the same time, to prevent these men from getting control.

Unfortunately George forgot about the matter, but the union boss did not. Without warning, he called a strike, not only against NBC, but against the entire Merchandise Mart, where we had rented space.

One day I told my friend Rex Cole, who was then with General Electric, about my catastrophe. I told him that although I had ordered an immediate settlement, nothing had happened.

"Hold on a minute," Cole said. "I might be able to help you. There's a fellow in Minneapolis who knows this man well. Maybe he can help you."

Rex immediately picked up the phone and within a half hour persuaded the Minneapolis man to bring his friend to New York the next afternoon. As soon as they arrived, I met them at the Hotel Roosevelt.

I found both men utterly exhausted. They had spent the entire journey from Chicago to New York playing pinochle.

I immediately noticed on the dresser a bottle of bourbon and two guns. I glanced at the weapons uneasily, and the union man explained. "We put them there so we could talk."

Then he put on his steel-rimmed spectacles, produced a document from his inner pocket and proceeded to read the constitution, rules and regulations of his union.

I began to yawn. "I'm tired," I said. "Let's have a drink and then I'll run along."

The union leader, yawning also, did not answer, but merely pointed to the bottle.

"You're not a very good host," I remarked.

He laughed boisterously and poured me a drink. By the time I rose to leave, we had emptied the entire bottle.

"I'd like to meet you at my office in the morning," I said casually.

"Okay. What time?"

"Eight A.M."

It was the first time I had ever arrived at my office at that hour, but he did not know that. Just as I had anticipated, he was not there. I immediately phoned his hotel.

"You're late," I said.

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes," he growled, still half asleep.

And he was—bleary-eyed, unshaven, the victim of two long nights of drinking and card playing.

As he took a chair, the union boss, attempting to suppress another yawn, looked at me sheepishly and smiled. "You know," he said, "you're the toughest ——— I've ever met. How about settling this thing?"

I agreed to take on two of his engineers and within ten minutes he had one of his Chicago aides on the phone. "We're not going to ruin 'em," he told him. "Call off the strike!"

Petrillo Issues an Order

This experience reminds me of an entirely different type of "run-in" I had with another Chicago labor tycoon, James Caesar Petrillo. I had my first dealings with him in 1928, while he was the head of the Chicago local of the American Federation of Musicians, before he had assumed the national leadership of that union.

Petrillo had served notice on Niles Trammell, our Chicago vice-president and manager, that we would not be permitted to broadcast network programs there unless we hired a goodly number of local musicians for radio programs he wanted us to produce in Chicago.

To have acceded to Petrillo's demands at that time would have been a financial impossibility. Therefore, I made a hurried trip to the Windy City to have a talk with him.

"Deac," he said, "we don't want all this out-of-town music coming in here by wire. We gotta protect our home musicians."

I explained that we were trying to make of Chicago a radio center and, if we succeeded, it would mean that many more programs would originate there.

Suddenly I had an idea. "Look," I said. "I understand that you play a pretty good cornet. Well, you get together 100 of your unemployed musicians and organize a band. Then you can lead them on the radio and I'll pay the bill."

Petrillo pondered for a minute and then answered: "That's a deal."

He gathered 100 unemployed members of his union, and with himself conducting and tooting a horn, molded them into an ensemble. They performed over NBC for four weeks. Finally, one day Petrillo called me and announced, "We are satisfied you mean well, Deac. My boys have shown you. We'll go along with radio."

Petrillo, whatever else may be said about him, has always made a great fight for his people, many of whom became unemployed because of technological changes. Today he has kept pace with progress, and even the radio people take their hats off to his honesty.

Just a few weeks after the opening of our new Chicago studios, NBC acquired one of its most important key outlets—WTAM of Cleveland. I had made a trip there to confer with John F. Royal, who was managing that important station for Robert Lindsay, head of a giant utility corporation, the Cleveland Illuminating Electric Company. My mission was to implore him to broadcast more of our commercial programs.

But he told me that "NBC is not paying us enough to carry these shows." He preferred to make his own deals with our national advertisers and broadcast commercial programs locally. Out of these he could make much more money.

On my way downstairs from Royal's office, I met Ben Ling, in charge of public relations for the Cleveland Illuminating Electric Company.

"I can't convince John," I told him. "I'm going home."

"Your friend Mr. Lindsay is at home in bed, quite ill," he said.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked.

"It's just worry over WTAM," Ben explained. "He bought the station as a

CBS
CELLINI

Major Bowes (seated) presented his Amateur Hour at NBC till an unfortunate incident sent him to rivals

good-will gesture. He wanted to operate it as a service for the public. But now he is being attacked by almost every class in Cleveland. They think his protestations are hypocritical; that he took it over merely to influence the people in favor of his utilities."

After making sure that Lindsay was not too ill to see me, I drove immediately to his home and arrived there around 12:30 in the afternoon.

"Deac, I really wanted to help the people of this city," he remarked sadly. "But they don't appreciate it."

"I know something about the utility business," I said, "and have learned this very important lesson: A public utility should never make a good-will gesture where there might be a suspicion of a desire to control public opinion. The people are sure to misunderstand. They'll read a base motive into it every time."

"I think you're right," Lindsay agreed. Then, in silence, he stared at the ceiling for several minutes. Suddenly, he announced, "I'll sell you my station."

Before he could change his mind, I asked, "How much do you want for it?"

He answered, "Six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars—the money we invested and our operating losses."

I jumped at it. "Sold!" I said, and we shook hands.

A few minutes later, I returned to Royal's office and told him the news.

"Well, I did my best," he said.

I studied him for a moment and then laughed. "I want you to be in New York ten days from now—as vice-president of NBC, in charge of programs."

Bargaining with Samuel Insull

The following year, NBC purchased another major outlet in an equally casual manner. We had long desired to acquire WENR, of Chicago, which was owned by the Commonwealth Edison Company, of which Samuel Insull, the utilities magnate, was president and dictator.

Knowing him for the imperious character he was, I looked forward to a difficult time as I entered his office in March, 1931. But I had one factor in my favor—a letter from Owen D. Young, an old friend of Insull's.

From the moment I faced him, I realized that one could not use a conventional approach. So mine was an unusual one. I had learned that the owner of the Stevens Hotel had installed his own electrical plant, refusing to buy his current from Insull's company. The magnate resented this openly and furiously.

I made some remark about Mr. Stevens. Insull's reply was bitter. "He's supposed to be a hotel man. What right has he in the electric business?"

"That's true," I answered. "But, sir, would you mind if I asked you a question?"

"What is it?" he grumbled.

"Why are *you* in the broadcasting business?"

His glance was cold but it finally melted. "That's a good question," he said, half to himself. After a long pause, he added, "The station's for sale, if you want it."

And then and there we closed one of the biggest deals in radio, for a consideration of a million dollars.

For an example of the sheer chance upon which many a big deal hinged, however, I can do no better than to cite the example of the late Major Edward Bowes, who mined the vast vein of amateur talent in this country and processed it into a big business.

He had originated The Amateur Hour on WHN, a local New York station. His jamboree of tyro talent won such acclaim in the metropolitan area, that in the thirties the Chase & Sanborn coffee company began to sponsor the show over NBC. The public response was so tremendous that at one time we had more than 100 telephone operators receiving calls from listeners in all sections of the country, casting votes for their favorite contestants.

The major was not only an outstanding showman and a lovable character, but also one of the shrewdest businessmen I have ever known. During the thirties, his hour became a siren song luring thousands of teen-age boys and girls to New York. Bowes decided to cash in on this national interest.

So he organized units comprised of the youthful newcomers and, fortifying them with professional actors, sent them on cross-country tours. A vast income rolled in from this source. This added to the weekly $25,000 eventually paid by the Chrysler auto people for his radio show, convinced the major that as a coiner of wealth, amateurs ran a close second to the United States Mint.

Naturally an attraction of such prestige was one to be cherished by any network. My orders to the staff were to "put out the red carpet for Bowes." However, at this period I was chairman of the board of RKO as well as president of NBC, and consequently, not always on the premises. Therefore my orders were not followed meticulously enough.

"Oh, I still think it was fate with me and Bob, too—but a temporary fate"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

The Truth About Dandruff
...Itchy Scalp
...Falling Hair

WARNING! Watch out for dandruff, itchy scalp, falling hair—warning signals that your scalp needs attention. JERIS has a special ingredient that stimulates the scalp. Use JERIS and you really get at the root of the trouble.

ROUTS LOOSE DANDRUFF INSTANTLY!

JERIS has "double-action". Its antiseptic ingredients kill the dandruff bacillus*, rout loose, unsightly dandruff instantly. JERIS also has a special ingredient that stimulates blood flow, gets at the *very root of the trouble.* For a healthy scalp and handsome hair, use JERIS every day. At drug counters everywhere. Request it at your barber's, too!

(Pityrosporum ovale), which many authorities recognize as the cause of infectious dandruff.

JERIS
Antiseptic
HAIR TONIC

FOR BEST RESULTS...
- Use JERIS Antiseptic Hair Tonic every day.
- Use JERIS CREAM OIL every other day.
- Massage scalp briskly every day.

JERIS SALES COMPANY, 805 E. 140th ST., N. Y.

AMERICA'S GREATEST WINE VALUE

La BOHEME
CALIFORNIA
WINES

La Boheme Vineyards Co., Fresno, Calif.

PULVEX FLEA POWDER
TWO KINDS
WITH 5% DDT
... for dogs. Kills fleas and lice quick. Keeps fleas off 5-7 days. Many home uses.
OR WITH ROTENONE
... for cats, dogs. Quickly kills fleas, lice. Kills fleas when put on a single spot. Pre-war formula.
EITHER KIND: 25c & 50c
Replacement or refund of money Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if not as advertised therein

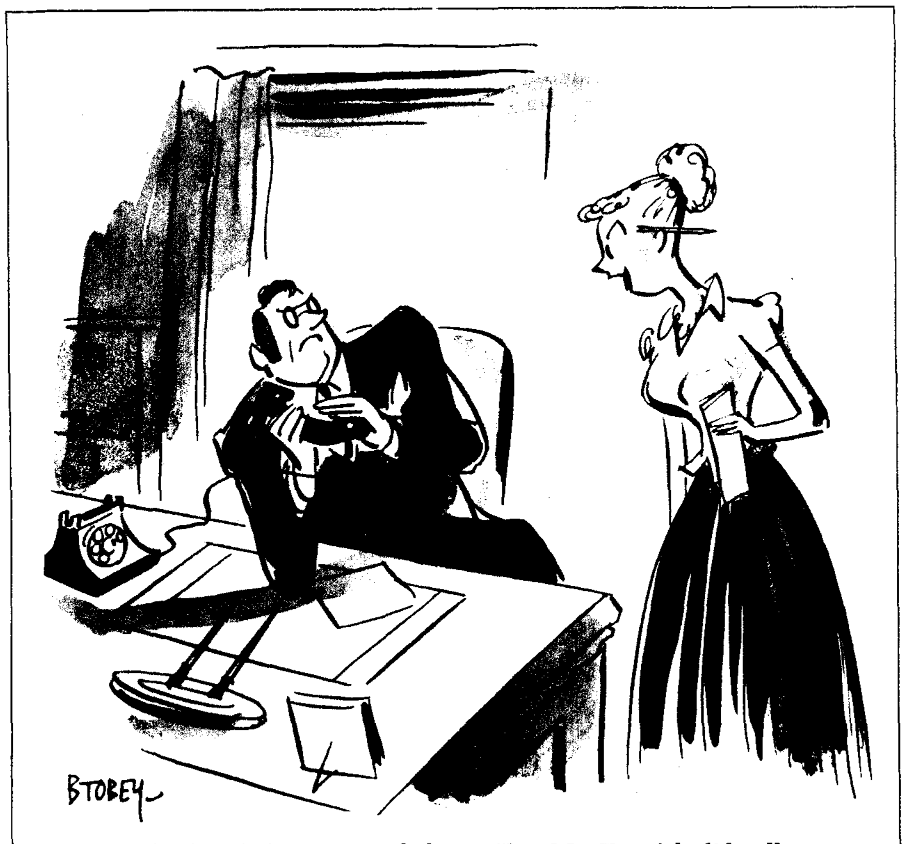
TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums



"Oh, I'm glad you reminded me. Yes, Mr. Feswick did call yesterday and wanted you to call him back immediately"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

One day in 1936, we lost this valuable account to our rival—CBS. And all because of what is still known at NBC as the "issue over the tissue." It was directly responsible for the tragedy, and I reveal it here for the first time.

The major was on his way to attend a rehearsal in our Radio City studios. In the lobby of the RCA Building, a minor network functionary halted the emperor of the amateurs as he was about to enter a public passenger elevator.

"Sorry, Major," he said, "but we have a rule that all performers must use the musicians' elevator."

One Indignity on Top of Another

Bowes, a great man for the amenities, was considerably miffed, but complied. A few minutes later, he went to his private rest room and, to his annoyance, found that there was no toilet paper. Understandably indignant by now, he demanded immediate action by the attendant. But the latter merely conferred with another employee who, in turn, relayed the emergency call to still another. Soon the demand for a few sheets of tissue became entangled in the horrendous routine which sometimes complicates the procedures of big corporations.

After many minutes of fuming, the major finally beheld two gentlemen of serious mien entering the rest room. Both were representatives of august organizations. With frosty dignity, the NBC man informed Bowes that because of a recent change in rule number such and such, it was now the parent company, RCA's, duty to provide the said paper. But, with equal hauteur, the RCA delegate insisted that this was still NBC's responsibility. As the major's blood pressure rose beyond the danger point, they argued the issue with suave but stubborn restraint.

However, Bowes did not await the decision. Instead, he rushed immediately to a near-by telephone.

"It seems you are no longer in charge here," he said to me in icy tones, "and you no longer can give me personal attention. So I'm going to Columbia."

It was thus that CBS, our rival network, gained one of NBC's most prized shows.

Another colorful figure, one who perhaps more than any other left his impress on the early history of broadcasting, was the late Graham McNamee. He was the first of the great announcers and his work has never been equaled.

Although McNamee won fame in every realm of broadcasting, it was in sports that he made his mark. And, ironically enough, he knew practically nothing about the various games he described! But McNamee did succeed in conveying to his fans a sense of drama that no one else could give them.

It was primarily because Graham was such a spectacular showman that I scheduled him to broadcast one of the most stirring battles in heavyweight history, the Dempsey-Tunney "long count" fight in Chicago on September 22, 1927. I had sold the radio rights to Roy Howard and William Hawkins, Sr., of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, their first venture into this field. So it was up to me to make certain that nothing would mar the proceedings.

But no sooner had I arrived in Chicago than trouble with a capital T appeared on the scene. I learned that the Illinois boxing authorities had given permission to the local stations to carry the battle. One of these was WMAQ, now of NBC, but at that time with CBS. I was also informed that WMAQ intended to place its broadcast on the entire Columbia chain. So I immediately obtained an injunction against both.

This disposed of, I waited impatiently the arrival of McNamee. He had been attending an electrical show in St. Louis and reservations had been made for him on the Chicago & Alton Railroad. Had he followed instructions, he would have made it, with time to spare. But this would have been far too conventional for Graham. Instead, he chartered a plane and, with an eye to headlines, planned to land somewhere near the ringside. However, air transportation being somewhat more uncertain in those days than now, he came down in a cornfield in the middle of Illinois!

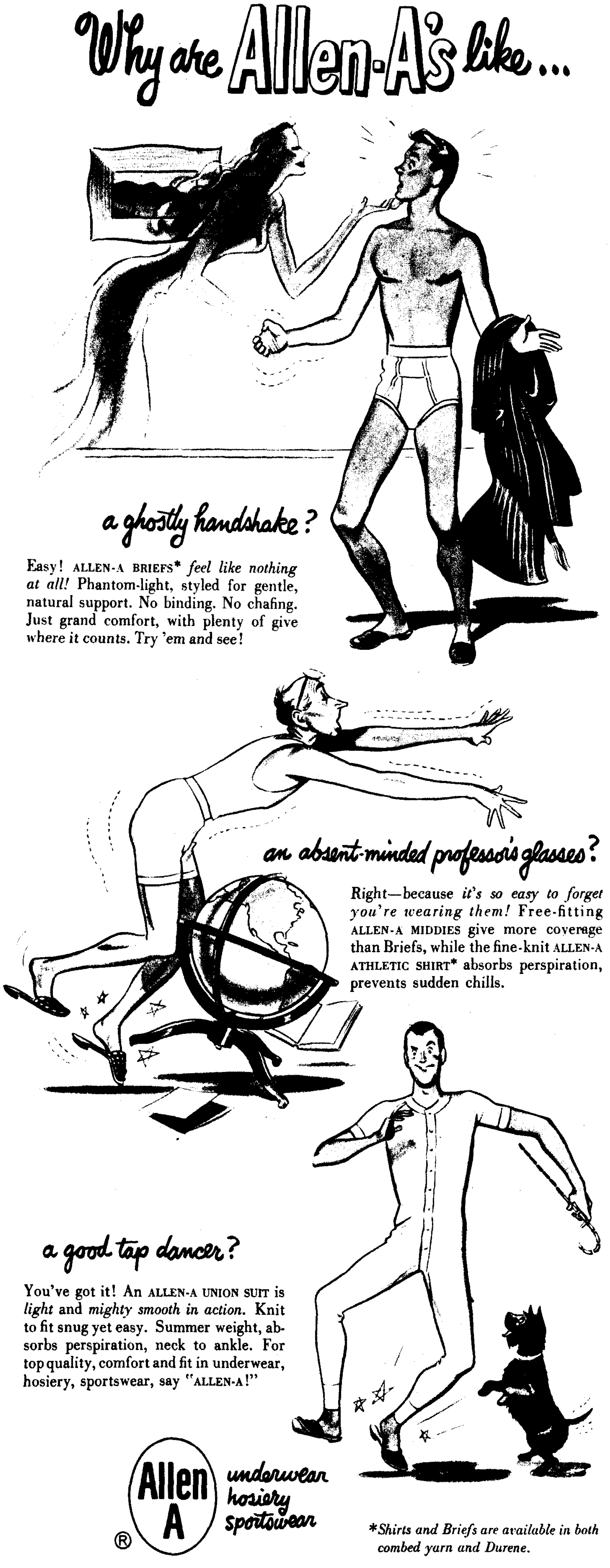
We waited until 6:30 on the evening of the fight—but no McNamee. We were frantic. There was no trace of him. A half hour later, Phillips Carlin, another of our ace announcers, now a vice-president of the Mutual Broadcasting System, called me from his hotel. "Graham should be here any time now," was his comforting message.

"Where is he?" I demanded.

"You'll love every illegal inch of 'em!"
"The Sainted Sisters"

THEY LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM... BROKE!
Meet the most kissable pair in history... those light-hearted, light-fingered lassies who'll steal away with your heart —and any other movable property! You're in for the laugh-of-a-lifetime with the gals who finally find its fun to be good!

Starring
Veronica LAKE
Joan CAULFIELD
Barry FITZGERALD
with
WILLIAM DEMAREST
GEORGE REEVES · BEULAH BONDI
Produced by Richard Maibaum · Directed by William D. Russell
Screenplay by Harry Clork and N. Richard Nash
Adapted by Mindret Lord
A Paramount Picture


Why are Allen-A's like...

a ghostly handshake?

Easy! ALLEN-A BRIEFS* *feel like nothing at all!* Phantom-light, styled for gentle, natural support. No binding. No chafing. Just grand comfort, with plenty of give where it counts. Try 'em and see!

an absent-minded professor's glasses?

Right—because *it's so easy to forget you're wearing them!* Free-fitting ALLEN-A MIDDIES give more coverage than Briefs, while the fine-knit ALLEN-A ATHLETIC SHIRT* absorbs perspiration, prevents sudden chills.

a good tap dancer?

You've got it! An ALLEN-A UNION SUIT is *light* and *mighty smooth in action.* Knit to fit snug yet easy. Summer weight, absorbs perspiration, neck to ankle. For top quality, comfort and fit in underwear, hosiery, sportswear, say "ALLEN-A!"

Allen A ® underwear hosiery sportswear

**Shirts and Briefs are available in both combed yarn and Durene.*

Phil said he didn't know. Moving fast, I obtained a sports announcer from the Chicago Examiner and had him ready to take the mike. In the meantime, Howard, Hawkins and Aylesworth were having a more than mild case of jitters. First, the injunction, and now the missing McNamee.

At exactly eight o'clock, Phil called again. "Graham is here," he announced.

"Send him over immediately," I ordered.

Mac arrived, humble as usual, and apologetic. "Chief, I tried to do this right," he explained, "but I missed."

"Get in there at once—and do it!" I snapped.

And Graham did, turning in one of the most exciting jobs of his career. But the millions of his listeners did not even suspect how close their favorite announcer had come to missing the top sports assignment of his life.

When Mr. Hoover Was Cut Off

A classic episode involving "mishaps" concerned Herbert Hoover when he was Secretary of Commerce, and therefore the moral as well as temporal guardian of radio. In those days, the telephone lines carrying sounds from a broadcasting station were sometimes operated in an erratic manner. So it was not surprising that Hoover was cut off several times during the delivery of a speech. Listening in at my home I, and several hundred thousand others, heard the engineers talking with him regarding the break in the wires.

Finally, one of the technicians announced, "Mr. Secretary, I think we have everything fixed now." Hoover shouted impatiently, "For God's sake, I hope so!"

Eddie Cantor, the comedian, is another of the vivid personalities I came to know at NBC. The popeyed funster is a very serious fellow when it comes to his professional activities. It is, in fact, because he is so earnest about his work that he once objected to the presence of studio audiences!

In later years, as you may know, Cantor was sometimes charged by critics with paying too much attention to his visible guests. It was said that he mugged, wore funny costumes and in other ways tried to win the guffaws of those who watched him broadcast. But one day he came to me and said, "Studio audiences spoil the performance for the listeners, because they laugh at things that the invisible audience cannot see or understand."

I told Eddie that he had something there; but that the laughter of a studio audience inspired a comedian to do a better job for the listeners. At that time studio audiences were still an innovation. We had none when NBC was situated on lower Broadway, and at 711 Fifth Avenue, only a few spectators were admitted. They crowded themselves into uncomfortable chairs against the walls.

When we built the NBC studios in Radio City a few years later, the visiting spectators became a major consideration. Our biggest studio—8-H—was designed to accommodate 1,100 persons, and for broadcasts such as those of Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Highways of Melody, Fred Allen, etc., you rarely find even one seat vacant. Also most of the other 32 studios in the new plant were equipped with chairs for the visible audience.

For no comedian of the air waves did I have a more sincere affection than for Ed Wynn. He was already a big name in the theater when he came to radio. It was in this medium that he rose to his greatest height as "The Fire Chief," in a program sponsored by the Texas Company on behalf of its gasoline.

Ed is one of the most sensitive and sentimental actors I have ever known. Like all performers of any worth, he considers his professional prestige more important than money. So his reaction was certain when, one day, a representative of the advertising agency in charge of the Texas Company program approached him. The latter reminded him that his Crossley rating had slipped and also that the sponsor needed to cut advertising costs. Therefore his salary would have to be sliced.

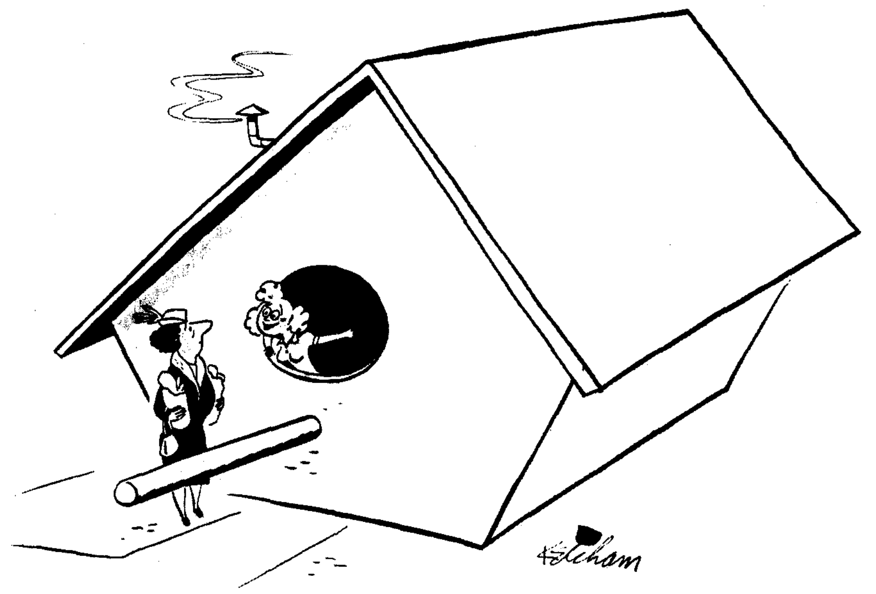
Wynn responded exactly as Amos 'n' Andy once did under similar circumstances. Instead of accepting a cut, he demanded that his pay be doubled! Unfortunately, however, his demand was refused and one of the cleanest and best-liked of all comedy programs soon thereafter went off the air.

Knowing Ed as I do, I'm certain that if the agency man had told him that the Texas Company needed him, that it would fail without him, and then had presented him with another fire chief's hat and a gold medal, he would have been happy to cut his price to the bone. In fact, I'm sure that because of economic conditions he would have insisted on it. But again a businessman had used a wrong approach to an artist!

I shall never forget the day Ed came to my office to tell me the news. His eyes were filled with tears and for a moment he could not speak. Then, with all the pathos of all the Pagliaccis in the world, he said:

"Just think—I won't be The Fire Chief any longer!"

(Next week: Radio in politics, with Calvin Coolidge, Al Smith, Huey Long and F.D.R. Also a quick look at Hollywood.)

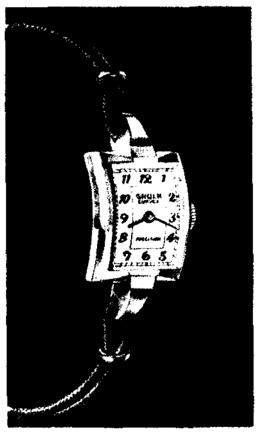


"—and the unbelievable part is that John got the plans for only ten cents!"

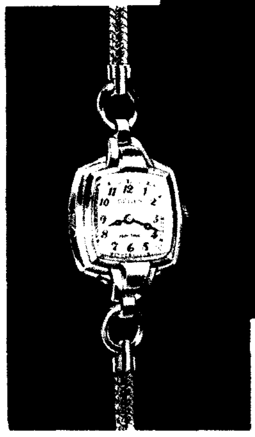
COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

*T. M. REGISTERED

Mother's Day is May 9th



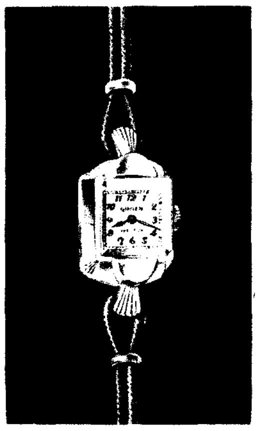
Curvex Riviera, $100.00



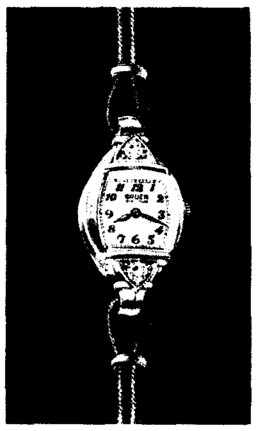
Veri-Thin Claire, $39.75

from your two men . . .

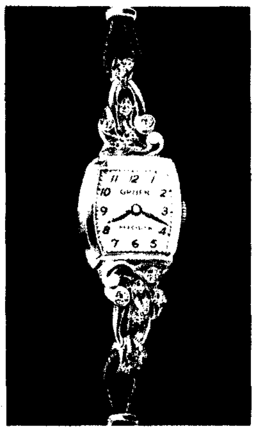
on Mother's Day



Veri-Thin Janet, $55.00



Veri-Thin Vassar, $67.50



Veri-Thin Cardiff,
14 diamonds, $250.00

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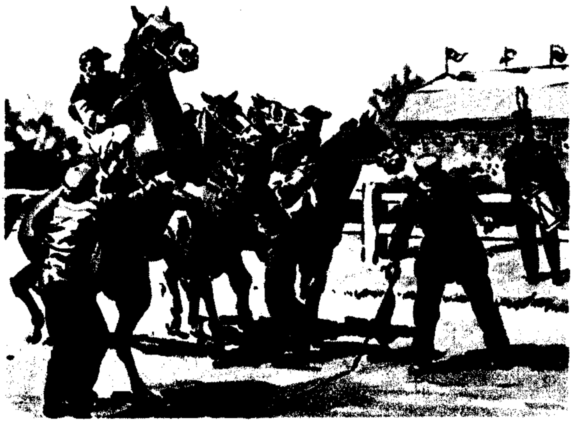
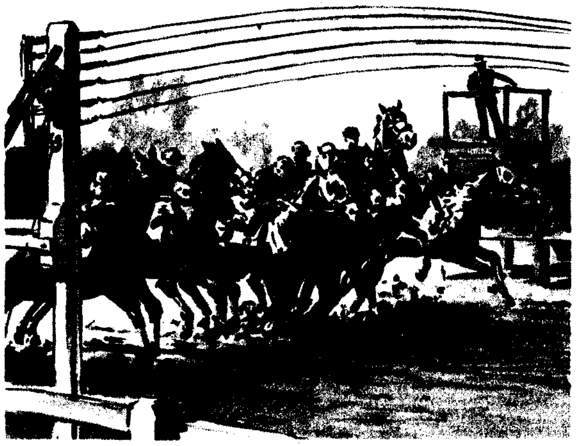
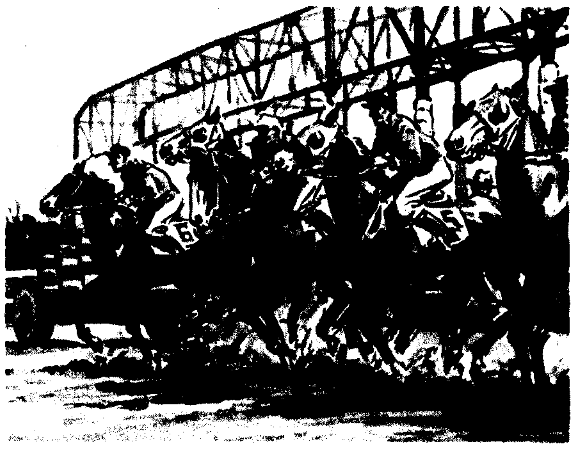


1875 **The drop of** a flag and the beat of a drum got the bangtails off at the first running of the Kentucky Derby—from a starting line scratched in the dust with a stick. The name Corby's was then 17 years old in Canada.



1897 **A radical** new, wire starting barrier was imported from Australia. Racing fans hailed this invention as the name Corby's reached its 39th year in Canada. Skittish horses which balked at the novelty were exiled to the outside of the track.



1930 **The mobile** starting gate came to Churchill Downs as the name Corby's celebrated its 72nd year in Canada. Improved today, its padded stalls protect thoroughbreds from flying hooves. Mechanical release gets them all off together.

N. Corby
SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
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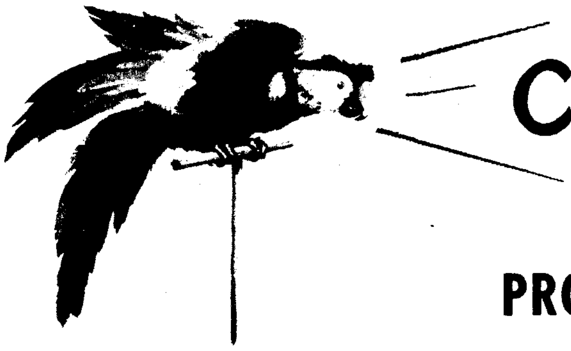
1948 **When strains** of "My Old Kentucky Home" open the 73rd Derby at Churchill Downs on May 1, you can be sure of a fair start for a great race. And if the finish is close, cameras quicker than the keenest eye will pick and prove the winner. *Why not toast that winner with Corby's*—the light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name? Popular-priced, too!



CORBY'S...A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited—Peoria, Illinois

GOVERNOR DEWEY

Continued from page 15

their candidates individually, to talk about the problems that worry them most, the chances are they'd want to know mainly how to avoid war between the capitalist and collectivist nations of the world and how to keep our own economy running full tilt without danger of inflation or depression. When I sat down with Governor Dewey a few weeks ago in his office in the Capitol in Albany, I didn't have to ask many questions. The governor quickly blocked out the subject into broad issues and tackled them ad lib.

The collectivist idea at the bottom of so many of our problems is, he said, a concomitant of mass production. It arises partly out of the belief of many people that they no longer have control of their own destinies. The fact that a factory may close up in Kokomo or Glasgow and throw them out of work makes them feel insecure and they tend to band together and demand government intervention to guarantee their means of livelihood.

(Dewey tilted comfortably back in his chair behind the big desk, looking rested and fresh. The pressure was off momentarily, and we could take our time. After unscrewing his silver cigarette holder, he bent a pipe cleaner exactly in the middle and began working it through the barrel, sighting it now and then against the light to examine the polish.)

One of the great dilemmas of our time, he went on, was how to retain the essential freedom of the individual and still satisfy the yearning for security of great numbers of our people. But he believed that our system of government, intelligently administered, was capable of solving this problem by encouraging rather than hindering private enterprise. A great industrial mechanism in a free society such as ours is bound to have, he added, its periods of excess and decline. But with intelligent government, we need never again experience the great economic cataclysm of the last depression.

(The holder was now immaculate inside and out. Dewey, who limits himself to a pack a day, lighted a cigarette and inhaled with obvious satisfaction, then blew out the smoke from the exact center of his mouth.)

Insecurity Breeds Collectivism

The widespread feeling of insecurity, he said, was only one of many factors which contributed to the spread of collectivism over large parts of the world. Another factor was the terrific disruption of war. Then, too, he asked, doesn't history show that there has always been a movement by a new group to contest the group in power and compete with it for ascendancy?

The Middle Ages, he said, saw the rise of mercantilism and the guilds, which took control of government away from kings and barons and turned over control to those who produced the goods. This raised the living standards of the productive people to somewhere near the living standards of royalty. It also gave us a new concept of individual liberties and free enterprise—in other words, democracy and capitalism.

In this century, he said, the great effort seems to be to drag down those who create our high living standards to the level of the least productive members of society. We can't permit this to happen without destroying American democracy.

This doesn't mean, said Dewey, that the people should not voluntarily entrust some economic functions to government. He pointed out he had long favored the St. Lawrence Seaway and Power project. Asked about the TVA and its possible application to the development of other great river valleys, Dewey said he was all for such a development provided it was done on a local or regional basis—and was done in the slow, American way with plenty of time for discussion and compromise. In his view, it all depended on the speed with which you wanted to move and the care you took not to interfere with private enterprise.

He objected to what he called the hurry-up people who wanted to accomplish it by tomorrow at 9:30 in the morning. To do this, he said, they would transfer great powers to the national government and lose their freedom in the process.

As an example of how large regional enterprises could be accomplished slowly without outside interference, he mentioned the Ohio River Valley Compact to prevent pollution of the Ohio.

A Workable Human-Rights Law

By contrast with the people Dewey referred to as self-styled liberals who talk most and do least about human rights, he recalled his own part in backing the New York State Commission Against Discrimination in private employment. New York was the first state to pass such legislation; and the system, which has functioned smoothly and effectively since 1945, is often mentioned as a model for national legislation. One of the results which Dewey mentioned as particularly pleasing was the appearance of Jackie Robinson in big-league baseball.

Dewey's critics have often charged him with political expediency for shelving a previous state antidiscrimination bill in 1944. "This was done," writes Walter White of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, "on the same day that Lieutenant Governor Hanley was making a speech in North Carolina which led to a unanimous vote by the North Carolina State Republican Committee for a 'draft Dewey' movement."

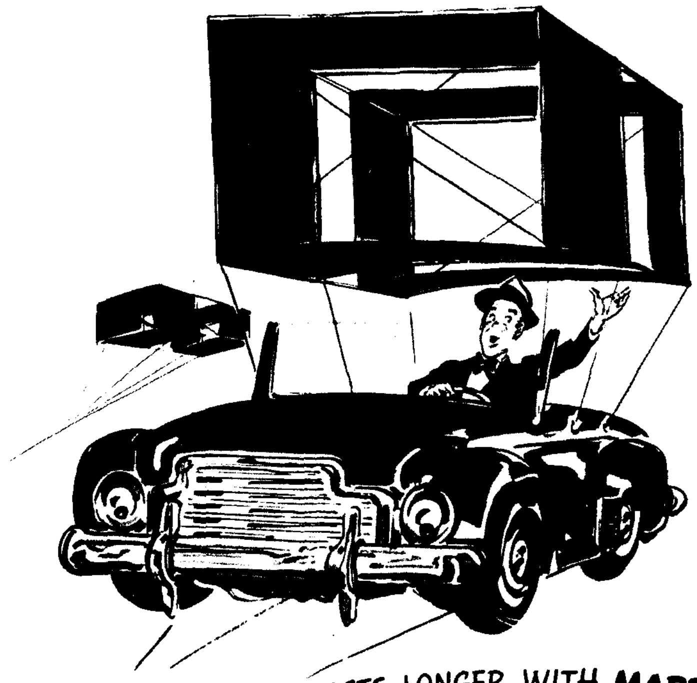
Dewey believes that in this rejected bill, the leftists had tried to pull a fast one on him. The bill sounded, he said, as if it had been drawn on Union Square and designed not to help victims of discrimination but to punish employers. In addition to being unworkable, he said, it couldn't have got six votes in the state Senate.

In this connection, he believes the federal Fair Employment Practices proposal in its present form sounds very much like the bill he rejected. It is another example, he said, of the hurry-up attitude which attempts to force the federal solution of a problem which can ultimately be solved only by an evolutionary process in the areas directly involved.

To illustrate, Dewey pulled down a large map of the United States on the wall behind his desk and drew his hand over large areas of the South where he considered that great advances were being made against racial discrimination. For particular praise, he pointed to Kentucky where he recalled that a Negro had recently been elected to the legislature, another appointed assistant prosecuting attorney of Louisville, and to North Carolina where he mentioned an extensive program to improve Negro schools.

The British, Dewey said, are trying out the Socialist idea that you can turn over major basic industries and production to an all-wise and all-powerful government and still retain all of your essential human rights. He is completely convinced that this cannot be done. The real difference between a Socialist and a Communist, he said, is that the Socialist is an idealist who really believes it can be done while the Communist is a realist who knows it cannot be done and doesn't want it to be.

One place in the world where you



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won't find any Communism, said Dewey, is in Russia. It is state capitalism pure and simple. The Russian government is merely a more efficient form of the same tyranny imposed by the czars. The difference in income between a commissar and a common worker, he said, is fantastically greater than that between the owner or manager and the worker in this country. In the Russian army, as he recalled the figure, a lieutenant is paid 100 times more than a private. As for their tender regard for the common people, the Russian government did not bother to report war casualties below the rank of major.

Churchill's Idea Was Sound

Too late, said Dewey, we are beginning to understand why Churchill wanted us to invade Europe through the Balkans instead of across the Channel. With the Nazis diverted to the Western front, he said, the Russian army dallied along the way, picking political daisies as it went. As he sees it, the Russians gave the signal for the tragic uprising of Polish patriots under General Bor in 1944 and then refused to come to their aid in a deliberate plot to kill off the flower of Polish leadership.

As to whether or not the European Recovery Plan and the billions of dollars it would cost us can actually preserve the democracies in Western Europe, Dewey's attitude was that nobody could say for sure, but it was a chance we couldn't afford to miss. He felt very strongly, however, that in return for ERP, we should insist on a firm economic and defense agreement among the Western European states—to be followed by a degree of political unity. This, he thought, was the first step to be taken if, by a slow process of evolution, we were ever to reach the state of eventual world federation.

While aiding Europe, Dewey would not fail to give nationalist China the strongest help against the Communist armies of the north. There, he says, you have the real thing—war—going on right now. As for the Soviet intentions in the East, he was deeply impressed by a particular passage in the text of the State Department's release on "Nazi-Soviet Relations, 1939-1941." This passage quotes Stalin as remarking that it "was ridiculous that a few hundred British should dominate India."

Dewey declared that Russia is engaged in a vast conspiracy to rule the world, and he brought the subject close to home by saying that he had information that in Cuba today, the Russian Foreign Office maintains some 300 agents. In Mexico, during the war, he said, Russia kept some 200 agents, many of them of draft age.

In contrast with the Soviet Union which staffs its Foreign Office with the very cream of the country's young brains, he said that our own country had handled its foreign relations in a blithe, day-to-day, happy-go-lucky way which had already given us the short end of the diplomatic stick all over the world. Three of our last four Secretaries of State, he said, have understood very little about what went on in the world. Byrnes, he thought, knew the least; Marshall the most, though he still had much to learn.

On the question of Palestine partition, Dewey said unhesitatingly that he was afraid the use of an international police force was the only hope of saving the United Nations. Asked if he believed that American and Russian troops would have to be included in the U.N. police force, he said yes, that in this as in other measures we would be obliged at least to keep up the fiction of co-operation. Whether or not we could ever achieve an international police force powerful enough to stop the aggressor in another war, only time could tell. This, like world federation, he said, was a matter of evolution, and evolution was a slow process.

Dewey's position and responsibilities as governor gave him an important role in the war effort but did not permit him to have a direct part in the overseas operations which gave rise to most of the problems we now face in foreign relations. With the exception of a few months' jaunt through England and France with a friend back in 1925, Dewey has never been to Europe or the Orient. He has taken no occasion to inspect postwar conditions abroad, because he feels he has had too many responsibilities at home for an extended visit and that anything else would be a complete phony.

International relations, he said, is a very highly specialized field requiring a lifetime of study and experience. He emphasized that he was in constant touch with authorities on the subject and had the benefit of hearing their firsthand observations whenever they returned from their tours abroad. In addition, he is acquainted with numerous foreign statesmen who have visited this country, among them Premier de Gasperi of Italy, Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, General de Gaulle and Ambassador Henri Bonnet of France, and Winston Churchill and Lord Halifax of Great Britain.

DICK STROME

COLLIER'S "No, George, of course I haven't forgotten you!" DICK STROME

Dewey's principal adviser on foreign affairs and his probable Secretary of State in the event of his nomination and election is, of course, John Foster Dulles, the prominent New York lawyer and churchman who was with President Wilson at the Paris Peace Conference of 1919 and who has spent a great part of his lifetime in diplomacy. Dulles is also chief adviser to Senator Vandenberg. Far from being on the side lines in foreign relations, Dewey feels that in association with these two men he has shared in some events which have changed the course of history.

Dewey's friends feel, for example, that some of the credit for the eventual creation of the United Nations belongs to him. The original Declaration of United Nations was signed in 1942 in Washington by 26 nations. But in August, 1944, Dewey was said to have private information that the delegates to Dumbarton Oaks had met to form a four-power alliance to rule the world. It was his statement, insisting on international co-operation, it is asserted, which forced the Big Four to plan for the kind of world organization that resulted in the United Nations.

Dewey's record as governor will make useful campaign material. High spots include: substantial cuts in business and personal income taxes. The Ives-Quinn state law against discrimination in business and industry because of race or religion. A half-billion-dollar Postwar Reconstruction Fund accumulated from tax surpluses during the war—now allocated to new hospitals, highways, parks and maintenance. For veterans a $400,000,000 bonus, a $60,000,000 housing and education program and highly preferential treatment in state employment. For most employees, including teachers, wage boosts to private-industry levels. (Dewey left with local governments some of the responsibility for more taxes to pay other increased costs.) A forceful campaign to attract new or expanding business to the state. An expanded and improved public health and mental hygiene program. And many excellent appointments.

To the over-all problem of strikes by government employees, Dewey's reaction was to push the much disputed Condon-Waldin Bill which deprives public employees who strike, of their jobs, and provides for loss of seniority if reinstated. This not only alienated a bloc of the state's teachers and educators but failed to improve relations between himself and organized labor.

Some labor elements consider it an opening wedge for an attack on the right to strike. Dewey replies that the right to strike, like all other rights, depends upon the protection of the government.

In conversation, Dewey has an easy, friendly manner and talks in a natural, idiomatic style that is totally missing in his writing. In his speeches, he has little pride of authorship. From discussions with his friends, he gets a number of central themes, then picks the one he wants to treat and dictates anything that happens to occur to him on it. With this and background material whipped up by a research staff, the first rough draft is written by one or another of his advisers, depending on the subject. But this is only the beginning. The speech is then torn apart paragraph by paragraph in conference and may be written and rewritten half a dozen times before Dewey and all his advisers can agree on it.

Even after the speech has undergone the polishing process it may be junked and completely rewritten. This happened, for instance, to the speech on aid to China, on which Dewey and his men had worked till 3 A.M. In his office later that day, Dewey asked Charles Breitel, his young legal counsel, what he thought of it. "It's only Grade-B," said Breitel.

"Well," said Dewey, "we had fun writing it anyhow"—and started all over again. One of Dewey's advisers estimated he spends about 30 hours on every major 30-minute speech, in addition to the time spent by his staff.

Despite all this effort, perhaps because of it, Dewey's speeches have no personal style that can be easily described. The dramatic impact of Dewey's early "fighting speeches" as prosecuting attorney is missing. Facts and figures are handled very adroitly and statistical passages are often the best in the speech.

For emphasis, Dewey favors phrases like: "I can and I do say . . .", "It can and it must be done. . . ." He employs dramatic inflection and elocution gestures and reads his speeches like lines in an opera libretto. While he has a fine, rich baritone, his acting technique is closer to the silent movies than to the talkies. Thus in talking about, say, Soviet aggression or the shortcomings of the Truman Administration, his expression is one of blank, utter horror; while in speaking of things of which he approves, universal peace or prosperity, he beams with utter felicity.

One of Dewey's winning traits is his frank attitude toward his own problem of creating "popular appeal." This has always worried a certain number of his friends and well-wishers, and they frequently suggest various ways of warming up the impressions the public gets of him. But he has refused various suggestions for informal photographs which he feels would give a "phony" impression.

Well-meaning Republicans, unknown to Dewey personally, also come up with a constant stream of advice, and these concentrate on the mustache which he started 23 years ago on his bicycle tour of France. One prominent Western banker who wanted him to grow a beard announced that he wouldn't lend a penny to anybody with that kind of mustache.

Most people simply write, but during the 1944 campaign the cartoonist of a Chicago newspaper came all the way to New York to plead with one of Dewey's close personal friends to talk Dewey into seeing a dentist. Thousands of readers—mostly women—had written in, protesting the slight space between Dewey's front teeth. "My paper is backing him, but what can I do?" asked the cartoonist. "I draw Roosevelt with the long, jutting chin and the uptilted cigarette holder. I draw Stalin with boots, mustache and pipe. I have to draw Dewey with a space between his teeth. And every time I do, it costs him thousands of votes!"

"Some of 'em want him to be six foot six," sighs one of Dewey's backers, "or more of a Roosevelt, or more of an evil, poker-playing, whisky-drinking old man. But since he's none of these things, they'll just have to be satisfied that he still gets the votes just the way he is."

Dewey is obviously in fine physical condition, compact, trim and full of bounce. He has the look of a successful man. He has a way of smiling with pursed lips like a man tasting a strange dish and finding it not bad.

Reading Habits and Preferences

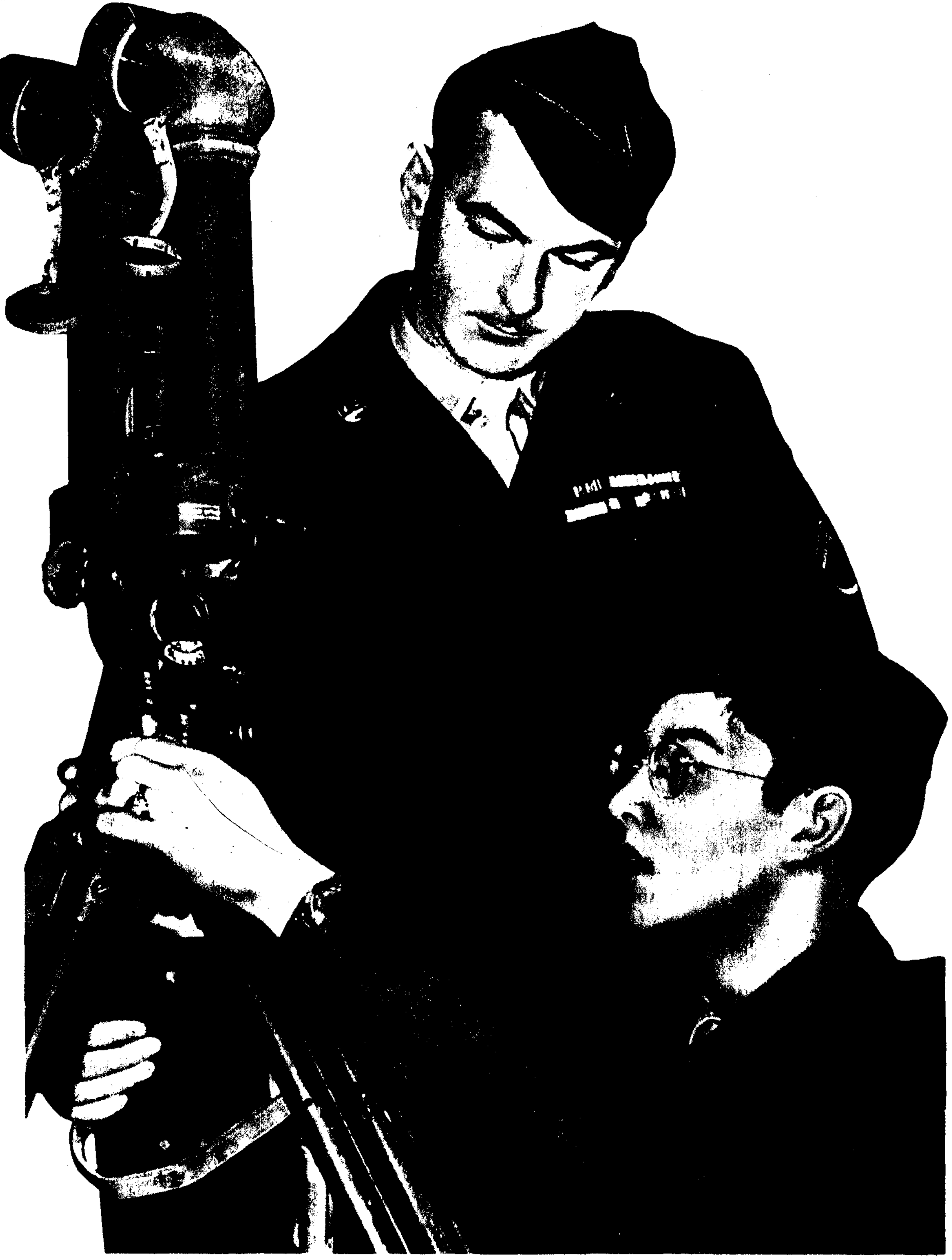
Dewey has never been a great reader of literature; when he does read for pleasure, it's often a detective thriller. Among the many economic tomes and serious books he's read, Lincoln Steffens' Autobiography has always been his favorite. The point that impressed him most was Steffens' observation that the best people frequently do not prefer the best government. Another favorite book is, I, Claudius, by Robert Graves.

"Society" has few attractions for Dewey. Albany's old Dutch patroon aristocracy, expecting a Republican governor to improve the social tone, was miffed when Dewey refused to make the Executive Mansion a center for their exclusive functions. Though distinctions of office and attainment mean much to him, his reaction to social distinctions based on wealth and birth are "Fiddlesticks!"

As for sports, Dewey learned to sail in his prosecuting days and used to race a small day-sailer off Cape Cod. In the winter he plays an occasional hard game of squash. But his favorite game is golf. Dewey is only fair at golf, but in any kind of contest, he plays to win.

Once when a friend who, unknown to Dewey, was a champion squash player, let him win a set, Dewey told him he'd better give him a handicap. The friend then proceeded to trounce him. "When he slices a ball, his language would make your hair curl," says one of his golf companions. In male company, he also likes to swap funny stories, many of the Pullman-car variety. Among his friends Dewey is relaxed, companionable and, they say, even gay, but little of this spon-

AMERICA ON GUARD



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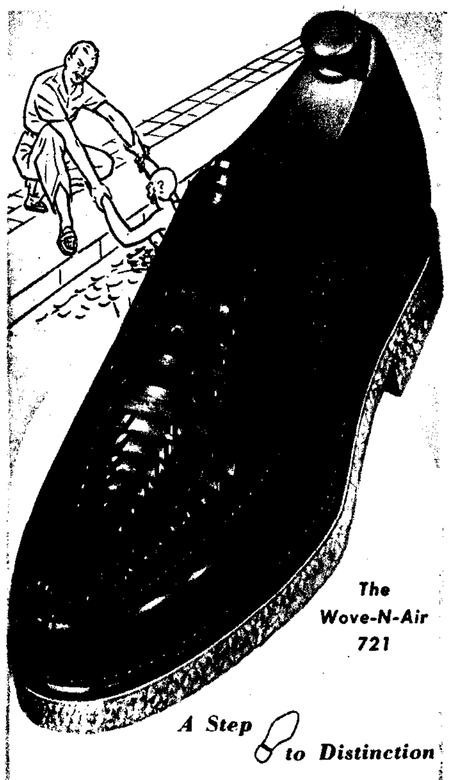

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527

CROSBY SQUARE AUTHENTIC FASHION GRADE
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taneity comes through in his public appearances.

Part of Dewey's aloofness may come from his enormous respect for the dignity of his office. "Till he gets to the door, Tom may be cracking jokes and laughing like a schoolboy," says an old acquaintance who has accompanied him to many political and social functions. "But the moment he enters the room he ceases to be Tom Dewey and becomes what he thinks the governor of New York State ought to be."

Dewey's close friends have often chided him about his bluntness in asking questions or his brusqueness in expressing his views. "He never minces any words," says one. "Just slams right in with questions or advice. People don't realize he's just trying to be helpful. Sometimes it backfires."

There is still a considerable stiffness between the governor and the working press. "He makes you feel," says the representative of a newspaper friendly to Dewey, "as if trying to like you was an awful chore, but by God he's doing his level best." Formerly, most reporters felt he wasn't even trying, but relations have improved a good deal in the last few years, thanks, most newsmen say, to his director of press relations, Jim Hagerty, who has never lost the reporter's point of view and has more charm than he knows what to do with.

The governor has only tripped him up once, says Hagerty, and that was when he spilled some first-rate news about the State Bonus Plan in an impromptu speech before the American Legion. Luckily, Hagerty was able to get the story to the morning papers before deadline, but the capital reporters felt they had been let down. The press had been invited to the Executive Mansion the next day for a press conference, and the next day the governor was late. He announced himself by sailing his hat into the room from the hall, and asking repentantly, "May I come in, boys?"

How Party Harmony Is Achieved

Today, Dewey governs New York State by the same method he employed to gain control over the Republican legislative majority after losing to Lehman in 1938. He considers it his greatest contribution to the science of government. It will tell you a good deal about Dewey the administrator and how he might operate in the White House.

It started 10 years ago, he said with a grin, when he took seriously his role as the state party's "titular leader" and invited party leaders of the Senate and Assembly to meet with him periodically to plan party strategy. In deciding on any given measure all of the members had an equal voice and an equal vote, and all had to agree on it before it was adopted. If unanimous agreement was not reached in the first meeting, the debate was carried over to the next. But once the whole council agreed on it, there was no more question about it. Every member knew exactly how he was to back it up and help carry it through.

Before Dewey was elected governor in 1942, the meetings were held once or twice a month at Dewey's home in New York City. Now they take place weekly among the 12 to 15 regulars, about half of them Dewey's chief advisers and commissioners, the others party leaders of Senate and Assembly.

Every Monday night they are the governor's guests for cocktails and dinner at the Executive Mansion. After dinner they withdraw to a comfortable sitting room where they get down to business in earnest. Each man carries his own agenda—notes jotted down during the week—and the problems are brought up for discussion and decision by the whole group. The meetings generally break up shortly after midnight, but sometimes last till 3 or 4 in the morning.

"We have the doggonedest dogfights," says one of the members. "Everybody sits firmly on his own bottom," is the way the governor put it, and there is no coercion to bring a man into line. Sometimes, possibly to keep everybody on his toes, the governor has a way of springing a decoy proposal just to see how the various members will react.

"Again," says one, "he may come up in earnest with a suggestion that indicates ignorance about a subject. It's hard to tell when he means it and when he doesn't. But in either case, we give it to him straight. That's the way he learns." Another member told me, "Dewey won't take 'yes' for an answer. One of the greatest mistakes you can make is to agree with him too readily. He always wants to know why." In making up his own mind, say his advisers, the governor always asks two questions: "Is it right?" and "Will it work?"

Criticism of Inner Council

"Dewey's a steam roller," some Republican assemblymen call it, and resent what they consider undue pressure from the executive branch. Decisions by the inner council make little allowance for differences of individual opinion that may arise among the bulk of Republican legislators. But they go along. So far, the governor and his inner council have never lost a measure.

In Washington, Dewey believes, the Republican majority in House and Senate could be made enormously more effective if its forces were integrated and directed by much the same inner-council strategy he uses in Albany. As things are now, he said, there is no central council where Republican leaders can resolve their differences and put their strength 100 per cent behind any given issue.

Basically, the inner council is only a variation of the way Dewey has always operated. From his earliest days as prosecuting attorney, he has used the services of a staff of trained researchers to dig up, organize and report exhaustively on any problem that turned up. He has also made most of his decisions in consultation with a small group of advisers. But no one has ever doubted who was running the show.

"Dewey states the problem," recounts an adviser who has been with him since the racket-busting days, "and tells us, 'I have my own opinion. But first I want to hear what you've got to say.' After it goes around the table he'll say, 'Here's what I think,' and give you back a decision that's skimmed the cream from everything we've said. We can all recognize our contribution. Make no mistake about it, though—it's his decision."

Dewey's method for arriving at decisions through conference and research reveals a man who seldom if ever acts impulsively. An extremely intelligent man, Dewey is no intellectual.

"Primarily he's a man of action, a master of planning, timing and sizing up the calculated risk," says one of his inner council. "He would have made a great military commander—particularly in the attack." Dewey's public utterances as Presidential candidate seem more concerned with apprehending and interpreting prevailing opinion than in guiding or changing it.

A great believer in research, Dewey has been charged with availing himself of advance knowledge of opinion polls in framing a statement and, on occasions, using the poll method to check probable reaction to his statements before releasing them. This, of course, is merely a streamlined version of methods political candidates have always used on the sound conviction that the first duty of a public servant is to get elected by "playing it safe." To this, one of his closest associates replies, "It's his deep and abiding faith in the will of the people."

THE END

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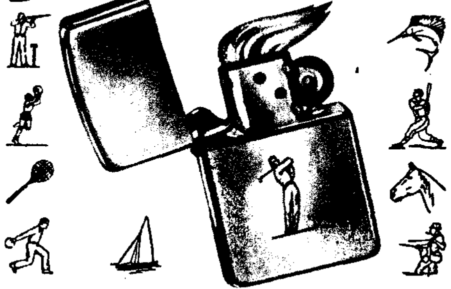

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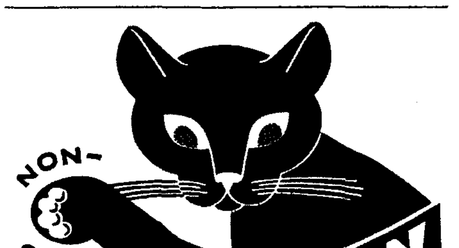

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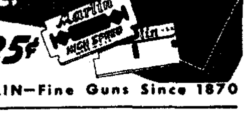

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THE DAY'S WORK

Continued from page 17

"I could feel the peanuts," Mitch said.

"I came all the way from Chicago," Mr. Beyers said. "Do you want me to get down on my knees, right here in the street?"

Cousin Ruth glared at him. "Will you get me loose?"

Mr. Beyers shook his head. "You'd leave. Anyhow, one thing at a time. We were talking about lunch. At lunch we can talk over going to supper with me, and thus by taking one thing at a time—"

She jerked her finger and swore again. "Shut up, George! Get me out of this machine!"

"The moment we've settled about lunch."

"I hate you," Cousin Ruth said. "If I live to be a hundred, I'll hate you. Besides, I only have thirty minutes for lunch and it's half gone already."

"Supper, then."

"Oh, all right!" Cousin Ruth said. "But get me out of this trap! And stay away from the window this afternoon."

"A bargain," said Mr. Beyers. "Got a penny?"

"What?"

"Very simple," he said. "Drop in a penny. Pop! Out comes your hand, full of peanuts."

"My peanuts," Mitch said.

COUSIN RUTH found a penny in her purse and put it in the machine, but her finger did not come out; neither did any peanuts. Mr. Beyers and Mitch looked disappointed. Mr. Beyers said *h'mmm* and got another penny from her and tried that, and shook the machine and hit it, and at last pulled at Cousin Ruth's finger. She yelled and two men stopped. The biggest one asked, "What's wrong, sister? This guy getting gay? You want I should lob him one?"

Cousin Ruth explained about her finger in the machine. The man said *h'mmm*, just like Mr. Beyers, and he hit the machine and shook it, too, but she didn't come loose. The other man took off his coat and tried it, and a lot more people stopped, and then the cop from the corner came and wanted to know what was going on here.

The cop tried to get Cousin Ruth loose, but he couldn't, either.

By now there was a big crowd of people pushing one another and trying to see, and another cop came. He tried to pull Cousin Ruth out of the peanut machine and she screamed. The big man who had stopped first told the cop he better watch the rough stuff, the babe was a princess, because he had heard Mr. Beyers say so.

Two more cops came through the crowd, pushing people, and a man called them lousy Cossacks and a lady called the man a dirty Communist and bit him. The two cops wanted to know if this was the accident that had been reported, and then the ambulance came with the siren going.

Some men came to take pictures and ask Cousin Ruth what country she was princess of. She was mad, and yelled at them and at Mr. Beyers, and they took a picture of that and asked Mr. Beyers who he was, and he told them his name and that he was an architect who loved the princess, and Cousin Ruth yelled at him some more. "You clown! You planned this whole thing to ruin my career!"

Every now and then somebody put a penny in the machine or banged it, but Cousin Ruth did not come out. And no peanuts. The man from the ambulance said her finger must be swollen, and got some ice water and tried to pour it in the machine, but most of it got on Cousin Ruth and made her wet and madder. Mr. Beyers tried to explain that it was not his fault, but she would not listen.

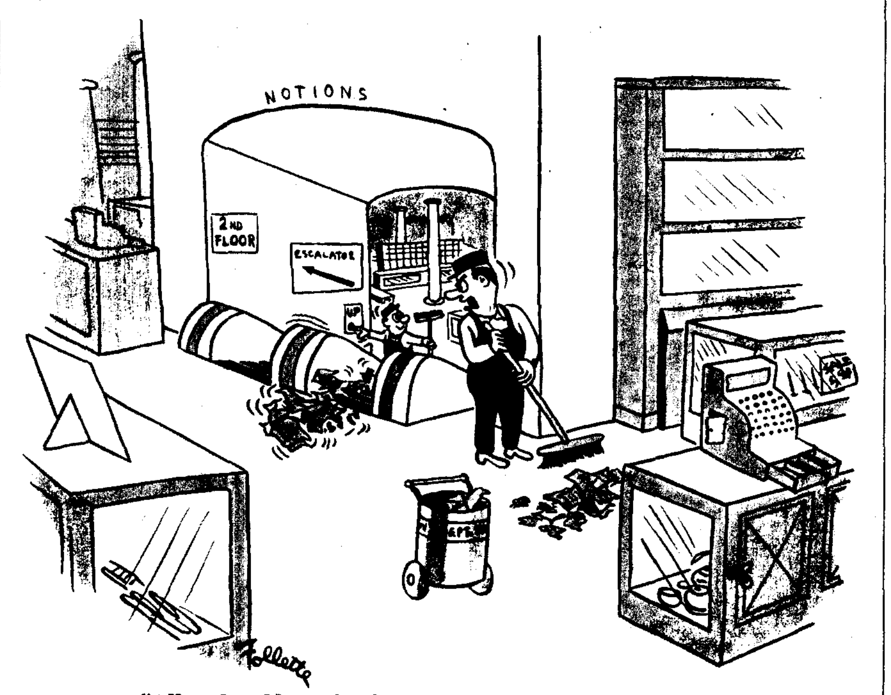
The cops kept shoving people and telling them to move on, but nobody did, and at last a man came with some tools to take the machine apart. Cousin Ruth told him she was going to sue him, but he said to take it easy, he would give her the penny back. So she kicked him, pretty hard.

The man backed away from her, rubbing himself, and said, "Lady, don't do that again, if you want me to get you out of there."

Cousin Ruth glared at him. Then all of a sudden she stopped being mad and began to cry. Mr. Beyers put his arms around her and said to the people, "Please go away and leave us alone." Nobody did, and the men took pictures of Mr. Beyers holding Cousin Ruth.

The man finished taking the machine apart, and Cousin Ruth got her finger back. The ambulance man and the cops wanted her to go to the hospital, but she wouldn't. I guess she had forgotten about me and Mitch, because she pushed through the crowd without looking at us. Mr. Beyers followed, but she wouldn't look at him, either, or answer him.

Then the people went, too, and the cops and ambulance men and everybody,



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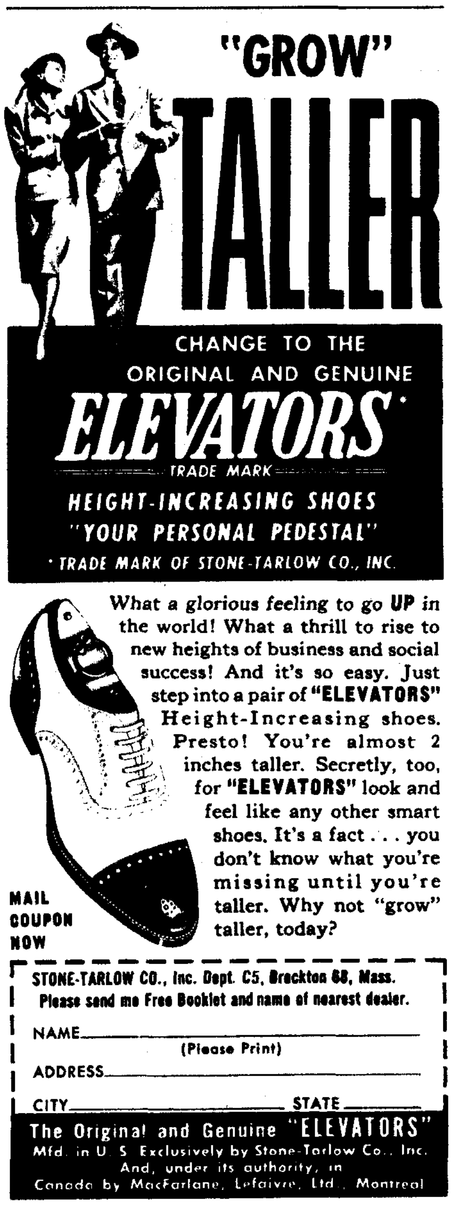
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but Mitch and I stayed to watch the man put up a new machine.

Mitch told the man, "That was our penny the peanuts belonged to. She was trying to get them because she's our cousin. I don't think she likes peanuts."

"Okay, okay," the man said. "Here's your penny."

He gave me one, too, and before I could remember whether I deserved it or not, he picked up his tools and went away. So I thought it would be better to use the penny for peanuts, than lose it or something.

WE STAYED there at the machine a long time before Cousin Ruth came back. Mr. Beyers was still following her. Cousin Ruth grabbed my ear again and said, "Didn't I tell you to go home? I'll fix you two for this!"

Mr. Beyers said, "Listen, I heard you tell that man you couldn't possibly work this afternoon, and he said it was all right."

"It won't be all right when they see the newspapers," Cousin Ruth said. "They'll probably fire me. That's what you wanted, isn't it? Why don't you go away?"

"I can't," said Mr. Beyers. "If you're not working, you can lunch with me. I can explain everything. Besides, you promised that if I got you loose . . ."

"You! Go away before I do something violent," Cousin Ruth cried. "And I'm going to take you two demons home."

I said, "We wanted some more peanuts. I got mine, but Mitch had two less than I did."

"Please listen," Mr. Beyers said. "I followed you from Chicago. I even tried to get that prince's job. I told them I'd work for nothing, and I pointed out that if I kissed you under those ideal conditions, possibly everything would *really* come to life, and—"

Cousin Ruth cried, "Mitch! Do you hear me? Are you coming, or must I drag you?"

"I got cheated out of two peanuts," Mitch said. "I guess this machine is busted, too."

I told Cousin Ruth, "Mitch can't go, and I don't want to go without him."

"Oh, can't he?" Cousin Ruth grabbed Mitch's ear and jerked him back from the machine and then she said, "Oh, no! Oh, ye gods, I couldn't stand it!"

"I can feel the peanuts," Mitch said. He was stubborn. "If you pull my ear again, I'll howl."

Cousin Ruth pulled at his finger, and Mitch howled like Rex.

A fat lady stopped and said, "Shame! Picking on the little one! Don't you know nothing about child psychology?"

Cousin Ruth put her hand over Mitch's mouth and he tried to bite her, so she stopped pulling and the fat lady went away. Cousin Ruth asked Mr. Beyers, "George, what shall I do? I can't go off and leave him, and I won't go through *that* again."

"You see?" said Mr. Beyers. "See how naturally you turn to me?"

"Oh, stop it!" Cousin Ruth said. "Can't you think of something?"

"Well," Mr. Beyers said. "We can stand side by side in front of him, so nobody can see what's wrong. If we can't think of anything better, we can keep it quiet until the stores close and it's dark and the streets empty. Then maybe I can pull the machine off the wall."

"I don't want it on my finger always," Mitch said. "Get that man to take the machine apart and give me my peanuts."

Cousin Ruth said, "I don't know what else *to* do. At least it will give us a chance to think."

"I don't want to think," Mitch said. "I want to get out. I'm going to howl."

Mr. Beyers gave him fifty cents to stop, so he did. Mr. Beyers and Cousin Ruth stood close together in front of Mitch, so that nobody could see he was stuck in the machine. For a long time Cousin Ruth would not look at Mr. Beyers, or answer him when he talked, but at last she said:

"I can't last all afternoon. I'm groggy already."

"Lean against me," Mr. Beyers said. "It's what I was made for."

He put his arm around her and held her up and said he could stand like that forever, and it seemed like a thousand years since he had had his arms around her, and in the meantime he hadn't been able to eat or sleep or work. Cousin Ruth told him it hadn't been easy for her, either, but there were certain things a man should never take for granted, or joke about, and Mr. Beyers said she was right, but there were certain things a man couldn't help, because in certain ways he was an idiot. So Cousin Ruth said no, he wasn't, and she had never intended to keep on with her career forever, but she just wanted to show him, even though it hurt her, too. Mr. Beyers said that in certain ways he was a fool, and she said oh, no, he wasn't, and he said oh, yes, he was, and she could have any man in the world, even a real prince if she wanted one, and he couldn't blame her for wanting someone better than he was, because he was a fool, and Cousin Ruth said he mustn't talk that way, and Mr. Beyers said why not, it was true, and she said oh, no, it's not true at all, and he said oh, yes, it is, and she said oh, no, it's not, and Mitch fell asleep.

I didn't know it until he bumped against me. He kind of blinked and said, "Hey, look! I came out, but the peanuts didn't."

I pulled at Mr. Beyers' coat, but at first he was too busy telling Cousin Ruth he was a fool to look around. When he did, he was frowning, but when he saw Mitch had come out of the machine he looked surprised.

"They're in there, all right," Mitch said. "See if you can reach them."

Mr. Beyers put his finger to his lips for us to hush, and Cousin Ruth said in a sleepy voice, "No, George darling, it's not true, and if you knew how miserable I've been, you'd know it wasn't true. But then I'm stubborn, and I just wanted to show you. Even when I saw you outside the window and knew you'd followed me here, and knew I was going to give in, I couldn't do it right away, because I'm— what's the matter? Do your feet hurt?"

"Nothing's the matter," Mr. Beyers said. He was trying to get into his right-hand pocket with his left hand, because he wouldn't let go of Cousin Ruth. He took out another fifty cents and gave it to me, and waved with his hand for us to go away. "Nothing matters except that we're together again. And believe me, darling, I'd have cut out my tongue if I'd dreamed my joking little remark . . ."

MITCH and I went away, and Mitch said, "We can tell Father we earned the money, like he wanted us to."

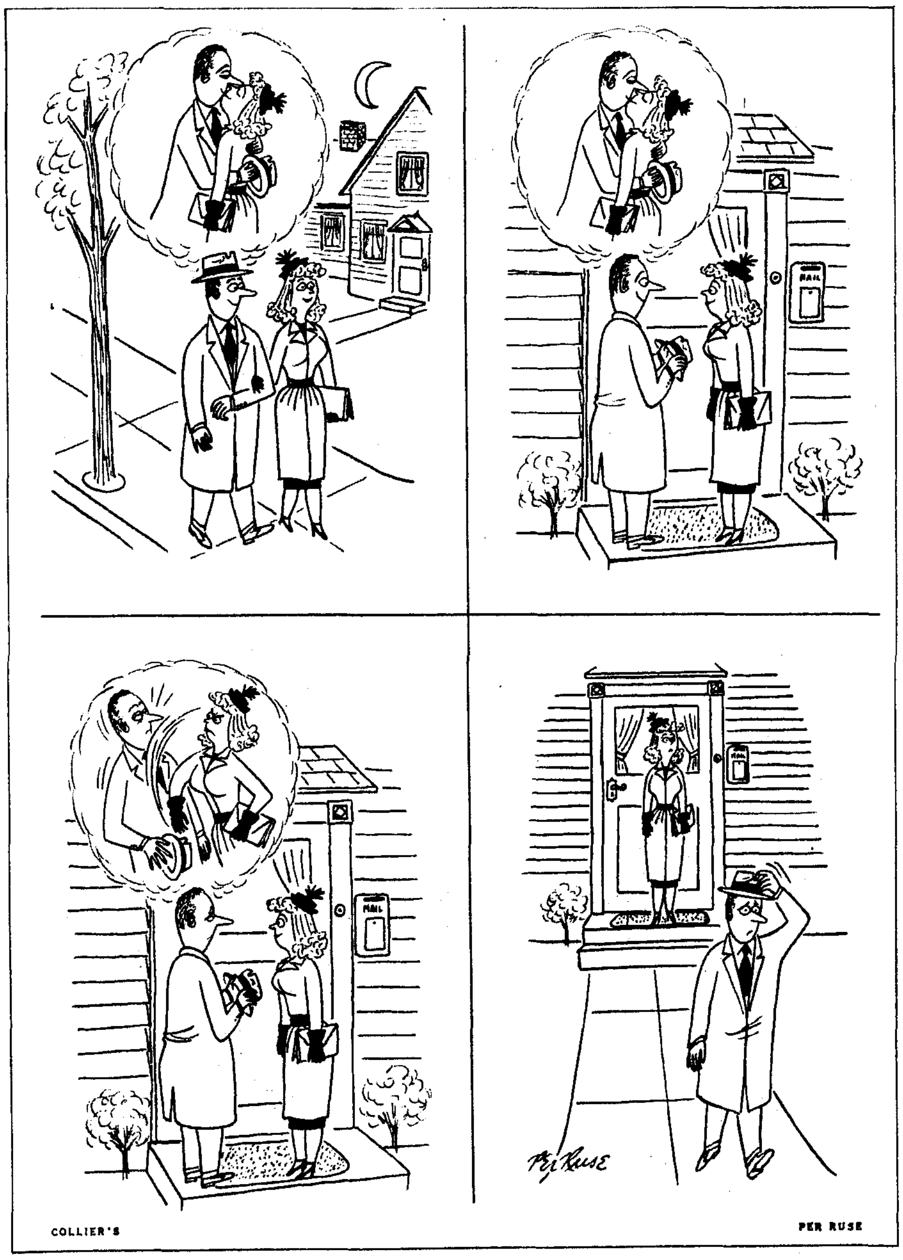
"He'll ask us what kind of a job," I said.

"We could say we worked in a peanut machine," Mitch said.

But we both knew Father would ask what kind of job that was, and would want to know all about it. We walked along thinking as hard as we could, and at last I said, "It wouldn't be a fib if we said we worked at Knapp's store, helping Cousin Ruth. Not a real fib."

So we did, but we forgot about the papers. When Father read them he was mad, but mostly at Cousin Ruth for being on his side and not staying in Chicago. Mother said he had only himself to blame, and next time maybe he'd give us money for the show.

THE END



WASHINGTON

★ ★ ★ ★ PARTY LINE ★ ★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH his name rarely appears in the press polls and dope articles, there's a lot more steam behind the candidacy of Speaker Joe Martin than appears on the surface. Privately, inner G.O.P. leaders now rate him the Number One dark horse.

The wily little Bay Stater is conducting an adroit campaign. Outwardly, he's keeping out of the hubbub, avoiding entanglements and tending to his Congressional knitting. But, quietly, he's sawing wood where it counts most. Example: Pennsylvania's potent boss Joe Pew recently told a powwow of Republican chiefs that he is for Martin.

Martin's chances, of course, depend on what happens to the spotlight runners at the Philadelphia convention. If they deadlock, as is possible, watch Martin.

U.S. FARMERS will do all right for themselves this year, notwithstanding the sag in commodity prices. For one thing, current price levels don't affect them much. Growers sell a great deal more in October than in May. It's fall prices that really count. Further, the crop outlook indicates there will be a lot more to market this year than last, with domestic and foreign demand just as strong. That's why there is every prospect that total agricultural income will equal 1947's $30,000,000,000.

PRIVATELY, the White House is not enthusiastic about either candidate for the Ohio Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Neither Frank Lausche, former governor, nor Ray T. Miller, former Cleveland mayor, is deemed weighty enough to win in November. The President's personal choice was Cleveland's able, popular Mayor Tom Burke. He beat a powerful Republican opponent last year by a record majority. But Burke, either too smart or too content, disregarded a secret Truman nudge and stuck to his own knitting.

MAY 15th is the deadline that C.I.O. President Phil Murray has privately fixed for completing the purge of all Wallace-supporting C.I.O. officials. Murray is quietly forcing the drive on a definite time schedule and under a definite formula. State and local units that don't clean house themselves by a certain time are then going to be taken over by an administrator installed personally by Murray. This has a double advantage. It retains the rank and file within the unit, and also keeps its treasury from being grabbed by the leftists, as they would be able to do if the unit were dissolved.

Murray's plans include administrators for C.I.O. Industrial Union Councils in New York, Newark, Cleveland, Detroit, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

BECAUSE of the hot party row over 84-year-old Senator Arthur Capper's insistence on running for another term, Kansas G.O.P. leaders have quietly worked out an arrangement under which Alf Landon and other top state party figures will be delegates to the Philadelphia convention without a fight. . . . Representative Karl E. Mundt has the inside track for the Republican nomination to succeed retiring Senator Harlan Bushfield of South Dakota. . . . Thomas P. O'Connell, chief investigator for the Senate committee that exposed the Garsson brothers' munitions scandal, is running for Congress as a Democrat in Maryland. . . . Major General Ralph Immell, former La Follette Progressive who narrowly missed winning the Wisconsin G.O.P. gubernatorial nomination in 1946, will try again this year.

THE top military-State Department Intelligence body—known as Central Intelligence Agency—is due for a drastic shake-up. It's much needed and long overdue. Brass-ridden from the start, CIA has been under fire for a year for inefficiency, stodginess and unimaginative and mediocre work. Complaints finally became so numerous, that President Truman directed Defense Secretary Forrestal to clean up the mess.

If the military had heeded Congress last year, the sour situation within CIA could have been avoided. The House wrote a provision into the unification act putting the agency under civilian control. But the high brass got the Senate to eliminate the reform provision. As a result, CIA continued under the musty and tradition-bound military rule. Admiral Roscoe Hillenkoetter, present CIA head, is a former battleship commander who knows more about seamanship than about running a "super-spy" outfit.

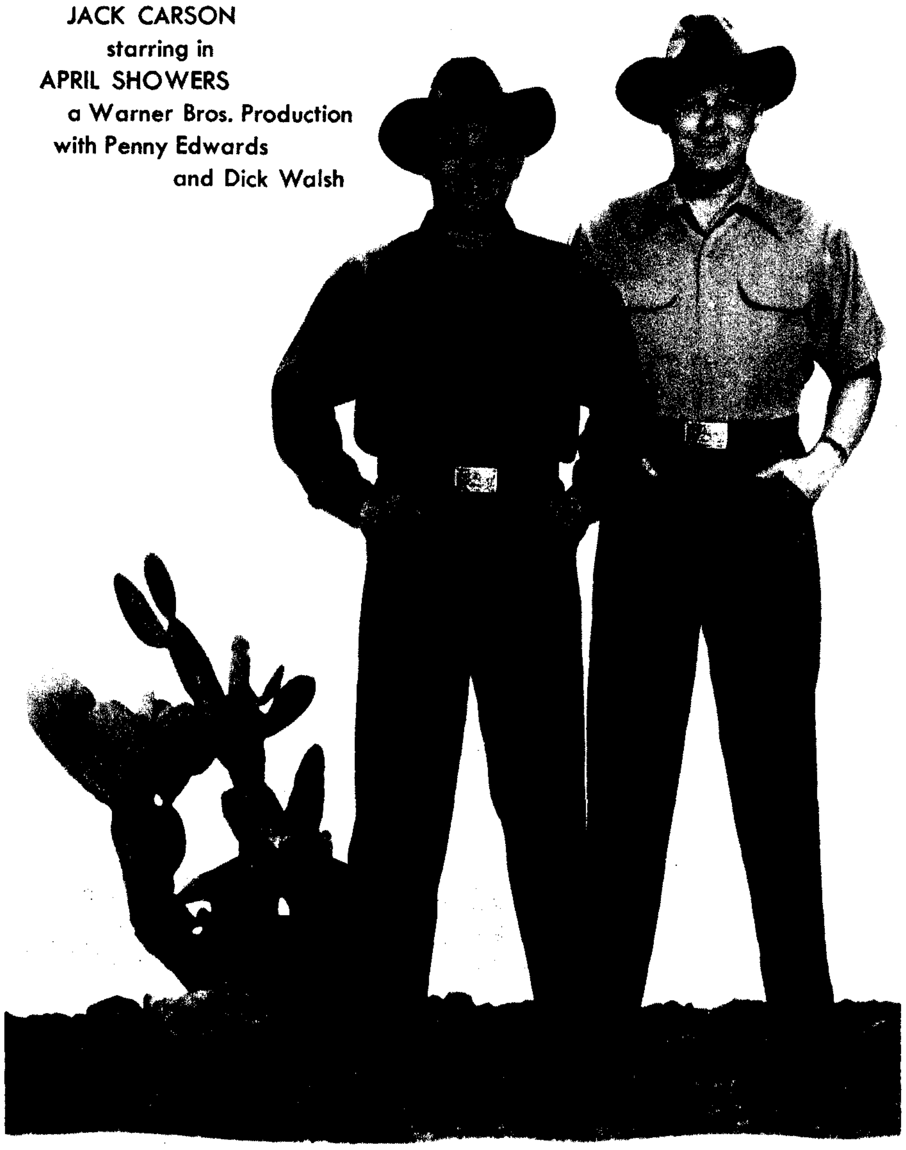
CONGRESS will renew the reciprocal trade agreements that expire June 12th. There will be a lot of noisy warring over the issue, particularly from high-tariff zealots. But in the end the agreements will be continued in some form. However, it will not be an Administration victory. The credit will belong to two potent Republicans—Senator Arthur Vandenberg, Michigan, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Senator Eugene D. Millikin, Colorado, chairman of the Finance Committee. They've promised the State Department to back the agreements.

THE May 11th primary in West Virginia will bring an old, battle-scarred campaigner back to the political wars. He is tall, natty, seventy-year-old Matthew Neely, who has been governor, congressman and senator at various times in his stormy career. Neely is aiming for the Senate again, and will win the Democratic nomination hands down. But unseating Republican Senator Chapman Revercomb in the November election will be another story. Currently, Revercomb has the edge.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN is under strong pressure to drop Federal Power Commissioner Harrington Wimberly. The Oklahoman's term expires shortly. Liberal Democrats are opposing Wimberly's reappointment on the ground he's utility-minded. As an illustration they cite his support of amendments to the Rizley-Moore bill that would boost natural gas rates an estimated $75,000,000 a year. A newspaper and radio station owner, Wimberly was put on the Power Commission through the influence of his good friend, oilman Robert Kerr. Wimberly was Democratic state chairman when Kerr was governor of Oklahoma.

ALTHOUGH author of a bill to limit senatorial tenure to a single six-year term, Senator Pappy O'Daniel is running furiously for re-election. A reporter asked him to explain the contradiction between his words and his action. "It's very simple," said O'Daniel. "I'm the only man in the Senate who's in favor of my bill. If I'm not re-elected there'll be no one here to push it."

ROBERT S. ALLEN



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Jack and Dick "fence in" Penny—who, like Dick, sports a new Marlboro with convertible collar. Jack's shirt is the famed "Range Rider."

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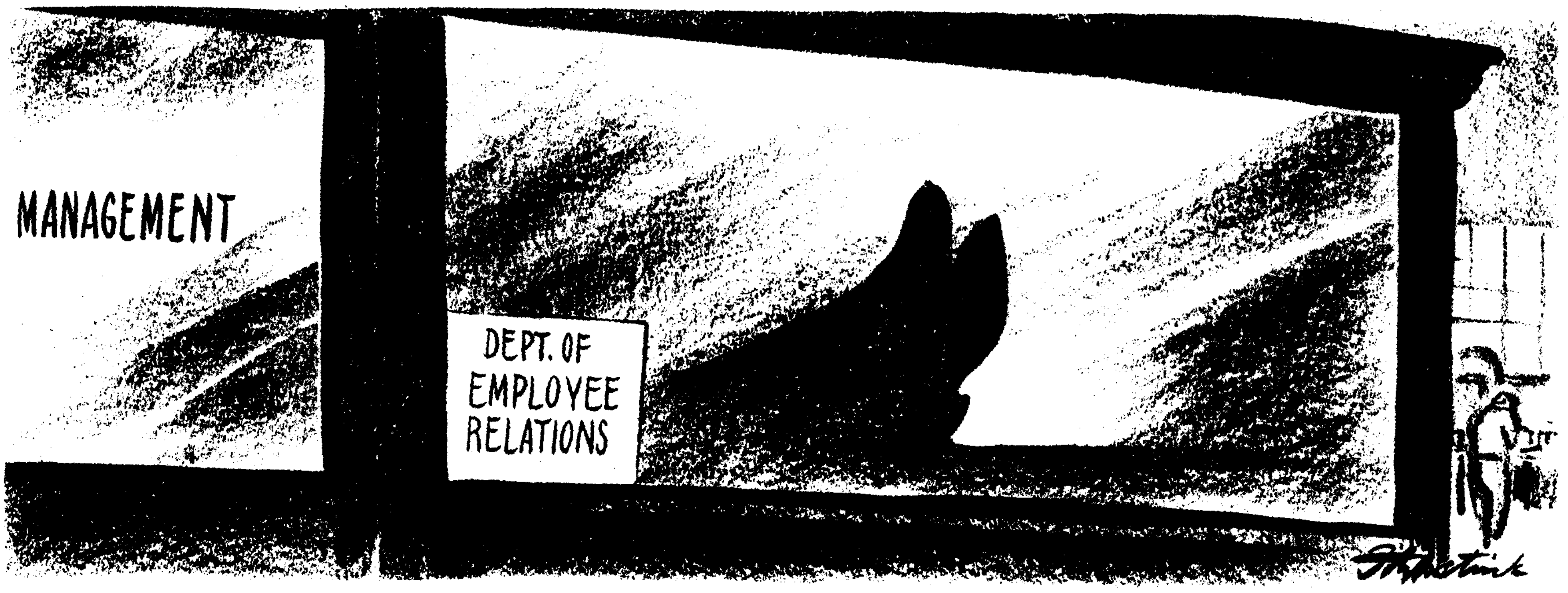

...THAT IGLEHEART SAID A MOUTHFUL

PRESIDENT of General Foods Corporation Austin S. Igleheart, speaking recently at the annual dinner of the Traffic Club of New York, said a mouthful, in our estimation, though it had nothing to do with either food or traffic. Mr. Igleheart was talking about management getting along with employees in these educated and restless times, and about how effectively or otherwise management performs that job.

The speaker's opinion was that results up to now have not been too good. He estimated that 35,000,000 people in the United States are still unconvinced of the merit of our profit-and-loss, free-enterprise system; also that only one worker in five gets any information at all about profits, wages and his employer's financial condition.

When management does make an effort to talk things over frankly and regularly with its employees, there is too often a tendency to use technical business, financial and economic language which is bound to be over many employees' heads. Said Igleheart:

> We are neither noblemen nor frock-coated fat cats. We are just human beings, with worries and problems like other human beings. We make mistakes, but our intentions toward other people are generally good.
>
> *Management has left open a wide hole through which its adversaries are driving half truths and falsehoods.* (Italics ours.)

It seems to us that this job of explaining itself to its workers and to the general public is about as important a job as management faces nowadays. If workers don't understand the system which produces their pay envelopes, and why it is the most fruitful economic system yet devised in the world, can anybody justly blame some of them if they fall for the hogwash of demagogues and doctrinaires? We can't; and we think that a good portion of the blame can be charged to managements which don't do an effective and persistent job of explaining what makes the economic and industrial wheels turn.

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. . . PRESS PIPE LINES SHOULD BE PROTECTED: In Newburgh, New York, recently, a newspaper printed some pictures of some numbers-lottery tickets. Then the paper's news editor and the reporter who had covered the story refused to tell a grand jury where the tickets had been obtained. The two men were fined $100 apiece and sentenced to 10 days in jail for contempt of court. That is the way the law goes in New York State, and in 36 other states.

The case brought up an old question again: Should publications be immune from compulsion to disclose sources of confidential information—expose their pipe lines, as the reporters' phrase goes—just as doctors, clergymen and lawyers are free from compulsion to tell secrets imparted to them in line of duty?

We think the answer clearly is yes; the press should be protected in this manner. The press is the premier watchdog of American liberties. How important that role is, is demonstrated anew every time European Communists take over another country and instantly muzzle press and radio.

In 11 states, the press has such protection by law. These states are Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Montana, New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

Such legislation is wise, necessary and forward-looking, we believe; and we'd like to see it adopted in all the other states as fast as may be. Publications which do not enjoy the protection of these "confidence laws," as they are called, are in considerable measure handicapped when it comes to discharging their duty to the people.

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. . . WE'D BETTER DROP "UNCLE JOE": Ever since the middle of the World War II or thereabouts, a lot of Americans have had a feeling that Joseph Stalin, dictator of Communist Russia, is actually a nice old guy who rather likes us and wants to get along with us, no matter what the hard-boiled clique of Reds around him says or does. A lot of us have been affectionately or amusedly calling Stalin "Uncle Joe."

The nickname and the Stalin-benevolence legend had both better be heaved over the side now, we think, in the interest of clear thinking.

If any proof were needed that Stalin is just like his Kremlin pals as regards expansionism and power politics, that proof was forthcoming when Stalin wrote with his own fair hand the historic letter summoning little Finland to move in behind the Iron Curtain and be darn quick about it.

Stalin, of course, has been directing all these Russian moves right along. As long as he keeps his health he's the boss in Soviet Russia, and nothing his government does or his emissaries say is done or said without his approval. He is smart enough to try to lull the Western nations with a few kind words now and then; but those words don't mean a thing, as all of us should have realized long ago.

If we'll just quit calling this Red grab-artist Uncle Joe and take to seeing him for what he is, we'll do ourselves a large favor in the matter of clarifying our thinking about Soviet Russia and keeping it clarified.

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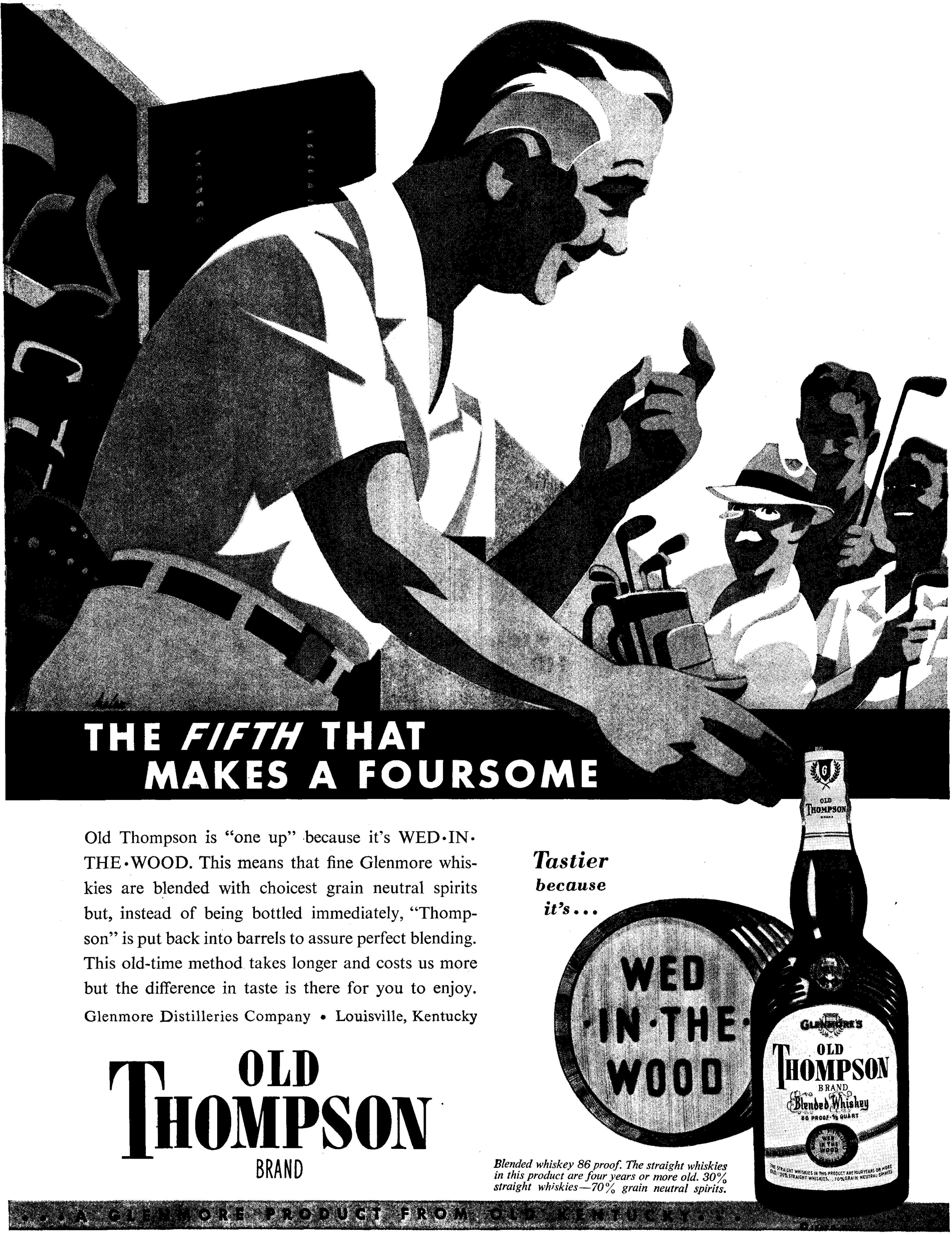
. . . THAT HEART FEAR IS FOOLISH: Mayor William O'Dwyer, of New York City, recently, though doubtless by no wish of his own, acted out a lesson on the subject of heart trouble which plenty of people would do well to ponder.

Not feeling too chipper after more than two years of grueling work, Mr. O'Dwyer consulted some doctors. They found his heart to be not in the best of shape, and prescribed a long vacation. He was assured that if he would follow this advice the organ would return to normal—that there was no permanent impairment.

Well, suppose the New York mayor had done what too many people do when they suspect they have heart trouble—worried about it secretly, magnified the matter in his mind, steered clear of doctors for fear of what they might discover inside his chest. The chances are that a valuable public servant would have worked up a serious heart condition, or a serious something else, which would have cut him down too soon.

It's plain foolish not to consult a doctor when you don't feel up to par, because you're afraid of his diagnosis. It's especially foolish when you're worried about your heart, because there are so many symptoms which many laymen think indicate heart trouble but actually don't. A chest pain right over the heart, for example, is generally no sign of heart disease.

How've you been feeling recently . . . are you dodging the doctor and thereby being a dope?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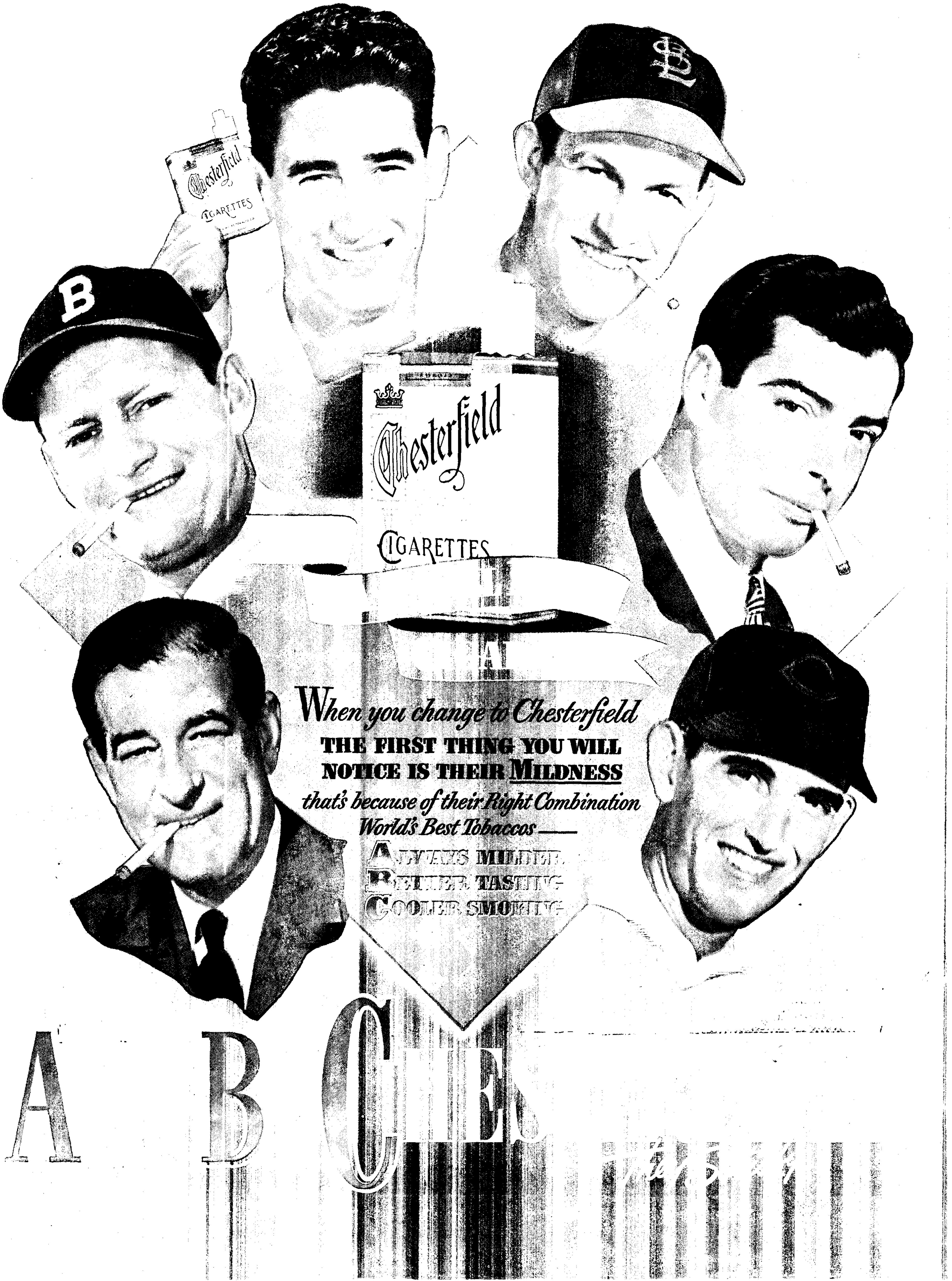
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